

HYMNS AND TUNES
WELSH AND ENGLISH

REV. E.T. GRIFFITH.

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Lewis (H. Elvet) Sweet Singers of Wales,
a Story of Welsh Hymns, and their Authors,
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HYMNS AND TUNES



IN

WELSH AND ENGLISH.

FOR

PRAISE AND WORSHIP.

BY *✓✓*

REV. E. T. GRIFFITH.



PHILADELPHIA:
SOWER, POTTS & CO.
1884.

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1884.

PREFACE.

THIS Hymn and Tune Book is offered to the Welsh Churches and Christian public of America as a companion to the three or four Welsh Hymnals already in use.

The work was undertaken because it was greatly needed, as well as in obedience to the kind solicitation of many friends. Thousands of our children and young people, born in the States, who are not able to speak, or even to understand, the mother-tongue, but who, nevertheless, attend our Welsh Churches, are compelled to be silent while the older and more favored part of the congregation unite in offering praise. The same thing too, has often been observed at the fireside.

The main purpose of this work is to enable those reading either language to unite in singing God's praise with those of the other.

And to facilitate this, in addition to the Welsh version, it will be observed that a literal translation of the original hymn (as near as can be) has been given in the same metre, and set to the same tune, so that the same hymn in Welsh and English can be sung at the same time and together.

Also, as far as practicable, the old hymns and tunes have been introduced, which as sung by our fathers at the beginning of this century, formed so great a part of that wonderful Christian reformation that touched the heart of nearly every person in the Principality of Wales, with the fond hope that they may rekindle that divine fire in the hearts of the children.

The music is neither flippant nor formal, and because devout must be sweet and durable. The original hymns were written in the spirit of love and devotion; and the translations will, we hope, meet approval.

Each Welsh and English hymn and tune bears but one number, that there may be no confusion when the hymn to be sung shall be named to

the congregation. The music and type are made large and distinct to suit all ages, and the printing-paper and binding will commend themselves to every observer.

The author desires to express his deep thankfulness for the very kind and valuable assistance he has received in compiling both the words and music of this work. But he is sure that they neither expect nor desire to receive more than this general but very hearty assurance of his gratitude. To the following he desires, nevertheless, to give especial thanks:—To the Rev. J. G. Lewis, Wilkesbarre, for very valuable assistance in Welsh and English poetry, and for many valuable translations in both languages; to the Rev. D. Todd Jones, Shenandoah; to B. D. Williams, Esq., Audenried, for MSS.; to J. D. Evans (Ap Daniels), New York, and Rev. Lot Lake, Hyde Park; to the Revs. E. Stephens, Lewis Jones, J. H. Roberts, and Dr. Joseph Parry, Wales; to Evan Williams, Esq., Mahanoy City; to Daniel Gower (Hedydd-Afon), Catasauqua; to Messrs. Bigelow & Main, New York; to Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., as well as to the honorable memory of Rev. John Roberts (Ieuan Gwyllt), and J. D. Jones, Esq., Wales, and Wm. B. Bradbury, for valuable assistance in music. And also to Master W. Lloyd for considerable aid.

This labor of love is now humbly submitted to the Welsh-American Christians as heartily evangelical and catholic, with earnest prayers that the God of our fathers, who has so abundantly blessed us in Fatherland, will, through his Son Christ Jesus, also bless you in the land of your adoption, and be your God reconciled in Christ Jesus forever, and that He will own and bless the praises which you shall offer.

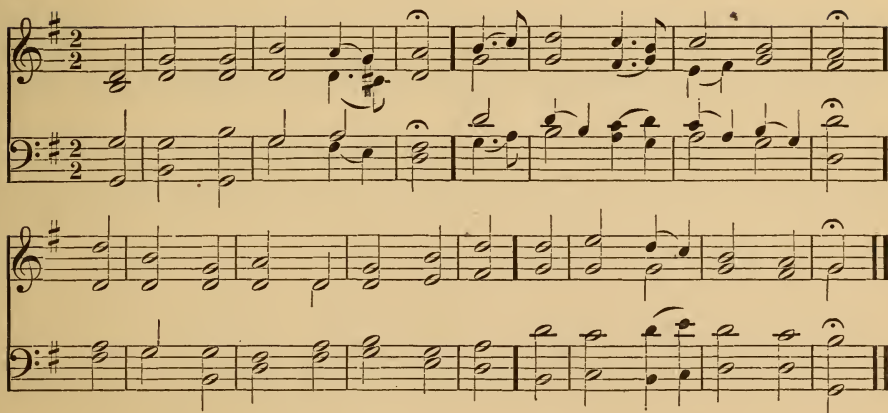
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 8, 1884.

E. T. GRIFFITH.

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HYMNS AND TUNES.

1 ST. THOMAS. M. 1. [S. M.]



M. 1.

Dedwyddwch y Saint.

1 DEWCH chwi sy'n caru Duw,
A llawenhewch yn awr :
Cydseiniwch bêr ganiadau gwiw
O gylch yr orsedd fawr.

2 Os byddant hwy yn fud
Sydd heb ei 'nabob Ef,
Dadganer mawl a llawen fryd
Gan weision Brenin nef.

3 Dedwyddwch teulu gras,
Sy'n dechreu 'n nhir y byw ;
Ceir nefol ffrwyth o beraidd flas,
Ar ffydd a gobaith gwiw.

4 Ein dagrau sychu wnawn,
A llawenhawn o hyd ;
Trwy dir Immanuel yr awn,
Yn llon i'r nefol fyd.

S. M.

Sing Psalms.

1 COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

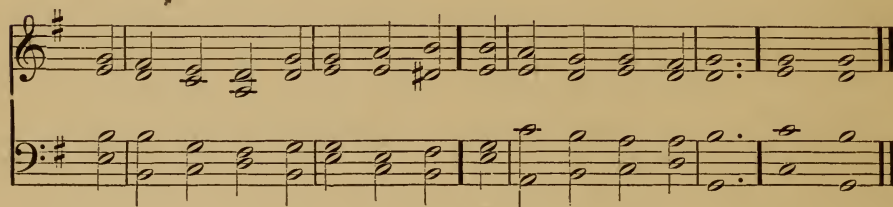
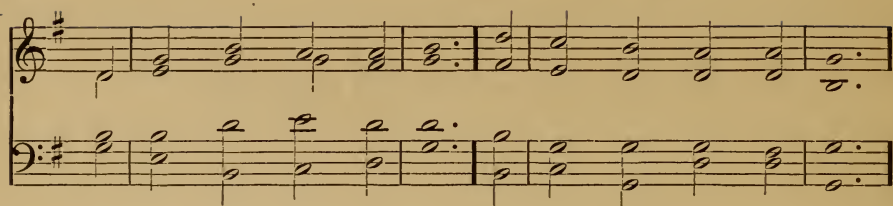
2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ; [ground
We're marching thro' Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

2

ST. MICHAEL. M. 1. [S. M.]



M. 1.

Mawl.

- 1 Duw Abra'm, molweh ef,
Yr hwn sydd Frenin fry,
Yr Hen Ddihenydd ddaeth o'r nef
I'r byd i'n prynu ni.
- 2 Jehofa mawr yw ef,
Trwy nef a daear lawr;
Bendithio wnaf, â llafar lef,
Ei werthfawr enw mawr.
- 3 Duw Abra'm, molweh ef,
Am ei anfeidrol ras,
Yr hwn a'm dwg yn ddiogel trwy
Bob croes a chlwyr i maes.
- 4 Caf wel'd ei wyneb-pryd
'Rol myn'd o'r babell hon,
A chanu am ei ras o hyd
Yn hyfryd ger ei fron.

Amen.

S. M.

Praise to God.

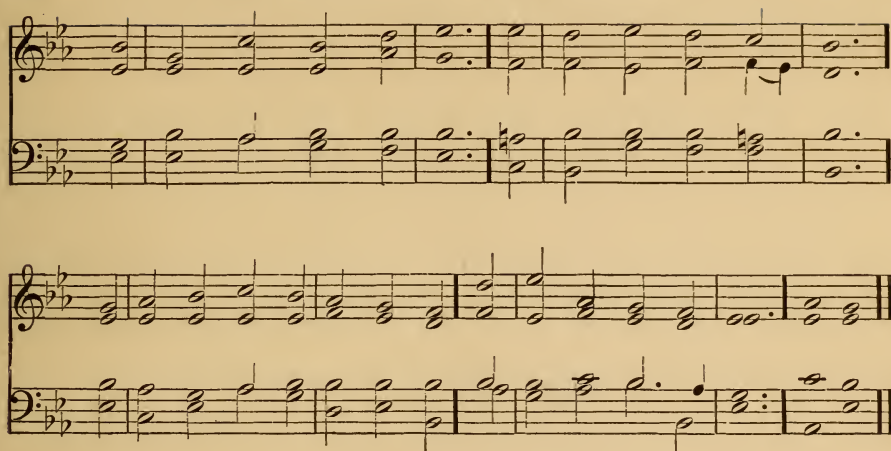
- 1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of perfect love.
- 2 Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever, ever blest.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my pilgrimage
In all my earthly ways.
- 4 I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
In heaven for evermore.

Amen.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

3

HAMPTON. M. 1. [S. M.]



M. 1.

Ymdiried.

- 1 Daw Israel adre'n wir,
Fe'u gwelir yn ddiau
O fewn i byrth Caersalem dir;
Mae'r amser yn neshau.
- 2 Ail-adeiledir hon,
Y ddinas lon cyn hir;
Ei theml godir hyd y nen
Ar ben Moria dir.
- 3 Daw'r holl grwydredig hâd
Yn ol i'w gwlad i fyw,
A'u cân yn uchel am y gwaed
A chariad Iesu gwiw.
- 4 A chyda'r rhai'n ar goedd,
Doed holl genedloedd byd,
I wneud i fyny'r teulu mawr
Trwy'r nef a'r llawr y'ng hyd.

Amen.

S. M.

Confidence.

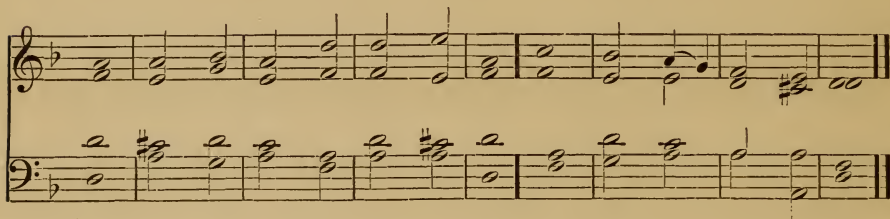
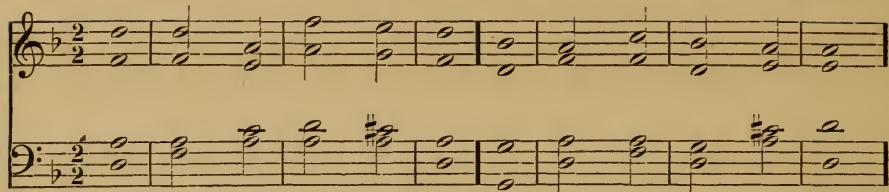
- 1 Of all the ancient race,
Not one is left behind,
But each, impell'd by secret grace,
His way to Canaan find.
- 2 Rebuilt by his command,
Jerusalem shall rise;
Her temple on Moriah stand
Again, and touch the skies.
- 3 Send then thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home;
From east and west, and south and
north,
Let all the wanderers come.
- 4 With Israel's myriads seal'd
Let all the nations meet,
And show the mystery fulfill'd,
The family complete.

Amen.

DEATH.

4

MAHANoy CITY. M. 1. [S. M.]



M. 1.

Gosodwyd i ddynion farw unwaith.

- 1 A! marw raid i mi
A rhoi fy ngorph i lawr?
A raid i'm henaidd ofnus ffioi
I'r tragwyddoldeb mawr?
- 2 Gwirionedd, marw raid,
A'r enaid fyn'd i'r glyn;
O! am ryw hardd angylaidd lu
I'm dwyn i Sïon fryn.
- 3 Wrth nesu tua glân
Yr hen Iorddonen ddu,
O am gael teimlo ' mod i'n nes
I'th fynwes, Iesu cu.

S. M.

It is appointed unto men once to die.

- 1 "OH, am I born to die,
And lay this body down?
And must this trembling spirit fly
Into that world unknown?"
- 2 Yes; truly I must die
And through the valley go;
Oh, then to me let angels fly
And bear me safely through.
- 3 As to the gloom I go,
O Jesus, be thou near; [flow,
When Jordan's deep, dark waters
Relieve my soul from fear.

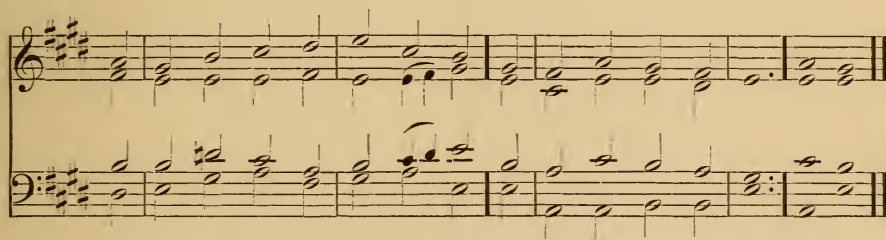
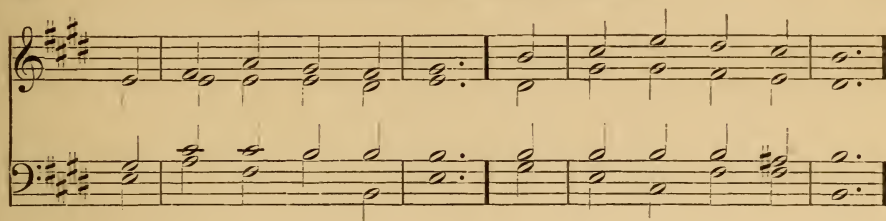
DOXOLOGY.

Y TAD a'r anwyl Fab
Gwnawn ffoli yn ddilyth
Ar Ysboyd glan mewn periaidd gan
Gaiff ein addoliad byth.

THE Father and the Son
And Spirit we adore;
We praise, we bless, we worship Thee,
Both now and evermore!

5

IPSWICH. M. 1. [S. M.]



M. 1.

Iachawdwriaeth o ras,

- 1 GRAS! O'r fath beraidd sain!
I'm clust hyfrydlais yw;
Hwn bair i'r nef adseinió byth,
A'r ddaear oll a glyw.
- 2 Rhad ras a drefnodd ffordd
I wared euog fyd;
A gras a welir yn mhob rhan
O'r ddyfais hon i gyd.
- 3 Gras a arweinia 'm troed
I rodio llwybrau'r nef;
A chymorth gaf o hyd wrth raid
I nesu ato Ef.
- 4 Gras a gorona 'r gwaith
Draw mewn anfarwol fyd;
A chaiff y clod a'r moliant byth
Gan luoedd nef yn nghyd.

Amen.

S. M.

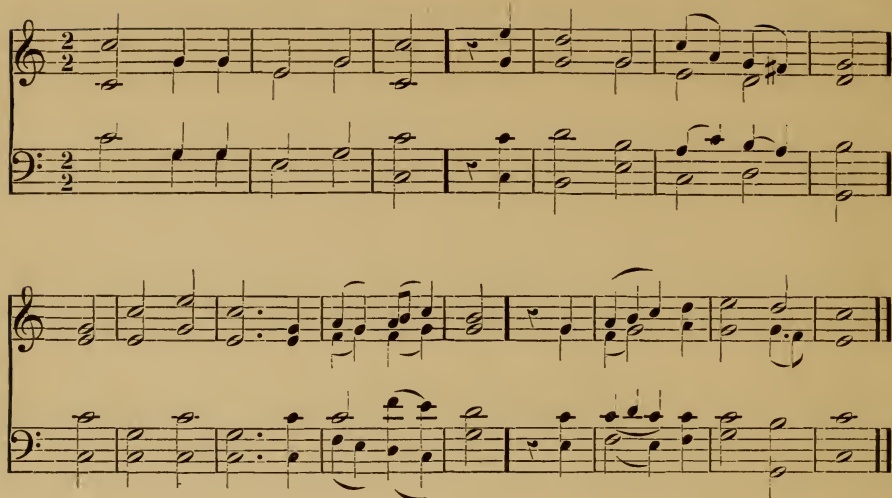
Grace.

- 1 GRACE! 't is a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Amen.

6

SILVER STREET. M. 1. [S. M.]



M. 1.

Moli yr Arglwydd yn ei dy.

- 1 CREAWDWR mawr y nef,
I'w enw Ef rhown glod,
Am gael cyfarfod yn ei dy
I'w foli is y rhod.
- 2 Ei enw gwerthfawr fu
Ein twr a'n llety clyd:
Fe 'n ceidw eto yn ddiball
Rhag drygau 'r fall a'i lid.
- 3 Ar fyr cawn lanio fry,
At deulu dedwydd Duw;
Ac uno gyda'r dyrfa lon
Sydd ger ei fron yn byw.

S. M.

Call to Praise.

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.
- 2 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours:
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.
- 3 Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

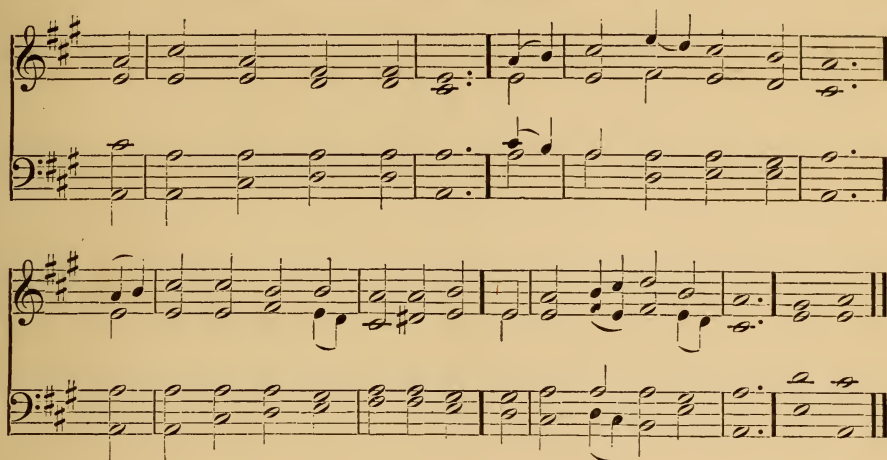
DOXOLOGY.

Y CHWI angylion glan
Yn uchelderau'r nen,
A ninan waclion daear lawr
Rhown fawl ir Tri'n Un.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too.

7

ELWORTH. M. 1. [S. M.]



M. 1.

Afon y bywyd.

- 1 Mi welaf afon bur
O ddyfroedd disglaer iawn,
Maent fel y grisial gloyw elir,
Foreuddydd a phrydnawn.
- 2 Mae hon yn tarddu maes
O dan orseddfaine Duw ;
Hi gâna fel yr eira gwyn
Yr Ethiop dua'i liw.
- 3 Mae mil o filoedd maith
Ar ben eu taith yn llon,
Yn moli'r Oen yn ngwlad yr hedd
Am ryfedd rinwedd hon.

S. M.

Psalm 95,

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.
- 3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own our gracious God.

DOXOLOGY.

Y TAD a'r anwyl Fab
Gwnawn ffoli yn ddilyth
Ar Ysboyd glan mewn peraid gan
Gaiff ein addoliad byth.

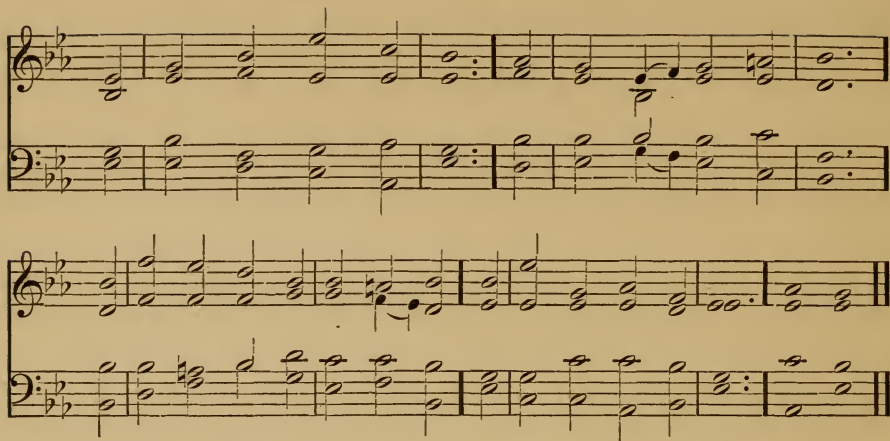
Amen.

THE Father and the Son
And Spirit we adore ;
We praise, we bless, we worship Thee,
Both now and evermore.

Amen.

8

TYTHERTON. M. 1. [S. M.]



M. 1.

Lawn.

- 1 Nis gall'sai gwaed yr holl
Aberthau gynt o'r bron
Roi i'r gydwybod euogg hedd,
Na phuro llygredd hon.
- 2 Ond Crist, yr Oen o'r nef,
Sy'n dwyn ein beiau'n rhad,
Anfeidrol fwy yw rhin a gwerth
Ei aberth ef a'i waed.
- 3 Fy Iesu, 'rwyf yn dod,
Trwy ffydd, yn ngwydd y nen,
A rhoddi wnaif fy meiau i gyd
I bwyso ar dy ben.
- 4 Dan bwys pechodau'r byd
Bu farw ar Galfari;
Ond O! na fedrwn ddweyd yn awr—
"Bu farw dros of fi"!
- 5 Daeth iachawdwriaeth lawn
Trwy Iesu a'i farwol glwy';
I'r Oen a'i ras, bydd clod a mawl
I dragwyddoldeb mwy.

Amen.

S. M.

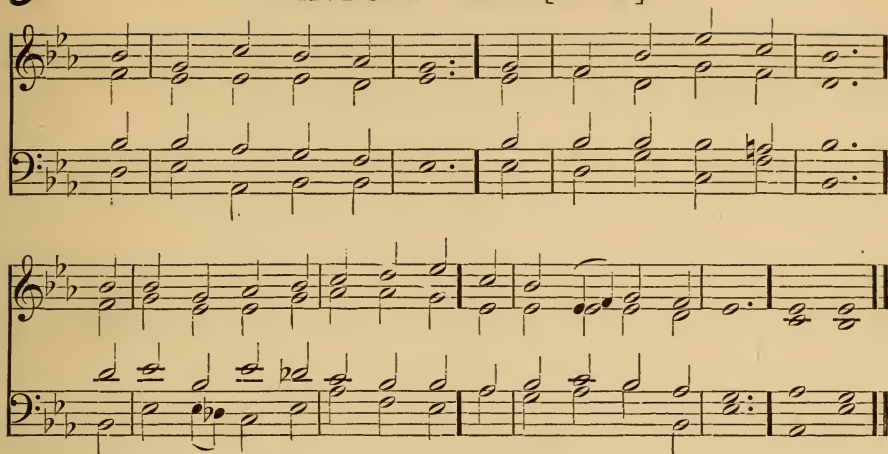
The Atonement.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his dying love.

Amen.

9

WINTON. M. 1. [S. M.]



M. 1.

Ymorphwys yn Nuw.

- 1 Fy mywyd wyt, fy Nuw,
A'm cyfaill gwiw digoll;
Ac hebot ti nis gallaf fyw,
Ti yw fy oll yn oll.
- 2 Nis gall y ddaear laith,
Na 'i thrysor maith i gyd,
Roi dim boddlonrwydd i mi 'n awr,
Heb wawr dy wyneb-pryd.
- 3 Dy wên a'th hawddgar bryd,
Mor hoff, mor hyfryd yw!
Dewisol baradwysaidd wledd,
Yw bod yn hedd fy Nuw.
- 4 Dy ras digonol yw
Tra byddwyf byw 'n y byd;
Am hyny pwysaf ar fy Naf,
A'i garu wnaif o hyd.

Amen.

S. M.

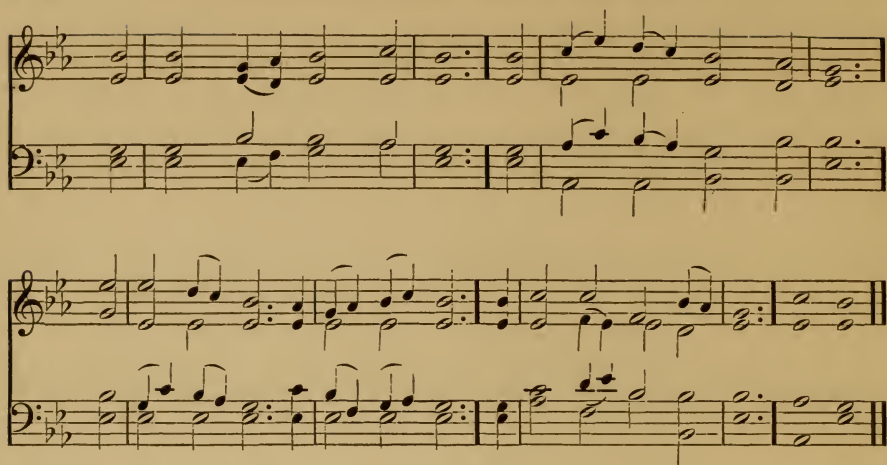
Kindness even in Affliction.

- 1 How tender is Thy hand,
O thou beloved Lord!
Afflictions come at Thy command,
And leave us at Thy word.
- 2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God,
Where deep distress had been!
- 3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.
- 4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
For ever be his name adored;
For there is none beside.

Amen.

10

SILCHESTER. M. 1. [S. M.]



M. 1.

Ymdeithydd ydwyf gyda thi.

- 1 O IESU, 'r ffordd i'r nef,
A'r pur wirionedd cu,
Tra ar ein taith i arall fyd,
Ein bywyd ydwyt ti.
- 2 Ymddiried ynot wnaif,
Gorphwysaf yn dy hedd;
O boed i'r Duw a'm cadwodd c'yd,
Fy nghadw hyd y bedd.
- 3 Dwg fi trwy ddŵr a than,
I'r glân drigfanau fry,
A gad i'm seinio 'r newydd gân
Yn Nghanaan gyda 'r llu.

S. M.

We are Thine.

- 1 DEAR Saviour! we are Thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to Thy hands.
- 2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail!
- 3 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If He in heaven has fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

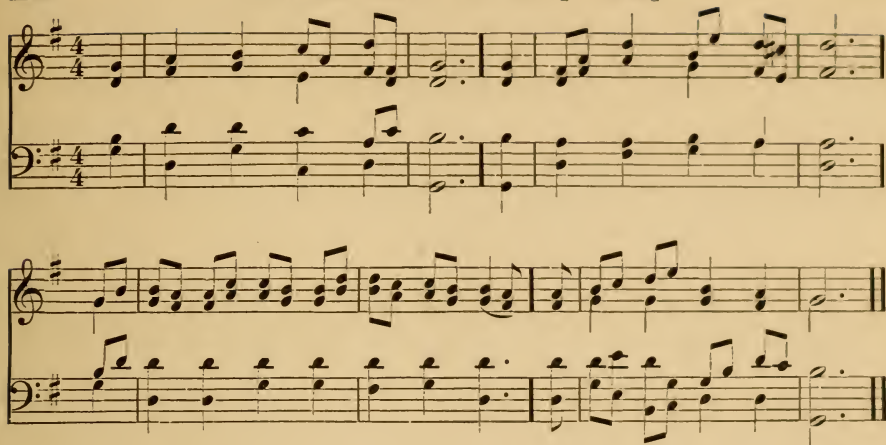
DOXOLOGY.

O DEWCH rhoch foliant clau,
I'r drindod yn ddylth
Y Tad, y Mab, yr ysbryd glan,
Trwy yr eang-fyd byth. Amen.

ALL might, all praise be Thine,
Father, co-equal Son
And Spirit, bond of love divine,
While endless ages run. Amen.

11

SHIRLAND. M. 1. [S. M.]



M. 1.

Diolchgarwch.

- 1 Fy enaid, mola Dduw,
Fy nhafod canmol Ef;
Fy holl alluoedd yn gytun
Bendithiwech Frenin Nef.
- 2 Fy enaid dyro fawl
I'r dyrchafedig Dduw,
Ac nac anghosiwn ddiolch am
Ei roddion o bob rhyw.
- 3 Efe sy'n maddeu'th fai,
Sy'n esmwythau dy boen,
Sy'n llwyr iachau dy lesgedd blin
Gan adnewyddu'th hoen.
- 4 A'i dda corona'th oes,
Dy Brynwr byw yw Ef;
Er angau, bedd ac uffern ddu,
Fe'th gwyd i wynfyd nef.
- 5 Gwrandawa weddi'r thawd,
Ffleidia'r balch o bell;
Ae am bob aberth er ei fwyn
Rhydd drysor canmil gwell.
- 6 Am hyny mola Dduw,
Fy nhafod canmol ef,
Fy holl alluoedd yn gytun
Clodforwch Frenin Nef.

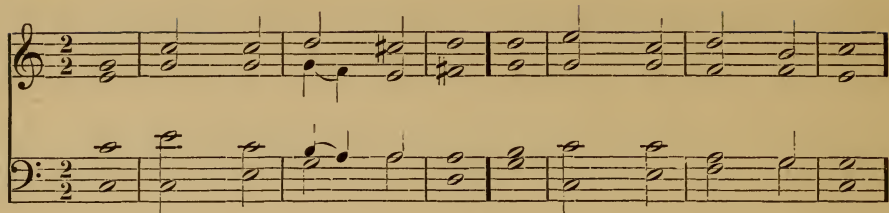
S. M.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

- 1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.
- 2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;
'Tis He relieves thy pain;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest: [proud,
The Lord hath judgments for the
And justice for the oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

12

PEN Y BRYN. M. 1. [S. M.]



M. 1.

Y cyfoeth goreu.

- 1 PE meddwn aur Periw,
A pherlau'r India bell,
Mae gronyn bach o ras fy Nuw
Yn drysor can' mil gwell.
- 2 Pob pleser is y rhod
A dderfydd maes o law,
Ar bleser uwch y mae fy nôd,
Yn nhir y bywyd draw.
- 3 Dymunwn ado'n lân
Holl wag deganau'r llawr,
A phenderfynu myn'd yn mlaen
Ar ol fy Mhrynwr mawr.

S. M.

Abide with us.

- 1 THE day, O Lord, is spent ;
Abide with us and rest ;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.
- 2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now ;
Our day is almost o'er ;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore !

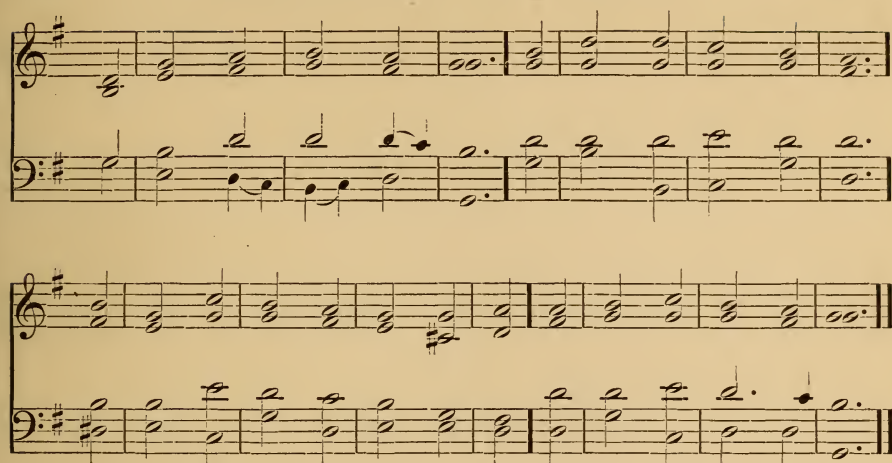
DOXOLOGY.

CYD uwch naur a ni
I foli Tri yn Un :
O rhoddeon iddi glod heb ffael
Am ffordd i wared dyn.

COME join us now to sing,
All ye who dwell below ;
Praise the Father, Spirit, and the Son,
For we are saved from woe.

13

AUGUSTINE. M. 1. [S. M.]



M. 1.

Y Dyrfa Ddedwydd.

- 1 IESU, O mor addfwyn,
Yw dy eiriau di bob un ;
Oll o'm mewn yn dwyn tangnefedd
Sydd o iachysol rîn.
- 2 Tarawn yn gytun
Bob telyn yn y lle ;
Gan beraidd byncio 'r newydd gân
O foliant iddo 'Fe.
- 3 Beth bynag fydd ein rhan
Tra yn yr anial fyd ;
Un testyn heddyw sydd i'r gân—
Un gwaith i'r dyrfa'i gyd.
- 4 Nesâu mae 'r ddedwydd awr
Cawn ninau fyn'd i'w plith ;
I seinio 'r anthem yn ddiboen,
I Dduw a'r Oen dros byth.

B

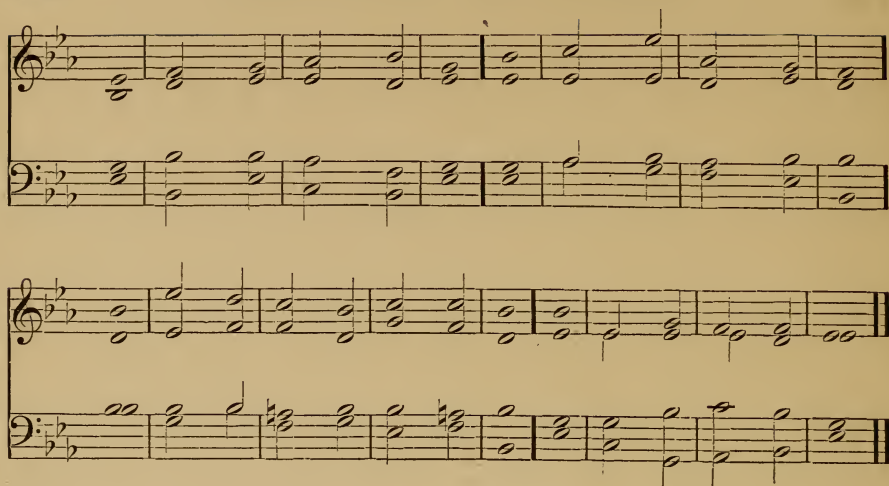
S. M.

Happiness.

- 1 SAVIOUR, what gracious words
Are ever, ever Thine !
Thy voice is music to the soul,
And life and peace divine.
- 2 Good, everlasting good,
Glad tidings, full of joy,
Flow from Thy lips, the lips of truth,
And flow without alloy.
- 3 The broken heart, the poor,
The bruised, the deaf, the blind,
The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,
In Thee compassion find.
- 4 Lord Jesus, speed the day,
The promised day of grace,
To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,
The dead of Adam's race.

14

FRANCONIA. M. 1. [S. M.]



M. 1.

Anthem Galfaria.

- 1 YR iachawdwriaeth rad
A gaed trwy waed yr Oen,
Yw cân fy enaid gwan o hyd
Yn nghanol byd o boen.
- 2 Bydd canu pêr am hon
Yn Salem lon cyn hir,
Pan una lluoedd nef a llawr
I chwyddo 'r anthem bur.
- 3 Y gân a fydd i gyd
O hyd am Galfari,
A'r iachawdwriaeth fawr ei dawn
Ddaeth un prydawn i ni.
- 4 Boed Iesu i'm o hyd
Yn dŵr a tharian gref,
Rhag dyfais Satan a'i holl lid,
A'i saethau tanllyd ef.

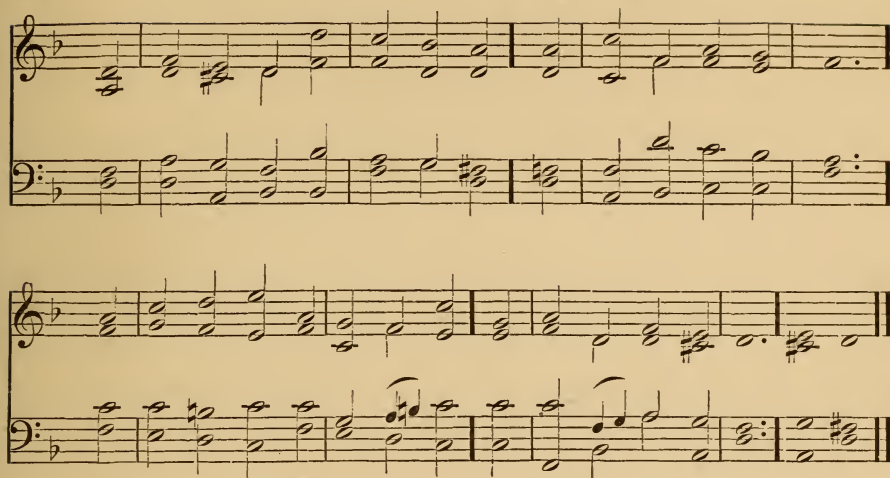
S. M.

Duty.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

15

ST. MARY'S. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Erfyniad am yr Ysbryd.

1 TYR'D Ysbryd Glân, Colomen nef,
A bywyd oddi fry;
Ac enyn fflam o gariad gwiw,
Yn ein calonau ni.

2 Ffurfiol ac oeraidd fydd ein cân,
A'n holl wasanaeth ni;
Os na fydd ynom nefol dân
O'th weithrediadau di.

3 A gawn ni fod fel hyn o hyd
Mor farwaidd a di wawr—
Mor oer ein serch at Brynwr byd,
A'n dyled ni mor fawr,

4 Tyr'd Ysbryd Glân, Colomen nef,
Yn enw Iesu cu;
Ac enyn fflam o'i gariad Ef,
Yn ein calonau ni.

Amen.

C. M.

Invocation.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

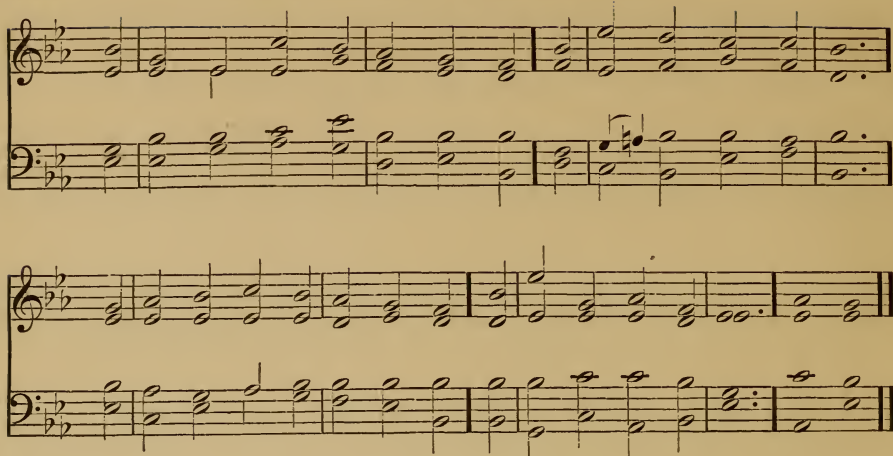
3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Amen.

16

BEDFORD. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Ei Gariad.

- 1 CYDUNED y nefolaidd gôr,
A llwythau dynol ryw,
I ganu'n llon â llafar lef,
Mai CARIAD ydyw Duw.
- 2 Eglura gwirioneddau'r gair,
Ei drugareddau gwiw,
Ac angeu Crist dros euog ddyn,
Mai CARIAD ydyw Duw.
- 3 Gwel'd gwael bechadur yn y nef,
(O! 'r fath ryfeddod yw,)

A ddengys trwy'r trigfanau fry,
Mai CARIAD ydyw Duw.
- 4 Fy enaid clwyfus, na lesgha,
Mae modd i wella'th friw;
Mae achos da in' dd'weyd bob dydd,
Mai CARIAD ydyw Duw.

Amen.

C. M.

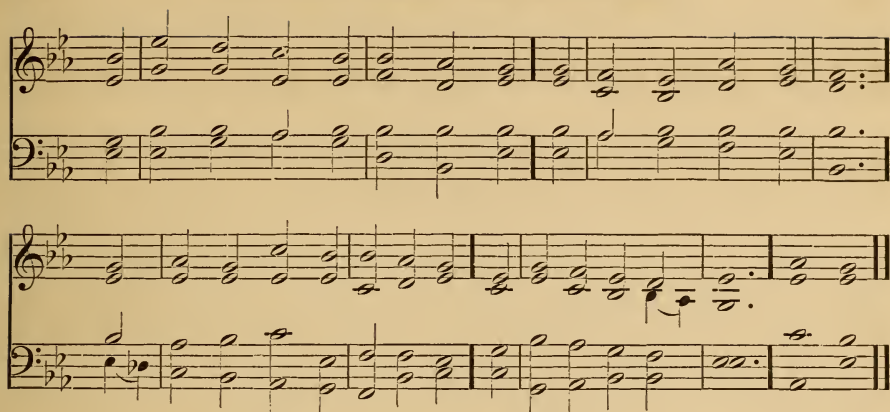
His Love.

- 1 COME, let us join to praise the Lord,
And raise our thoughts above;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that God is LOVE.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears
To show that God is LOVE.
- 3 Behold his patience, bearing long,
With those who from Him rove;
Till mighty grace their heart subdues,
To teach that God is LOVE.
- 4 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter world,
Proclaim that God is LOVE.

Amen.

17

ST. PETER'S. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Ei ffyrdd.

1 Trwy ddirgel ffyrdd mae'r uchel Ior
Yn dwyn ei wraith i ben ;
Ei lwybran ef rydd yn y mor,
Mae'n marchog gwynt y nen.

2 Yn nghudd, mewn dwfn fwngloddiau
Doethineb wir ddiwall, [pur,
Trysora ei fwriadau clir,
Cyflawnir hwy'n ddiball.

3 Y saint un niwed byth ni chant,
Cymylau dua'r nen
Sy'n llawn trugaredd, gwlawio wnant
Fendithion ar eu pen.

4 Na farna Dduw wrth reswm noeth,
Cred ei addewid rad ;
Tu cefn i len rhagluniaeth ddoeth
Mae'n cuddio wyneb Tad.

5 Bwriadau dyfion arfaeth gras,
Ar fyr addfeda'n llawn :
Gall fod y blodau'n chwerw eu blas,
Ond melus fydd y grawn.

6 Ond gwyro dychymyg dyn,
Heb gymhorth dwyfol ffydd ;
Gadawn i Dduw esbonio'i hun,
Efe dry'r nos yn ddydd.

Amen.

C. M.

God's Ways.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

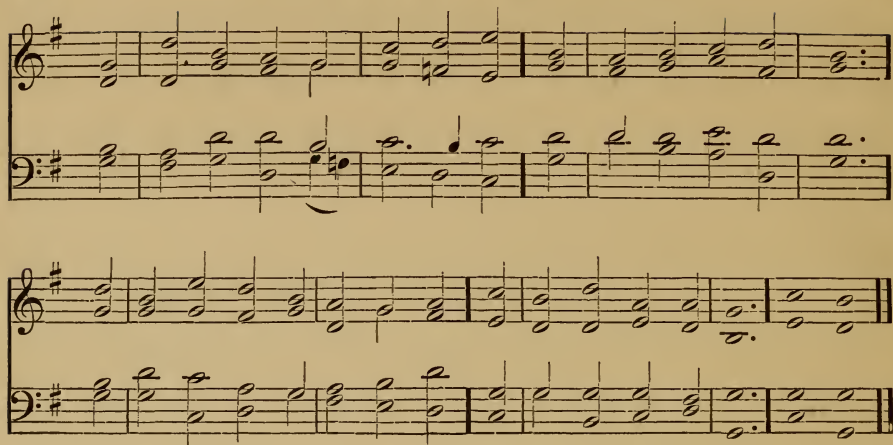
5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

Amen.

18

GLOUCESTER. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Cariad Crist.

- 1 WELE Iachawdwr dynolryw
Yn dyoddef ar y groes;
A thros dy enaid euog di,
Yn profi marwol loes!
- 2 Clyw ef yn gruddfan! plygu mae
Cedyrn golofnau'r byd;
Rhwygo mae llen y deml fawr,
Dirgryna'r creigiau 'nghyd.
- 3 "Gorphenwyd!" rhoddwyd iawn difai,
"O derbyn f' ysbryd I,"
Medd Iesu pan ogwyddai'i ben,
Ar fynydd Calfari.
- 4 Cyn hir fe dyr gadwyni'r bedd,
Llewyrcha'n ddysglaer, gwn;
O Oen fy Nuw! fu 'rïoed fath loes,
Na chariad ail i hwn.

Amen.

C. M.

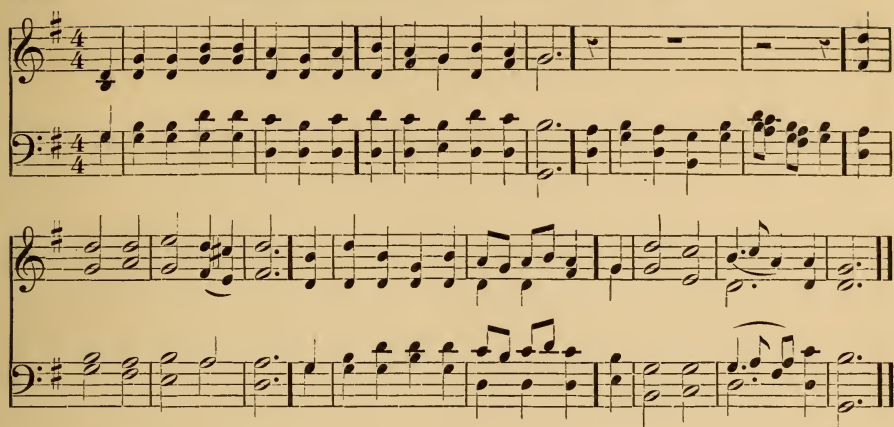
Love of Christ,

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark, how He groans! while nature
shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'T is done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," He cries;
See, how He bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies.
- 4 But soon He'll break death's envious
And in full glory shine; [chain,
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine?

Amen.

19

CORONATION. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Coronwch ef yn ben.

- 1 DERCHAFER enw Iesu cu
Gan seintiau is y nen,
A holl aneirif luoedd nef,
Coronwch ef yn ben.
- 2 Angelion glân sy'n gwylio'n gyleh,
Oddeutu'r orsedd wen—
Gosgorddion ei lywodraeth gref,
Coronwch ef yn ben.
- 3 Hardd lu'r merthyri sydd uwchlaw
Erlyniaeth, braw, na sen,
A llafar glod, ac uchel lef,
Coronwch ef yn ben.
- 4 Yr holl broffwydi 'nawr sy'n gwel'd
Y Meichiau mawr heb len,
A'r apostolion yn gyd-lef,
Coronwch ef yn ben.
- 5 Pob perchen anadl yn mhob man,
Dan gwmpas haul y nen—
Ar fôr a thir, mewn gwlad a thref,
Coronwch ef yn ben.

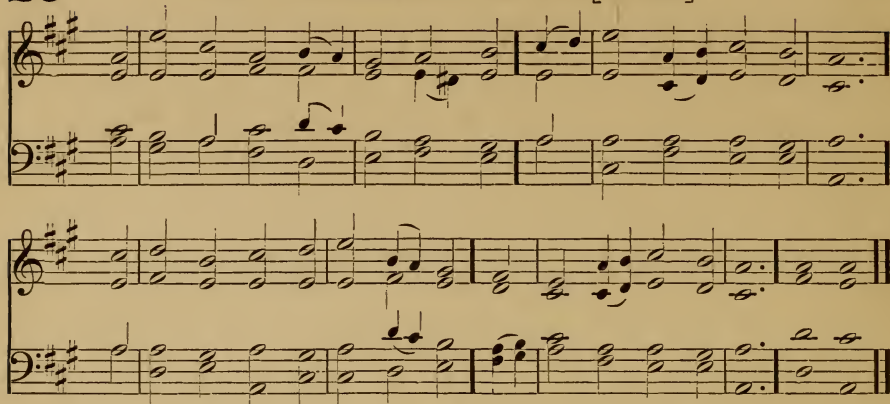
C. M.

Crown Him Lord of all.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

20

ST. STEPHEN. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Ffynon wedi ei hagog.

- 1 AGORWYD ffynon i'n glanhau,
Gan Iesu Brenin nef;
A'i ffrydiau i olehi ffwrdd ein bai,
Trwy rym ei gariad Ef.
- 2 Llwenydd sydd i lawer un,
O herwydd agor hon;
Mae lle i minau lawenhau
Fod imi groesaw llon.
- 3 O farwol oen, dy ruddwaed drud
Ni chyll ei rinwedd byth;
Ond cyfyd holl dylwythau'r byd
I'r gwynfyd pur dilyth.
- 4 Mi gânaf fi tra byddwyf byw
Am rinwedd gwaed yr Oen;
Ond mi gaf gânu cyn bo hir
Mewn rhyw felusach dôn.
- 5 Ei ddwyfoll rinwedd fydd fy nghân
Ar diroedd gwlad yr hedd,
Pan fyddo'r bloesgaid dafod hwn
Dan glo y distaw fedd.
- 6 'Rwy'n credu caf fi delyn aur,
Anheilwng er fy mod,
Ddarparodd Iesu er fy mwyn
I seinio maes ei glod.
- 7 Heb raid cyweirio 'i thanau pêr,
E bery'r delyn hon;
I fythol seinio mawl i'm pêr,
Yn mhlith y dyrfa lon. Amen.

C. M.

Zechariah xiii. 1.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that
Lose all their guilty stains. [flood,
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine. Amen.

21

DUNDEE. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Haeddiant Crist.

- 1 NIS gall angelion pur y nef,
A'u doniau aml hwy,
Fyth osod allan haeddiant llawn
Anfeidrol ddwyfol glwy'.
- 2 Am ddyoddef poenau anghu'r groes,
Fe'i molir tra fo'r nef;
Fy nerth, fy nghyfoeth, a fy Nuw,
A'm noddfa dda yw ef.
- 3 Na foed un rhan o'm bywyd mwy
Yn eiddo im' fy hun;
Ond treulier fy mynydau oll
Er clod i'm Harglwydd cun.
- 4 A gad im' brofi nefol hedd
Mewn mynwes bur tra'n byw;
Ac yna myn'd o'r byd i'r bedd,
Mewn hedd â thi, O Dduw.

Amen.

C. M.

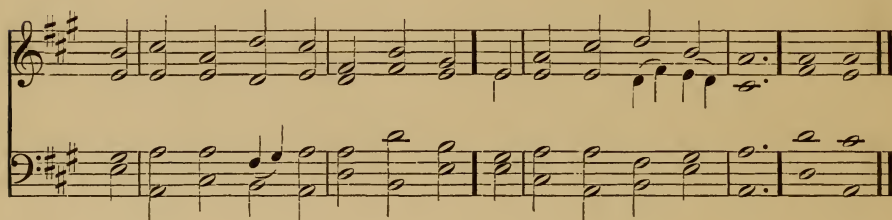
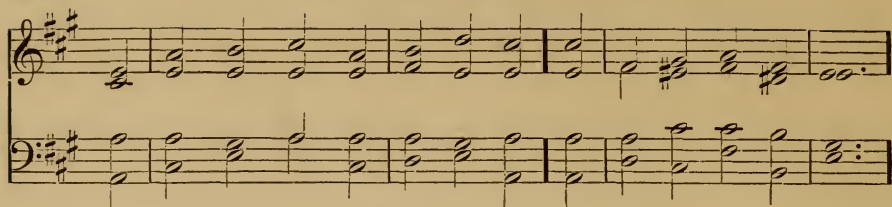
Christ's Merits.

- 1 THE brightest angels of the skies,
Though filled with holy breath,
Can ne'er set forth what gifts arise
From Jesus' painful death.
- 2 For each dread pang shall praise ascend
To Him while heaven does last;
He is my God, my strength, my friend,
My refuge sure and fast.
- 3 Then let no portion of my days
Be spent on self henceforth;
But all my hours, my thoughts, my
ways,
Proclaim my Saviour's worth.
- 4 And whilst I live Thy peace impart,
My bosom's balm to be;
Then let me to the grave depart,
In peace, my God, with Thee.

Amen.

22

ST. JAMES. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Iesu yn fywyd.

- 1 IESU, difyrwch f'enaïd drud
Yw edrych ar dy wedd ;
Ac mae llyth'renau 'th enw pur
Yn fywyd ac yn hedd.
- 2 A than dy aden dawel glyd
'Rwyf yn dymuno byw,
Heb ymbleseru fyth mewn dim
Ond cariad at fy Nuw.
- 3 'Does genyf ond dy allu mawr
I'm nerthu fyn'd yn mlaen ;
Dy iachawdwriaeth yw fy ngrym,
Fy ymffrost, a fy nghân.
- 4 Melusach nag yw'r diliau mêl
Yw mynyd o'th fwynhau ;
Ac nid oes genyf bleser sydd
Ond hyny yn parhau.

Amen.

C. M.

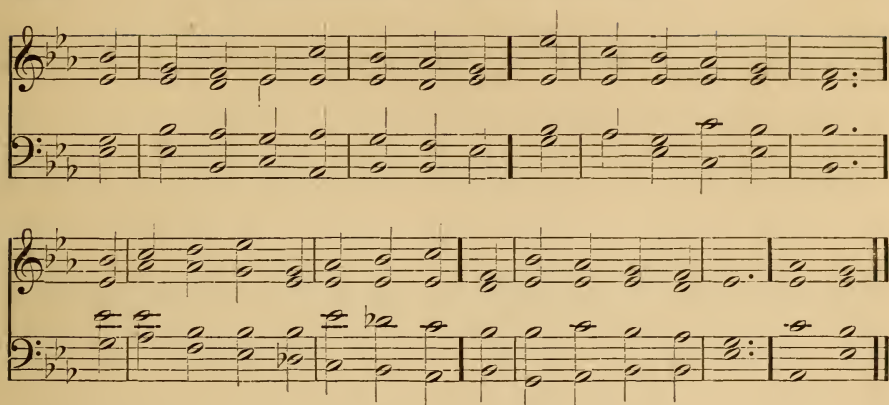
Jesus our Life.

- 1 MY soul's delight I will proclaim,
O! Jesus, 't is Thy face ;
Each letter of Thy holy name
Is full of life and grace.
- 2 Beneath Thy wing, Thou Saviour
I would forever be ; [meek,
No other pleasure vainly seek,
My God, than loving Thee.
- 3 Thy strength alone supports each day,
My footsteps, lest I fall ;
And Thy salvation is my stay,
My joy, my song, my all.
- 4 Than combs of honey sweeter is
Thy favor to enjoy ;
In life, in death, no joy than this
Will last without alloy.

Amen.

23

LEDBURY. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Gorsedd Gras.

- 1 Af at yr orsedd fel yr wyf,
Anfeidrol orsedd gras;
Dadguddiaf yno 'nghlwyfau maith
A'm holl archollion cas.
- 2 Mae ynddo drugareddau fil,
A chariad heb ddim trai;
A rhyw ffyddlondeb fel y môr
At ei gystuddiol rai.
- 3 Efe ei hun a'm gwrendy fry,
Efe a'm cwyd i'r lan;
Efe ei hun yw unig dwr,
A nawdd fy enaid gwan.
- 4 Cyn hir daw holl drofeydd y daith
A'i 'stormydd certh i ben;
Tragwyddol ganu clod ei ras
A gaf tu draw i'r llen.

Amen.

C. M.

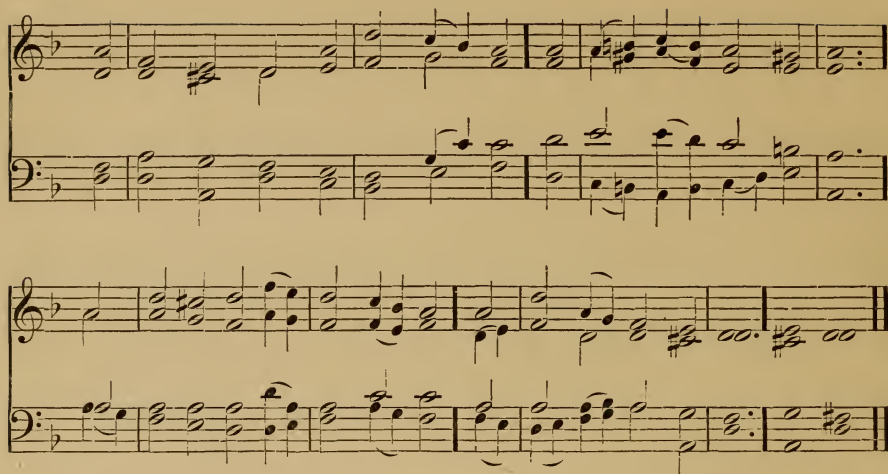
Throne of Grace.

- 1 To Jesus' throne, unclean I go,
The Saviour's throne of grace,
To Him disclose my wounds, my woe,
My sores before Him place.
- 2 In Him a million mercies lie,
His love no words can paint;
With faithful care He will supply
Each poor, afflicted saint.
- 3 Though raised on high, He hears me
He'll lift me from the dust; [call,
My tower, my strength, my God, my
To Him my soul I trust. [all,
- 4 Ere long the troubles of this life
And all its storms shall cease;
And I will ever sing the praise
Of grace for my release.

Amen.

24

BANGOR. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Dysgwylad.

- 1 'Rwy'n edrych dros y bryniau pell,
Am danat Iesu mawr;
Tyr'd, fy Anwylyd, mae'n hwyrhau,
A'm haul bron myn'd i lawr.
- 2 Tebygwn, pe bai'n nhraed yn rhydd
O'r blin gaethiwed hyn,
Na wnawn ond canu tra f'awn byw
Am ras Calfaria fryn.
- 3 Mae arnaf hiraeth am y wlad,
Lle mae torfeydd diri';
Yn canu'r anthem i barhau,
Am angu Calfari.
- 4 Mor ddedydd ydyw'r dyrfa lan,
Ar diroedd gwlad yr hedd;
Sy'n gorphwys o'u blinderau dwys,
Ac yn mwynhau dy wedd.

Amen.

C. M.

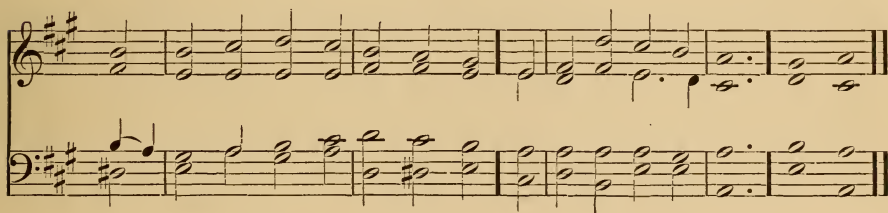
Expectation.

- 1 I LOOK beyond the distant hills,
My risen Lord to see;
O come, Beloved, ere the dusk,
My sun doth set on me.
- 2 Methinks that were my feet released
From these afflicting chains,
I would but sing of Calvary,
Nor think of all my pains.
- 3 I long for Thy divine abode,
Where sinless myriads dwell,
Who ceaseless sing Thy boundless love,
And all Thy glories tell.
- 4 How happy are the saints in those
Celestial realms above;
Who rest from every pain and grief,
And sing Thy boundless love.

Amen.

25

DRYBERG. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Ceisio'r Ysbryd.

1 TYR'D Ysbryd Glân, colomen nef,
A bywyd oddi fry;
Ac enyn fflam o'i gariad gwiw
Yn ein calonau ni.

2 Ffurfiol ac oeraidd fydd ein cân,
A'n holl wasanaeth ni;
Os na fydd ynom nefol dân,
O'th weithrediadau di.

3 A gawn ni fod fel hyn o hyd,
Mor farwaidd a di-wawr—
Mor oer ein serch at Brynwr byd,
A'n dyled ni mor fawr?

4 Tyr'd Ysbryd Glân, colomen nef,
Yn enw Iesu cu;
Ac enyn fflam o'i gariad ef
Yn ein calonau ni.

Amen.

C. M.

Asking for the Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

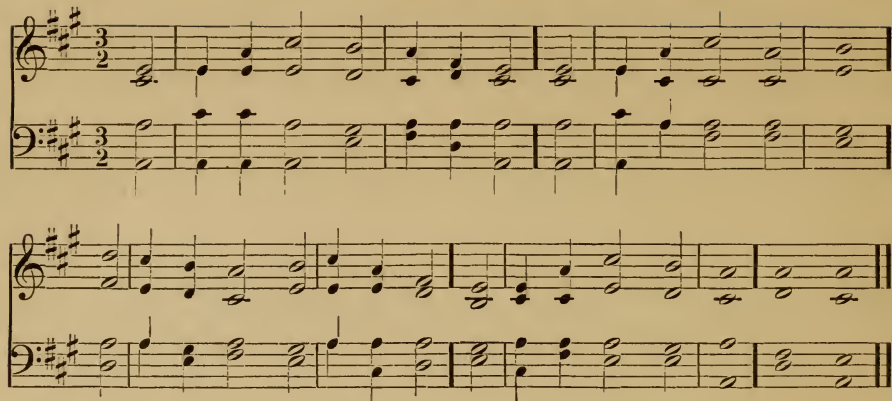
3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Amen.

26

EVAN. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Y nef.

1 MAE gwlad i'w chael o wynfyd pur,
Lle y teyrnasa'r saint;
Trag'wyddol ddydd alltudia'r nos,
Ac nid oes yno haint.

2 Trag'wyddol haf sydd yn y wlad,
Ni wywa'i blodau hi;
Rhyngom a llawn feddianu'r lle,
Mae culfor angeu du.

3 Ei meusydd ydynt fythol wrdd,
Dan wenau haul y nef;
Fel hyn y bu y Canaan gynt,
Tu draw'r Jorddonen gref.

4 O na chaem ffydd i ymlid ffwrdd
Ein holl amheuo'n ni;
Fel gallem wel'd â golwg glir
Ei hyfryd diroedd hi.

5 Pe gallem megis Moses fwyn
Gael golwg ar ei gwedd,
Yn mlaen y rhodiem yn ddi-fraw,
Er angeu du a'r bedd.

Amen.

C. M.

Heaven.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

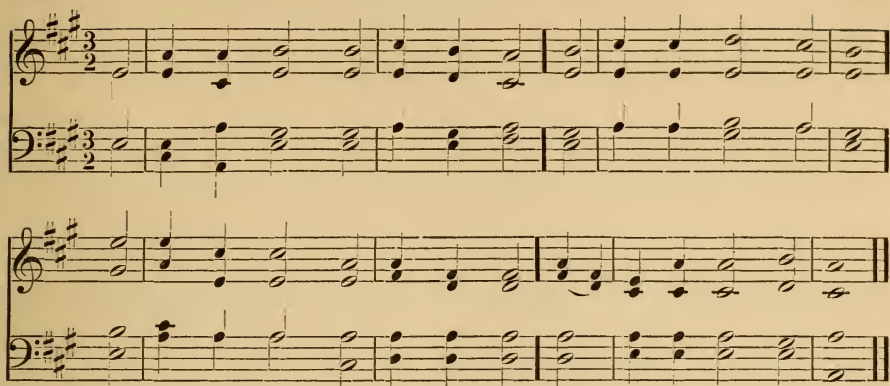
4 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
To see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes.

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

Amen.

27

AZMON. [DENFIELD.] M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Teilwng yw yr Oen.

- 1 CYDUNWN â'r angylaid lu
. Wrth orsedd Duw yn un ;
Deng mil o filoedd yw eu cân,
Er hyn nid yw ond un.
- 2 "Teilwng yw 'r Oen byth," meddant
hwy,
"O eithaf parch a bri,"
"Teilwng" atebwn ninau 'n fwy,
Bu farw drosom ni!
- 3 Efe ei hunan biau 'r mawl :
Mae ganddo hawl ddilyth
I foliant uwch nag allwn ni
Ei roddi iddo byth.
- 4 Doed y gre'digaeth äng oll,
Ag un soniarus lef,
I ogoneddu 'r addfwyn Oen,
Can's teilwng ydyw Ef.

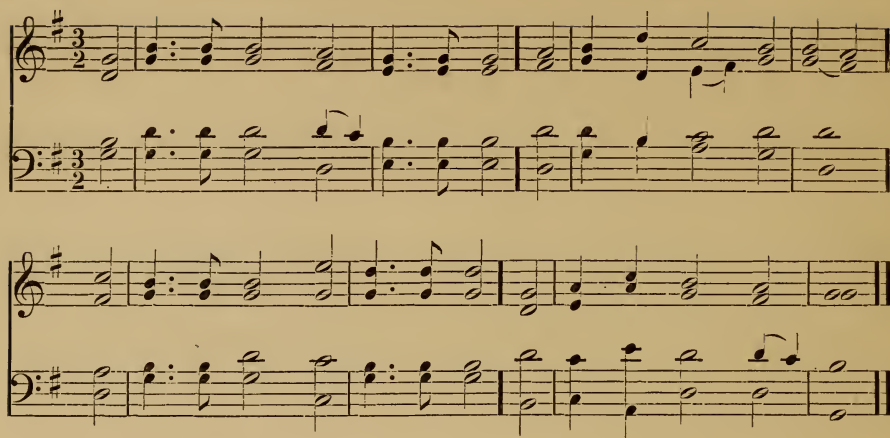
C. M.

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they
cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine!
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

28

ARLINGTON. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Llawnder Iachawdwriaeth.

- 1 MAE 'r Iachawdwriaeth fel y môr,
Yn chwyddo byth i'r lân ;
Mae ynddi ddigon, digon byth,
I'r truan ac i'r gwan.
- 2 'Does ynddi ddiffyg byth yn bod,
Trysorau gras sy 'n llawn,
Er maint yr yfed a'r glanhau
O forau hyd brydnawn.
- 3 Mae ynddi drugareddau hael
I'w cael yn ddinacâd,
A phob bendithion ynddi 'n 'stor
Tragwyddol eu parhad.
- 4 Awn, bechaduriaid at y dŵr
A darddodd ar y bryn ;
Ac ni gawn yfed byth heb drai,
O'r ffrydiau gloew hyn.

C. M.

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION, like a boundless sea,
Which floods on every shore,
Has full supply for you and me,
And gifts of endless store.
- 2 No want or thirst is ever here ;
Great depths of grace abound ;
Although the help that all require
From dawn to vesper sound.
- 3 These mercies all are full and free,
Yea, none are sent away ;
And everlasting shall they be ;
No shadow of decay.
- 4 Come to the waters, sinner, come,
That flow from Calvary,
And you shall drink forever from
This fountain full and free.

29

TALLIS. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Rhinwedd angen 'r groes.

- 1 AM angyu'r groes mae cânu'n awr,
Bydd eto gânu mwy;
Pan gwrrdo plant y gaethglud oll,
Mawr fydd eu cânu hwy.
- 2 Dan bob cystuddiau fwy na mwy—
Rhuadau cnawd a byd,
Mae nerth i w gael mewn marwol glwy'
I'w maeddu oll yn nghyd.
- 3 Trwy angyu Crist daeth i ni heddi,
A chymod yn ei waed;
A thrwy ei glwyfau dyfnion Ef
Caed i ni lwy'r iachâd.
- 4 Marwolaeth ein Gwaredwr mawr
Sy'n fywyd pur i ni;
Fel gallwn roddi 'r oll i lawr
Yn gôf am Galfari.
- 5 Pan ddelo 'r seintiau adref oll
I Salem fawr ei sôn;
Nid ofni mwy, ond dyblu'r mawl
Bydd pawb i Dduw a'r Oen.

Amen.

C. M.

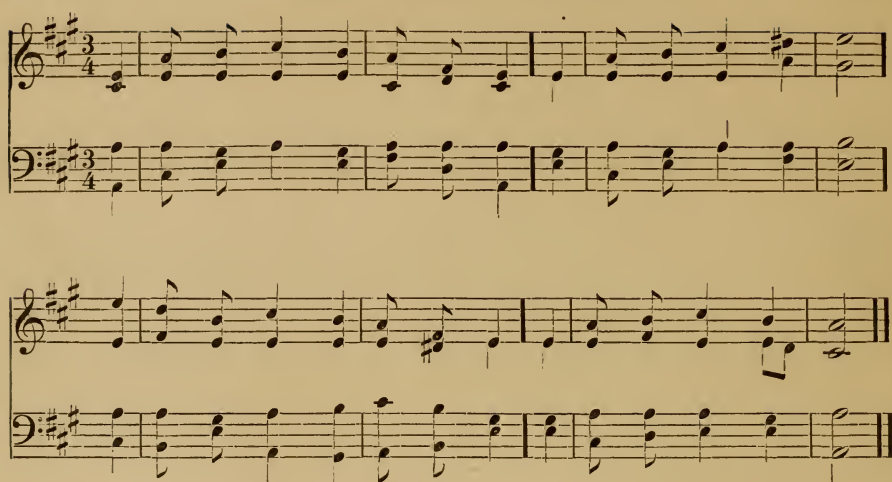
National Praise.

- 1 OUR land, O Lord! with songs of praise
Shall in Thy strength rejoice,
And, blest with Thy salvation, raise
To heaven a cheerful voice.
- 2 Thy sure defence through nations round
Hath spread our country's name,
And all her humble efforts crowned
With freedom and with fame.
- 3 In deep distress our injured land
Implored Thy power to save;
For life we prayed; Thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.
- 4 On Thee, in want, or woe, or pain,
Our hearts alone rely;
Our rights Thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.
- 5 Thus, Lord, Thy wondrous power de-
And still exalt Thy fame; [clare,
While we glad songs of praise prepare
For Thine almighty name.

Amen.

30

MELODY. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Etifeddiaeth Plant Duw.

- 1 PLANT ydym eto dan ein hoed,
Yn dysgwyl am y 'stad;
Mae 'r etifeddiaeth i ni 'n dod
Wrth Destament ein Tad.
- 2 Ni ddigalonwn eir en bod
Yn awr mewn anial wlad;
Mae 'r etifeddiaeth i ni 'n dod
Wrth Destament ein Tad.
- 3 Gorthrymder geir o dan y rhod,
Ond byr fydd ei barhad;
Mae 'r etifeddiaeth i ni 'n dod
Wrth Destament ein Tad.
- 4 Cawn ganu byth ei uchel glod,
'Rol cyrhaedd nefol wlad;
Mae'r etifeddiaeth i ni'n dod
Wrth Destament ein Tad.

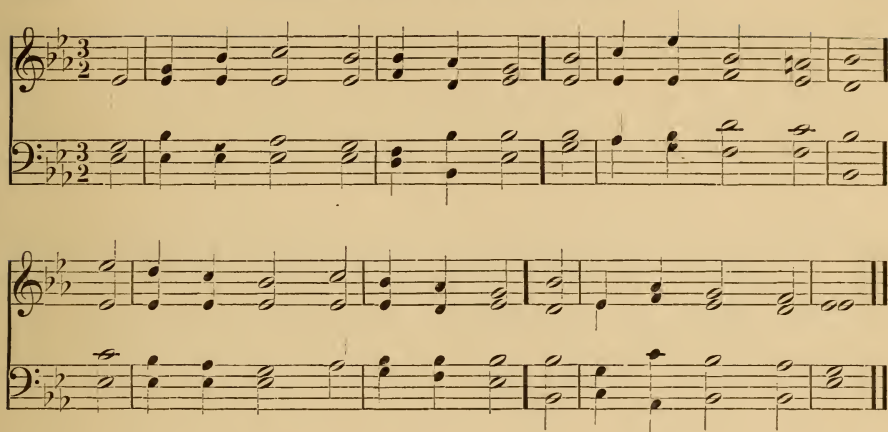
C. M.

The Christian's Portion.

- 1 YE saints below, and hosts above,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.
- 2 What object, Lord, my soul should
If once compared with Thee; [move,
What beauty should command my
Like what in Christ I see? [love,
- 3 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to Thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

31

DOWNS. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Pereidd-dra enw Crist.

- 1 MOR beraidd i'r credadyn gwan
Yw hyfryd enw Crist;
Mae'n llaesu ei boen, yngwella ei glwy',
Yn lladd ei ofnau trist.
- 2 I'r ysbryd clwyfus rhydd iachad,
Hedd i'r drallodus fron;
Mae'n fanna i'r newynog ddyn,
I'r blin, gorphwysfa lon.
- 3 Hoff enw! fy ymguddfa mwy,
Fy nghraig a'm tarian yw:
Trysorfa ddiball yw o ras
I mi y gwaela'n fyw.
- 4 Iesu, fy Mhrophwyd, a fy Mhen,
F' Offeiriad mawr, a'm Brawd,
Fy mywyd i, fy ffordd, fy nod,—
Derbyn fy moliant tlawd.
- 5 A phan y deui yr ail waith,
Mewn mawredd, parch, a bri,
I farnu 'r byw a'r meirw 'nghyd,
O Dduw! na wrthod fi.

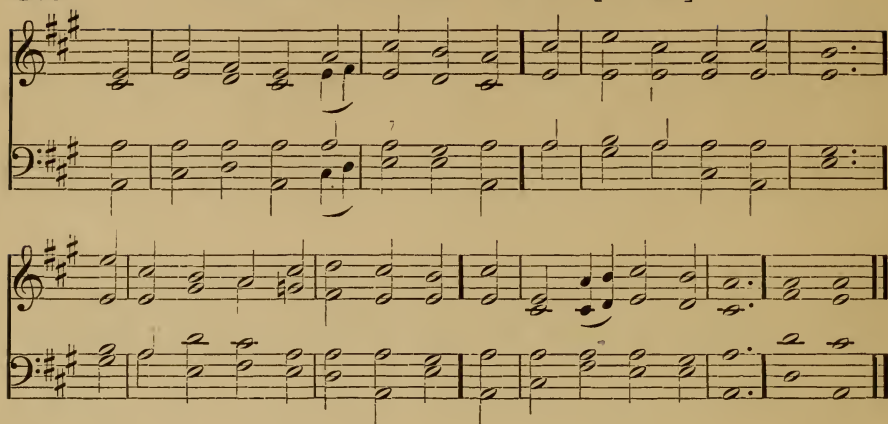
C. M.

Jesus's Name.

- 1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

32

MARTYRDOM. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Tad wrth y llyw.

- 1 AR fôr tymhestlog teithio 'r wyf,
I fyd sydd well i fyw;
Gan wenu ar ei stormydd oll—
Fy Nhad sydd wrth y llyw.
- 2 Er cael fu nhaflu o don i yon,
Nes ofni bron cael byw;
Diangol ydwyf hyd yn hyn—
Fy Nhad sydd wrth y llyw.
- 3 Ac os oes stormydd mwy yn ol,
Yn nghadw gan fy Nuw,
Wynebaf arnynt oll yn hyf—
Fy Nhad sydd wrth y llyw.
- 4 A phan fo 'u hymchwidd yn cryfhau,
Fy angor sier yw;
Dof yn ddiogel trwyddynt oll—
Fy Nhad sydd wrth y llyw.
- 5 I mewn i'r porthladd tawel, clyd,
O swn y storm a'i chlyw;
Y caf fynediad llon ryw ddydd—
Fy Nhad sydd wrth y llyw.

Amen.

C. M.

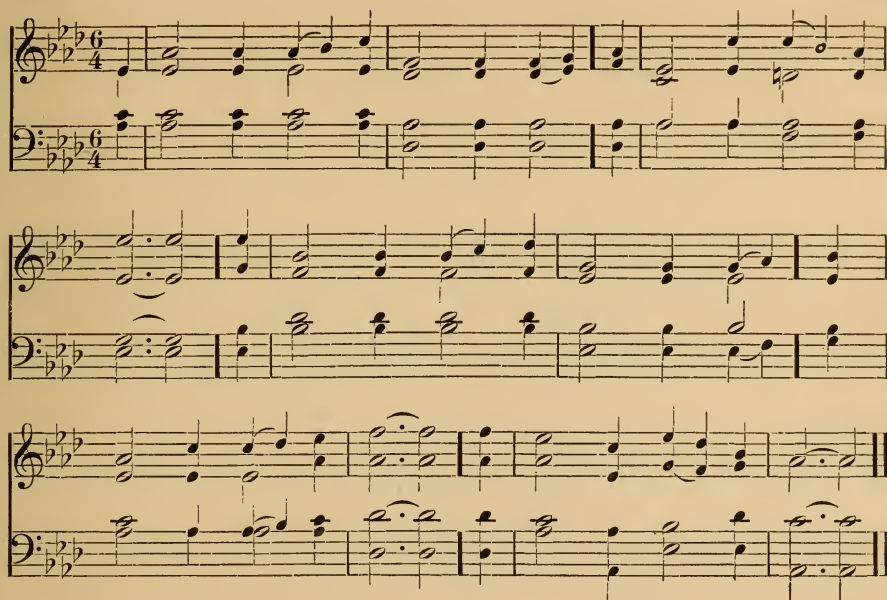
Safety.

- 1 To Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.
- 2 Thou, then, my soul, in safety rest;
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will thee in safety keep.
- 3 Sheltered beneath the Almighty's
Thou shalt securely rest, [wings,
Where neither sun nor moon shall
By day or night, molest. {thee,
- 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend,
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.
- 5 Thy Saviour shall uphold thy head,
And guide thee with his hand,
Through all the storms of life and death
Safe to the heavenly land.

Amen.

33

RICH. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Gorphwys yn y Nef.

- 1 MAE 'n hyfryd meddwl ambell dro,
Wrth deithio anial le;
Ar ol ein holl flinderau dwys,
Cawn orphwys yn y ne'.
- 2 Pan ar ddiffygio gan y daith,
A lludded maith y lle;
Mor hoff yw gwybod wedi hyn,
Cawn orphwys yn y ne'.
- 3 Er colli ein cyfeillion hoff,
Yn yr Iorddonen gref;
Mae 'n felus meddwl—eto 'n nghyd,
Cawn gwrrddyd yn y nef.
- 4 Cymhwyser ni drwy'r Ysbryd Glan,
A'i rasol ddoniau Ef;
Nes delom fel t'wysenau llawn,
Yn addfed iawn i'r nef.

C. M.

Rest in Heaven.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

34

CANAAN. [C. M.]

C. M.

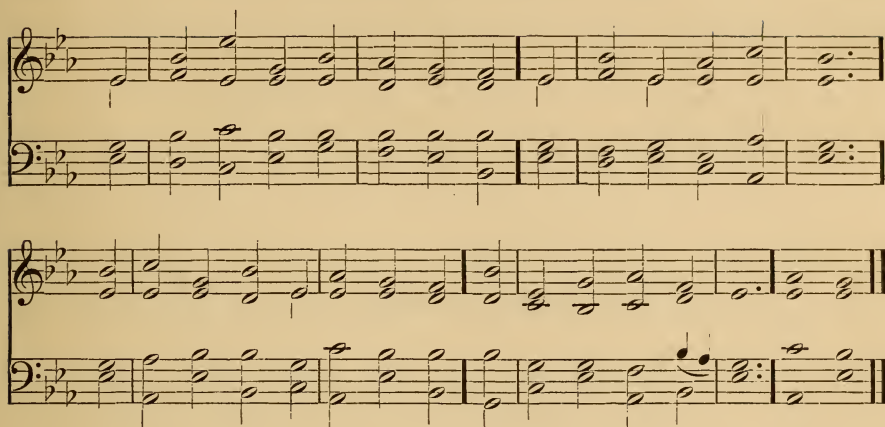
The Happy Shore.

- 1 How pleasant thus to dwell below
 In fellowship of love!
 And, tho' we part, 't is bliss to know
 The good shall meet above.
 Oh, that will be joyful, joyful,
 joyful!
 Oh, that will be joyful,
 To meet to part no more,
 To meet to part no more
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 And sing the everlasting song
 With those who've gone before.

- 2 Yes, happy thought! when we are
 free
 From earthly grief and pain,
 In heaven we shall each other see,
 And never part again.
 Oh, that will be joyful, etc.
- 3 Then let us each, in strength divine,
 Still walk in wisdom's ways,
 That we with those we love may
 join
 In never-ending praise.
 Oh, that will be joyful, etc.

35

ST. DAVID'S. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Gwlad yr addewid.

- 1 AR lan'r Iorddonen sefyll wyf,
Gan fwrw golwg brudd
Ar ddedwydd diroedd Canaan draw,
Lle mae trysorau 'm ffydd.
- 2 O'r olwg gu lesmeiriol gwyd,
I'm gwydd tu draw i'r don ;
Per feusydd hardd yn wyrddion byth,
Afonydd bywiol llon ;
- 3 Yno y tyf pob ffrwythau per,
Fy ffydd yn awr a'u gwel ;
Y brynau a'r dyffrynoedd pur,
Lifant o laeth a mel.
- 4 Pa bryd y caf I dirio draw,
I'm cartref dedwydd eu ?
Pa bryd caf weled gwedd fy Nhad,
Yn ei drigfanau fry ?
- 5 Gan lwyr hyfrydweh, fy enaid drud,
Ni thrigai yma'n hwy ;
Er i'r Iorddonen ruo'm cyleh,
Heb arswyd torwn trwy.

Amen.

C. M.

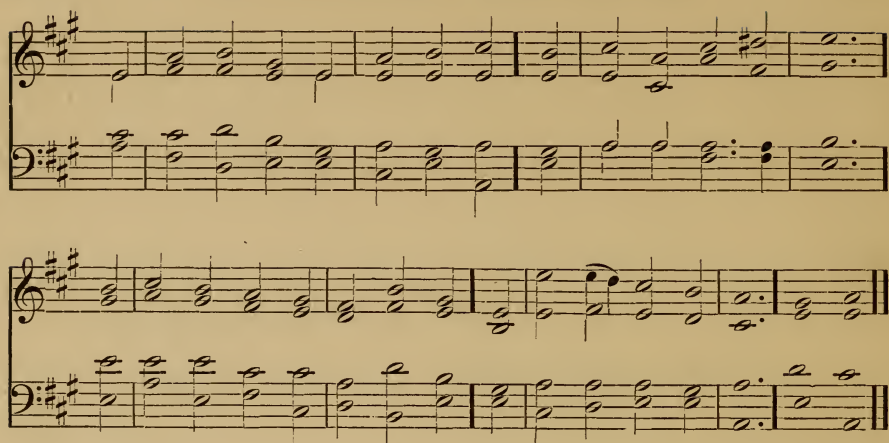
The Promised Land.

- 1 ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight ;
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and
With milk and honey flow. [vales,
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 5 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves around me
Fearless I'd launch away. [roll,

Amen.

36

ST. MAGNUS. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Y wledd dragwyddol.

- 1 MAE addewidion melus wledd
Yn gyflawn ac yn rhad
Yn dy gyfamod pur o hedd,
Tragwyddol ei barhad.
- 2 'Rwyf finau yn dymuno d'od
I'r wledd ddanteithiol fras;
Ac felly mi gaf seinio clod
Am ryfedd rym dy ras.
- 3 O rhwyma fi wrth byst dy byrth,
I aros tra b'wy' byw;
I edrych ar dy wedd a'th wyrth,
A'th foli di fy Nuw.
- 4 Os aros gaf o fewn dy dŷ
Tra pery'm brenol oes,
Mi ganaf gyda'r dyrfa fry
Byth byth am rin y Groes.

Amen.

C. M.

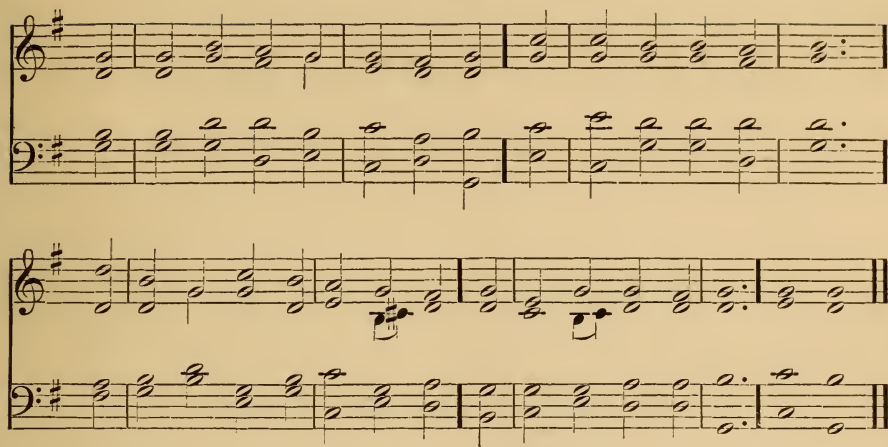
Two or Three.

- 1 WHEREVER two or three may meet,
To worship in Thy name,
Bending beneath Thy mercy-seat,
This promise they may claim:—
- 2 Jesus in love will condescend
To bless the hallowed place;
The Saviour will himself attend,
And show his smiling face.
- 3 How bright the assurance! gracious
Fountain of peace and love, [Lord,
Fulfil to us Thy precious word,
Thy loving-kindness prove.
- 4 Now to our God—the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit—sing!
With praise to God, the Three in One,
Let all creation ring.

Amen.

37

ABBEY. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Dring i fyny yma.

- 1 I DDEDWYDD fro Caersalem fry
'Rwy'n teithio nos a dydd;
Er trigo mewn daearol dŷ,
Fy nghalon yno sydd.
- 2 Pa beth sydd yn fy nghadw 'n ol,
Rhag myned yno i fyw?
Mae 'r Iesu yn fy ngwa'dd i'w gól,
A heirdd angylion Duw.
- 3 O na bae yn fy nghalon fwy
O'r nefoedd yn y byd,
Cyn myn'd o'm hysbryd dedwydd
I feddu 'r wynfa glyd. [trwy,
- 4 Caf yno gânu am y groes
Heb ofid, poen, na chlwy';
Rhyfeddu rhinwedd angu loes,
I dragwyddoldeb mwy.

Amen.

C. M.

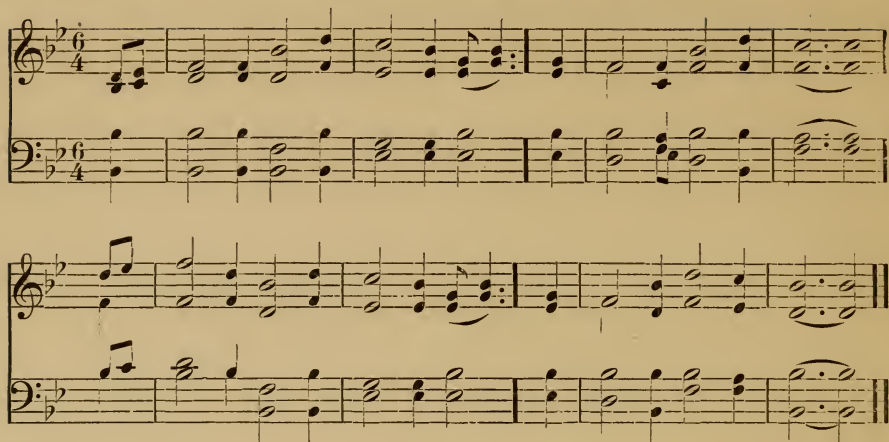
Divine Protection.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed;
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.
- 3 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.
- 4 Arise, my soul; awake my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

Amen.

38

MAITLAND. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Fy nghroes a fy nghoron.

- 1 A RAID i'r Iesu mawr ei hun
I ddwyn y groes ddi-fri?
Na, mae ei groes i bob rhyw ddyn,
Ac y mae croes i mi.
- 2 Y gysegredig groes wnaf ddwyn
Yn ddwel drwy y byd,
Hyd nes caf fyn'd i'm cartref mwyn,
I wisgo'r goron ddrud.
- 3 Mor hardd yw gwedd y dyrfa lân,
Fu gynt fel minau'n brudd,
Sydd fry yn bythol seinio'r gân,
Heb ddeigr yn ar eu grudd.
- 4 Wrth draed pwyedig Iesu mawr,
Ar balmant clae'r y Nef,
Fy nghoron auraid ro'f i lawr,
O barch i'w enw Ef.
- 5 Cyd-chwareu eu telynau gwiw
A wna y dorf ddi-glwy',
I'r Hwn fu farw, sydd yn fyw
I dragwyddoldeb mwy.
- 6 O werthfawr groes! O goron dêr!
O adgyfodiad ddydd!
Chwi engyl, dygwch uwch y sêr
Yn awr fy enaid prudd.

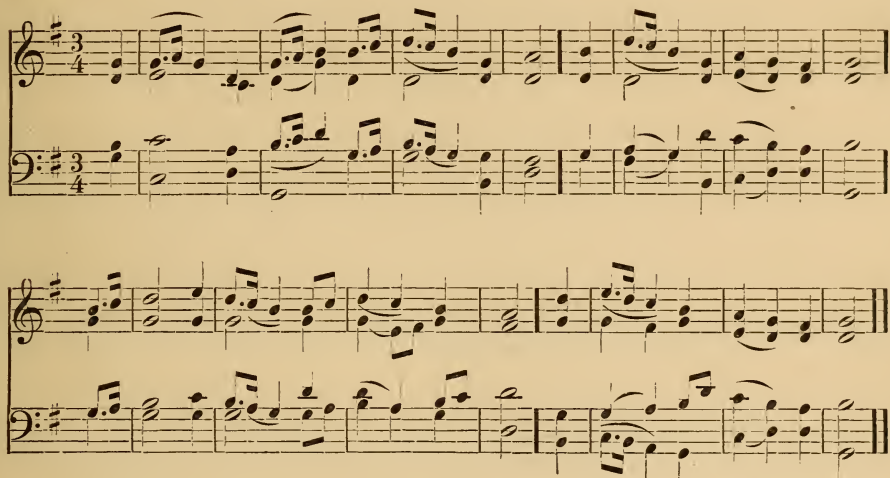
C. M.

My Cross and Crown.

- 1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéed feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear Name repeat.
- 5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall
Beneath heaven's arches high; ring,
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives, no more to die.
- 6 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down
And bear my soul away.

39

ST. MARTIN'S. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Crist yn Waredwr.

- 1 NI gawsom y Messia 'n rhad,
Ymgeledd llwch y llawr ;
Yr enw mwyaf yw erioed,
Anwylaf i ni 'nawr.
- 2 Fe wnaeth ei babel yn ein plith,
A'i bresenoldeb sy'
Yn troi pob cystudd a phob loes
Yn hyfryd heddi i ni.
- 3 Ni welaf wrthddrych mewn un man
O'r ddaear faith i'r ne',
A dâl ei garu tra f' wyf byw
Yn unig ond Efe.
- 4 Fe'm harwain drwy yr anial fyd,
Fe'm cynnal dan fy nghroes ;
Fe'm gwared o'm blinderau i gyd,
Drwy rin ei farwol loes.

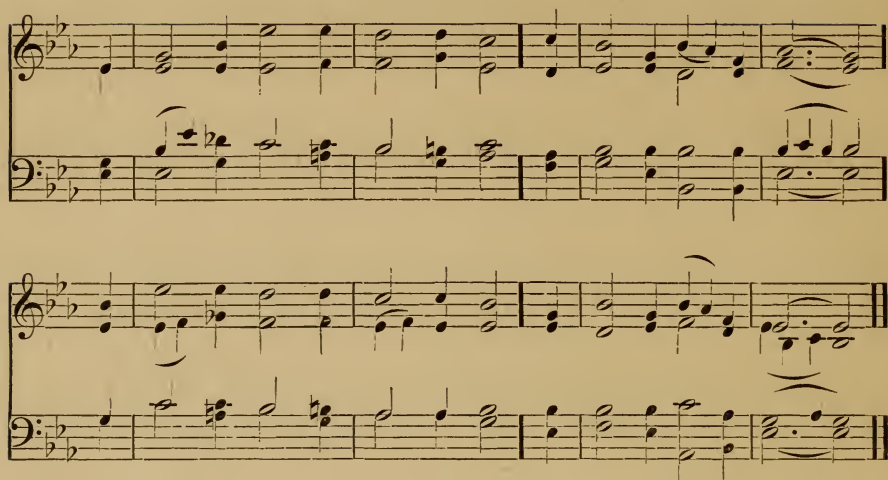
C. M.

A Token.

- 1 In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We set his seal upon thee here,
And stamp thee his alone.
- 2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in his Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and his shame.
- 3 In token that thou, too, shalt tread
The path He travelled by ;
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high ;
- 4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own ;
And may the brow that wears his
Hereafter share his crown. [cross,

40

CLAREMONT. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Gair Duw.

- 1 GOLEUNI ac anfeidrol rym,
Yw hyfryd eiriau'r nen;
Pob sill erioed a dd'wedodd Ef
Sydd siwr o dd'od i ben.
- 2 Mae'i eiriau fel y diliau mêl,
A'i holl orch'mynion sy'
I gyd yn dangos rhinwedd maith
Santeiddrwydd nefoedd fry.
- 3 Mae'i addewidion fel yr haul,
Yn sier o gadw eu lle,
Ac nid â'r sillaf leia' ar goll
O'i hyfryd eiriau E.
- 4 Ei addewidion sydd tan sêl,
Fel rhyw ffynonau pur
Ag sy'n rhoi allan loew ffrwd,
Tros hyfryd Salem dir.

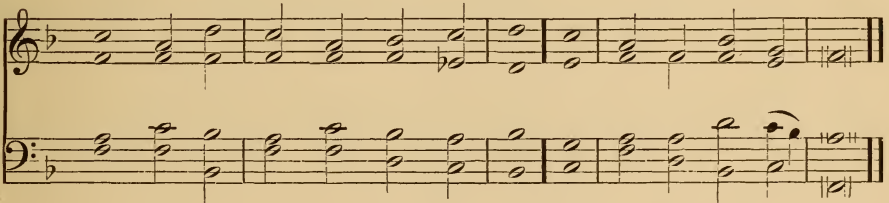
C. M.

The Word of God.

- 1 ALMIGHTY power and heavenly light
Are in the words He said;
And every word that e'er He taught
Will surely be fulfilled.
- 2 His words are sweet as honeycomb;
His statutes, too, are given
To show the purity above,
The holiness of heaven.
- 3 His promises are like the sun,
Which never, never move;
And not a sentence shall be lost,
But every jot He'll prove.
- 4 Come, now, how we rejoice to think
Of that sweet, happy day,
And of the promises fulfilled
In holy, best array.

41

CHICHESTER. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Mawl i'r Gwaredwyr.

- 1 O AM dafodau fil mewn hwyl,
I seinio gyda blas,
Ogoniant mawr fy Mhrynwr gwiw,
A rhyfeddodau 'i ras.
- 2 Fy ngrasol Arglwydd a fy Nuw,
Rho gymhorth er dy glod,
I ddadgan mawl i'th enw gwiw,
Trwy bod man is y rhod.
- 3 Dy enw di, O Iesu mawr,
A lawenycha 'n gwedd;
Pêr sain yn nghlust pechadur yw,
Mae 'n fywyd ac yn hedd.
- 4 Fyddariaid clywch—chwi fudion rai
Clodforwch Frenin hedd;
Y dall a'r cloff fo 'n llawenhau
Mewn golwg ar ei wedd.

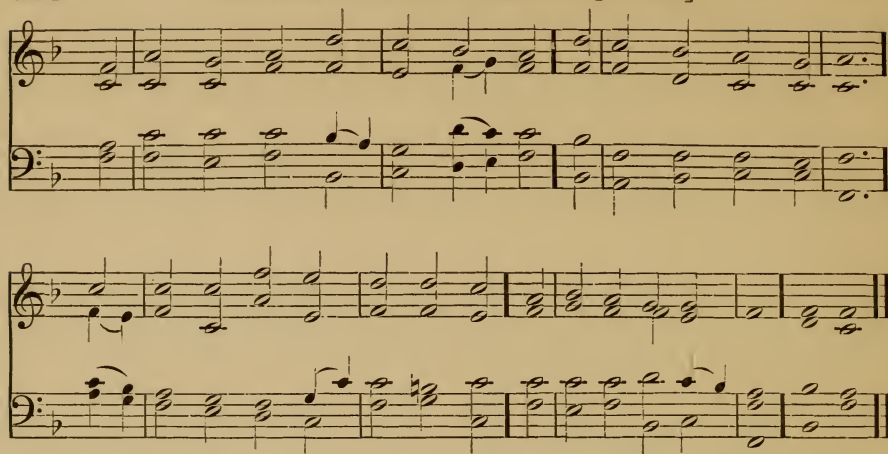
C. M.

Thy Name is as Ointment poured forth.

- 1 OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Saviour, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
Tospread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

42

NORMANTON. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Gweddï ar ddechreu Oedfa.

- 1 O IESU, Ceidwad mawr y byd,
Rho fywyd yn ein plith;
Ac agor ddôr i draethu 'th air,
Na chaur mo'ni byth.
 - 2 Ymddangos heddyw yn ein mysg,
Fel, yn dy wisg o waed,
Y'th welwyd gynt ar ben y bryn,
A'r gelyn dan dy draed.
 - 3 Agorwyd ffynon dan dy fron,
Yn hon mae rhinwedd byth;
Fe olchwyd ynddi 'n berffaith lân,
Rai aflan rif y gwlith.
 - 4 Aed son am hon trwy'r byd ar led,
A gwared, trwy dy ras,
O feddiant Satan, cnawd, a gwae,
Dylwythau 'r ddaciar las.
- Amen.

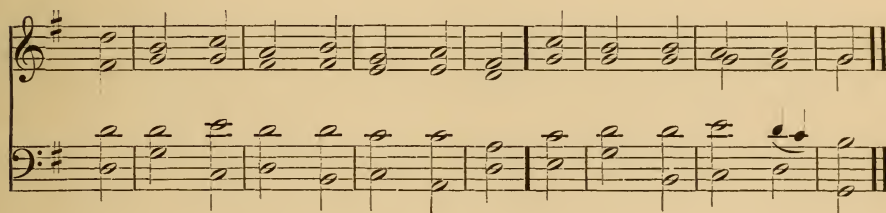
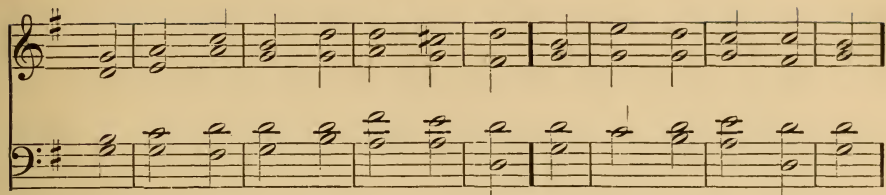
C. M.

The Saviour of the World.

- 1 JESUS, great Saviour of the world,
Oh, give us life and peace;
Oh, open Thou the way to preach
Salvation full of grace.
 - 2 To-day appear Thou in our midst,
Thy garment dyed with blood,
As Thou wert on the mountain seen
With death beneath Thy rod.
 - 3 There was a fountain opened then
To wash away our sin;
And in this fountain shall be washed
The foulest perfect clean.
 - 4 Now spread through all the world his
praise,
Free redemption, free grace,
From Satan's yoke, the world, the flesh,
To millions of our race.
- Amen.

43

SALISBURY. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Ffydd ac Anghrediniaeth.

- 1 O ANGHREDINIAETH mawr ei rym,
Ti roddaist i mi glwy':
Ond yn dy wyneb credu wnaf
Fod doniau'r nef yn fwy.
- 2 Trech yw un gair o enau'm Duw,
Na'r pechod cryfa' erioed;
Pan dd'wed y gair, fe gwmp fy mai
Yn chwilfriw tan fy nhroed.
- 3 Tan gredu mi anturia 'mlaen
Crediniaeth yw fy ngrym;
A than awelon cadarn gred;
Nid all fy mhechod ddim.
- 4 Mi ro'f f' ymddiried ynddo Ef,
Mae noddfa gref i'r gwan:
Ac er y curo sy' arna'i lawr,
Fe ddeil fy mhen i'r lân.

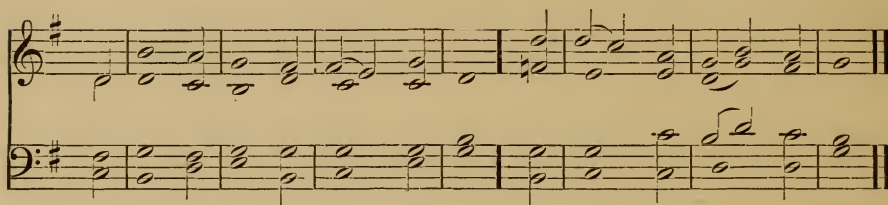
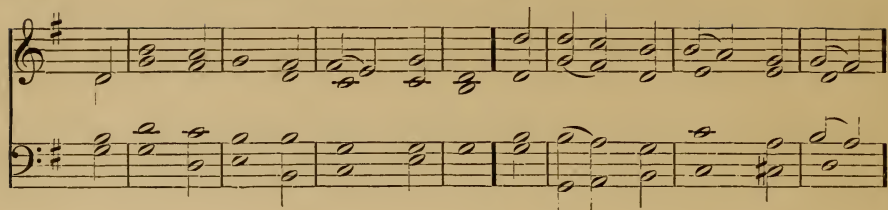
C. M.

Faith and Unbelief.

- 1 O UNBELIEF, how great the wounds
Thou to my soul hast given;
Before thy face I will believe
My strength will come from heaven.
- 2 Far greater is one word from God
Than all the show of men;
When He will speak my sins will cease,
And they are all forgiven.'
- 3 Believing, I will onward press,
And faith shall be my guide;
And through the channel of his word
He will all grace provide.
- 4 I will put all my trust in Him,
Strong refuge for the weak;
When storms are beating down my
I shall his comfort seek. [soul,

44

BELMONT. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Ffynon Calfaria.

- 1 Mi welaf ffynon lawn o waed,
Sef gwaed y Meichiau mawr,
Lle gall troseddwy'r mwyaf' gaed
Gael bywyd ynddi 'n awr.
- 2 Mae llais y nef yn galw 'n awr
Drueiniaid fawr a mân,
I ddyfod iddi ar y llawr
I'w golchi oll yn lân.
- 3 Yr wyf yn dyfod, O fy Nuw
I 'mofyn am y gwaed;
O, golch yn lân y dua 'i liw
Sy'n dysgwyl wrth dy draed.
- 4 O am dafodau fil mewn hwyl,
I seinio gyda blas,
Ogoniant mawr fy Mhrynwr gwiw,
A rhyfeddodau 'i ras.

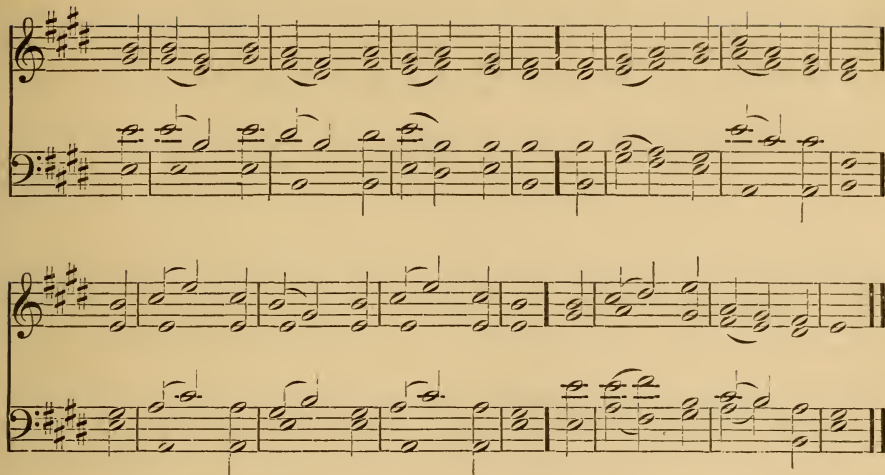
C. M.

The Blood of Christ,

- 1 I SEE a fountain filled with blood,
The blood of Christ the Lord;
The greatest sinner may be rid
Of his accursed load.
- 2 A voice from heaven is calling now
To sinners great and small,
To come and wash their sins away;
Oh, do obey this call.
- 3 We come, oh, help us now, our God,
To feel the power of sin;
And plunge beneath the healing flood
To wash us white and clean.
- 4 Oh, give us, now, ten thousand tongues
To praise the Saviour's name;
May all the people praise his grace,
And angels chant the same.

45

ARNOLD'S. M. 3. [C. M.]



M. 3.

Daioni Duw.

- 1 GWAITH hyfryd yw clodfori 'r Iôn,
Ei ras a'i hedd di-lyth;
O oes i oes ei fawl a red,
Mewn sain gofioledd byth.
- 2 A'i fawr haelioni llenwi mae
Drigfanau pur y nef,
A llwythir euog blant y llawr
A'i ddoniau gwerthfawr Ef.
- 3 Am fawr ddaioni Brenin nef
Dyrchafwn uchel glod,
Can's ynddo 'r ydym oll yn byw,
Yn symud, ac yn bod.
- 4 Ond wrth roi 'i Fab i angu 'r groes
Dros ddeiliaid gwae a'r bedd,
Dadguddir ei ddaioni pur
Yn ei ddisgleiriaf wedd.
- 5 O Dduw pa beth a dalwn ni
Am dy anhraethol ddawn?
Rhy fach yw mawl holl luoedd nef
I draethu'th glod yn llawn.

D

C. M.

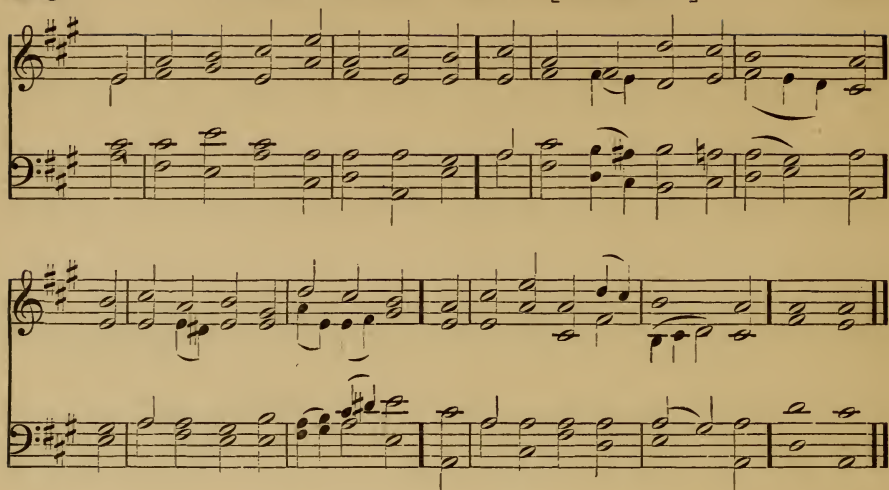
God's Goodness.

- 1 To God we now delight to sing,
And grace shall be our song;
From age to age his glory ring,
To endless age prolong.
- 2 His bounties fill the heaven and earth
With wonder and with praise;
And, all unworthy as we are,
The earth is full of grace.
- 3 Because our king is great and good,
We will adore his name;
For, yes, in Him we live and move,
His praises to proclaim.
- 4 But when his Son He gave to die
To save us all from hell,
His goodness shines so clear and bright,
Its value none can tell.
- 5 O God, what shall we render now,
For deep and matchless love?
Too weak are all the praise of earth,
Too small the praise above.

49

46

DYFRDWY. M. 4. [8s & 7s.]



M. 4.

O! dewch i'r dyfroedd.

1 O DEWCH i'r dyfroedd, dyma 'r dydd,
Yr Arglwydd sydd yn galw;
Tragwyddol ras yr Arglwdd Iôr
Sydd fel y mor yn llanw.

2 Heb werth nac arian, dewch yn awr,
Mae golud mawr trugaredd
A'i wyneb ar yr euog rai—
Maddeuant a'i ymgeledd.

3 O dewch! a phrynwch win a llaeth,
Mae yma faeth rhagorol:
Cewch loew win heb aur na gwerth,
Mae ynddo nerth tragwyddol.

4 Bwytwch! mae 'r aberth wedi 'i ladd,
Y ddeddf a gadd anrhydedd;
Ac i bechadur euog gwael,
Mae modd i gael ymgeledd.

Amen.

8s & 7s.

Come to the Waters.

1 COME to the waters while you may,
The Lord to-day is calling;
The grace of God's eternal love
Is from above e'er flowing.

2 Take this grace without price or fee;
For truth this sea is boundless;
To all who pray in pain and grief,
He 'll give relief that 's endless.

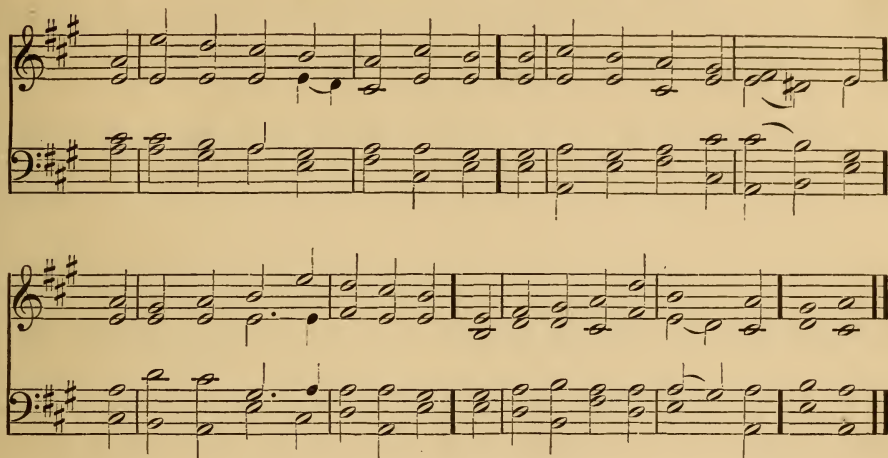
3 Oh, come now, buy; here's milk and
This is divine salvation: [wine;
Come to the feast now, angels say,
In this day of redemption.

4 Come now, the sacrifice is slain;
Let all proclaim, we're feasting
On the Lamb of God; feast for me;
Now I'm free everlasting.

Amen.

47

ST. ALBAN'S. M. 4. [8s & 7s.]



M. 4.

Archoffeiriad Mawr.

- 1 COFFÂWN yn llawen, gyda pharch,
Am ras ein Harchoffeiriad;
Un yw o galon dyner iawn,
A mynwes lawn o gariad.
- 2 Cyd-deimlo mae â'n natur wan,
Fe wŷr mor egwan ydyw;
Gŵyr beth yw profedigaeth gref,
Can's teimlodd Ef y cyfryw.
- 3 Ni ddifffydd lin yn mygu byth,
Yn fflam fe 'i chwyth yn hytrach;
Y gorsen ysis byth ni thyr—
Y gwan fe 'i gyr yn gryfach.
- 4 Am hyny yn ei nerth a'i nawdd,
Rhown ninau 'n hawdd ein hyder;
Ac yna 'n gwared gawn bob tro,
Mewn amser o gyfyngder.

Amen.

8s & 7s.

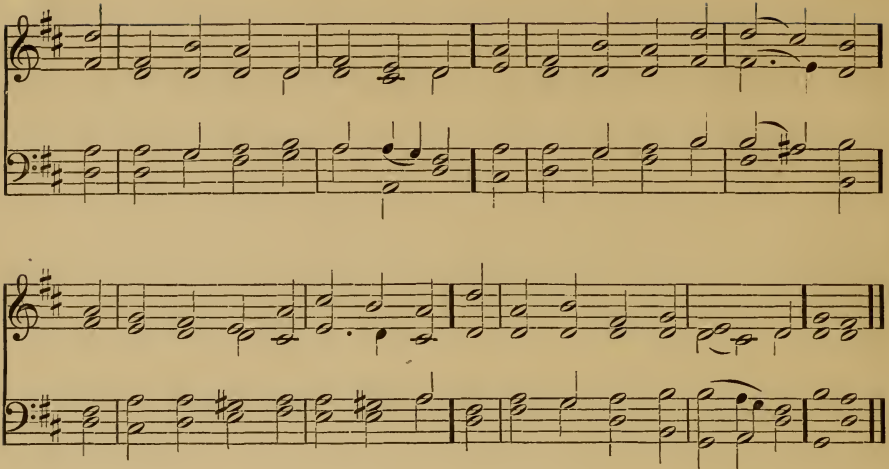
Tenderness of Jesus Christ.

- 1 COME, tell of Jesus and his grace
To all the race, the story,
His tender heart so full of love
Moved Him above, in glory.
- 2 He'll succor to the humble give,
The weak relieve from sorrow,
For He himself hath suffered all
At heaven's call to follow.
- 3 The tender weaken bending reed
He will indeed now cherish;
He will not quench the kindled flame,
Nor look of shame extinguish.
- 4 Then in his hand I'll trust my case,
And before his face abide;
Yes, I from danger safe will be,
He will for me now provide.

Amen.

48

RHUTHYN. M. 4. [8s & 7s.]



M. 4.

Mae'r Iesu'n fyw.

- 1 MAE'r Iesu'n fyw, ni raid i ni
Mwy ofni dyrnod angau,
Mae'r Iesu'n fyw, O Fedd p'le'r
Dy fuddugoliaeth dithau? [aeth
- 2 Mae'r Iesu'n fyw, 'd yw angau du
Ond porth i deulu Seion,
I fyned drwyddo fry i'r wlad,
Lle mae eu Ceidwad ffyddlon.
- 3 Mae'r Iesu'n fyw, mwy er ei fwyn
Pob croes wnawn ddwyn yn siriol,
A chanmol wnawn yn mhob rhyw fan
Ei gariad annghydmarol.
- 4 Mae'r Iesu'n fyw, i'w eiriau Ef
Y mae'r holl nef yn plygu;
Cawn fyned ato uwch y byd
I ddedwydd gyd-deyrnasu.

Amen.

8s & 7s.

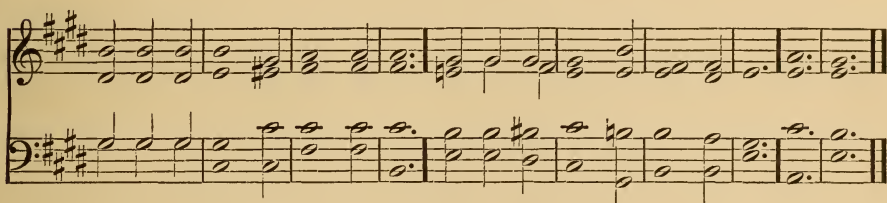
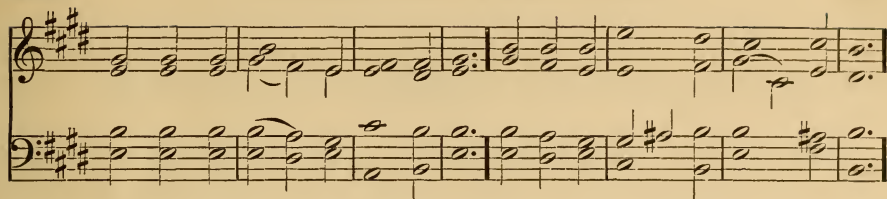
The Loving Saviour.

- 1 OUR Saviour lives, no longer now
Canst thou, O death, appal us;
Our Saviour lives, and this we know,
Thou, grave, canst not enthrall us.
- 2 Our Saviour lives, henceforth is death
But gate to life immortal; [breath
And this shall calm our trembling
When we must pass its portal.
- 3 Our Saviour lives, for us He died,
Alone to Jesus living,
All pure in heart may we abide,
Praise to our Saviour giving.
- 4 Our Saviour, to Him the throne
Above all power is given;
And we shall go where He has gone,
And rest with Him in heaven.

Amen.

49

ST. CRISPIN. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Mor hawddgar yw dy bebyll.

1 MOR hardd, mor deg, mor hyfryd yw
Dy babell sanctaidd di, O Dduw!
Mor loew y dysgleiria hi
Gan lewyrch dy wynebryd di.

2 Rhagori mae ei chywraïn waith
Ar holl balasau'r ddaear faith;
A'r nef a edrych oddi draw
Ar adail lân dy ddwyfol law.

3 Rho imi 'r fraint o'th wel'd ar frys,
O fewn dy lân fendigaidd lys;
Prydferthwch mwya'th babell yw
Dy bresenoldeb di ein Duw.

4 Nef yw i'm henaidd yn mhob man,
Pan brofwyf Iesu mawr yn rhan;
Ei weled Ef â golwg ffydd
Dry'r dywyll nos yn oleu ddydd.

5 Mwynhad o'i ras maddeuol mawr,
Blaen-brawf o'r nef yw yma'n awr;
A darllen f'enw ar ei fron
Sy' nefoedd ar y ddaear hon.

Amen.

L. M.

The Pleasures of Public Worship.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts! Thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and Thee?

3 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

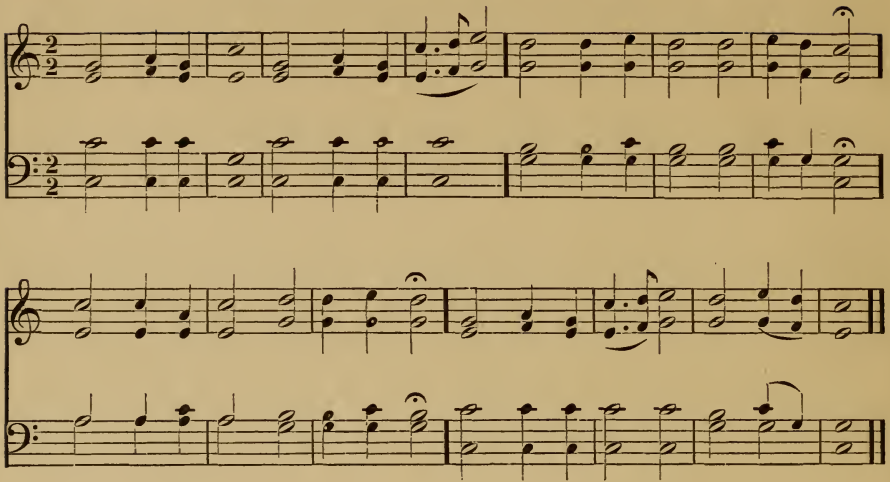
[strength,

5 Cheerful they walk with growing
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Amen.

50

SESSIONS. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Ffydd.

1 Y Fywiol ffydd o'r nefoedd wen
Anturia 'n hyf at Grist ein Pen;
A'n dwyn i'r ddedwydd Nef a wna
Lle na bydd gorthrm byth na phla.

2 Hon rydd i mi bob bendith sydd
Yn angen arnaf nos a dydd;
Ymlida i fwrdd pob cysur gau
A chodi 'm serch i'r nefoedd mae.

3 Hi wna i'r galon guro 'n llon
Dan holl ofidiau 'r ddaear hon.
Rhydd i'r hiraethus gysur mad,
A hawl i'r plant i dy eu Tad.

4 O Dduw rho imi ffydd ddi-goll
I fyn'd yn mlaen drwy 'm rhwystrau oll;
Y ffydd a'm dwg drwy 'r olaf awr
Yn fythol iach i'r Gwynfyd mawr.

L. M.

Faith.

1 FAITH is a living power from heaven,
Which grasps the promise God has giv'n;
Securely trust in Christ alone,
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown.

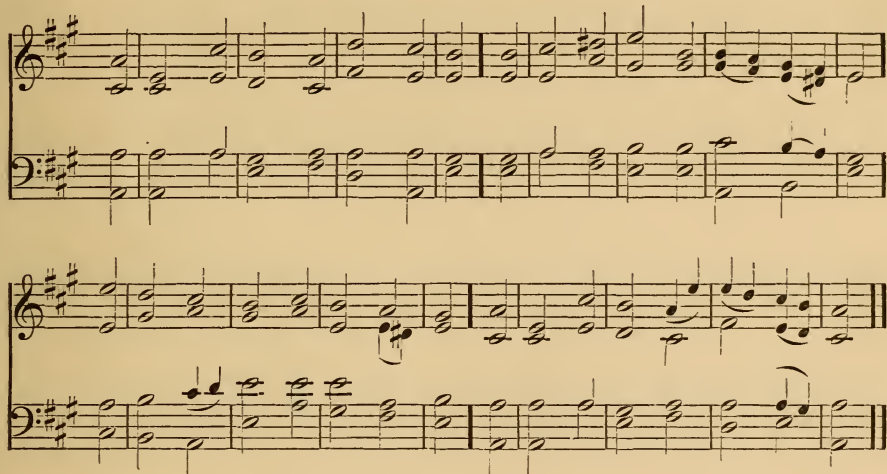
2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need
To save and strengthen, guide and feed;
Strong in his grace its joys to share
His cross, in hope his crown to wear.

3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,
And bids the mourner's sighing cease;
By faith the children's right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.

4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers Thy favor grant;
In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.

51

ARUNDEL. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Teyrnasiad y Cyfryngwr.

- 1 YR Iesu a deyrnasa 'n grwn,
O godiad haul hyd fachlud hwn ;
Ei deyrnas â o fôr hyd fôr,
Tra byddo llewyrch haul a lloer.
- 2 Teyrnasoedd, pobloedd o bob iaith,
I'w enw roddant foliant maith ;
Babanod ieuainc, llesg eu llef,
Yn foreu a'i clodforant Ef.
- 3 Lle y teyrnasa, bendith fydd—
Y caeth a ddaw o'i rwybau 'n rhydd ;
Y blin gaiff fythol esmwythâd,
A'r holl rai clwyfus iechyd rhad.
- 4 Rhod pob creadur yn ddi-lyth,
Ogonawl barch i'n Brenin byth ;
Angylion, molwch Ef uwch ben,
A'r ddaear d'wedded byth, Amen.

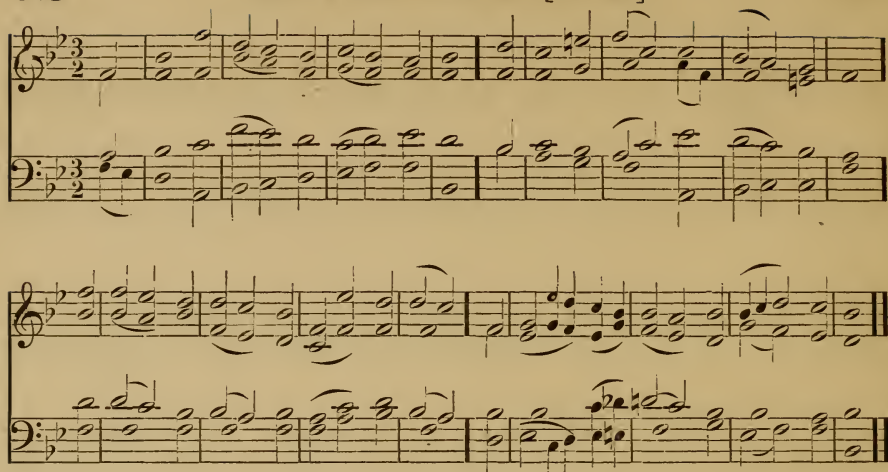
L. M.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

52

BRITISH. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Cymdeithas a Crist.

- 1 O IESU mawr, y meddyg gwell,
Gobaith yr holl ynysoedd pell;
Dysg fi i seinio maes dy glod,
Mai digyfnewid wyt erioed.
- 2 Rho i mi wel'd mai ti yw'm hedd,
A llwyr ddifyru ar dy wedd;
A chym'ryd gair dy enau i gyd,
Yn unig bleser yn y byd.
- 3 Pâr fod dy ogoniant pur dilyth,
Yn nôd a dyben i mi byth;
Dy fywyd hardd, a'th eiriau gwir,
Yn wastad i mi'n rheol bur.
- 4 O hoelia'm meddwl ddydd a nos,
Crwydredig, wrth dy nefol groes;
A phlana'm ysbryd yn y tir,
Sy'n llifo o lawenydd pur.
- 5 Nid yw pleserau pena'r byd,
Yn deilwng o fy serch a'm mryd;
Un wên o eiddo Mhrynwr cu,
Sydd ganmil gwell na'r rhai'n yn llu.

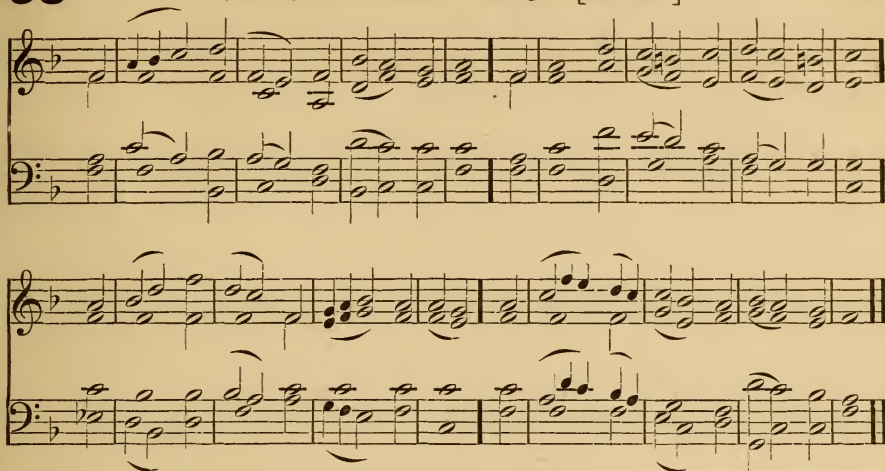
L. M.

Fellowship with Christ.

- 1 JESUS, Redeemer of my soul,
On Thee depend the nation's all;
Teach me to sing aloud Thy praise,
For Thou art changeless in Thy ways.
- 2 Oh, let me feel the peace of love,
And set my heart on things above;
And may Thy word, while here I stay,
Be to my soul a light of day.
- 3 May I Thy glory now pursue
As my best work and object, too;
Thy holy life, Thy words so sweet,
Shall be the rule to guide my feet.
- 4 Beneath Thy wondrous cross, oh, may
My anxious soul dwell night and day,
Breathing the air of that divine, [wine.
Bright land which flows with milk and
- 5 Our highest joy is mixed with strife
Unworthy of our higher life;
But Jesus is our all in all,
The choicest treasure of our soul.

53

ST. OLAVES. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Deisyfiad y Pererin.

1 O DDYDD i ddydd, o awr i awr,
 'Rwy'n nesu i'r tragwydddolfyd mawr;
 Ac yno byddaf cyn bo hir,
 O! am gael etifeddu'r gwir.

2 O groes i groes, o dòn i dòn,
 Ymadaw wnafl a'r fuchedd hon;
 Yn fuan af i byrth y bedd,
 O! am gyrhaeddyd gwlad yr hedd.

3 O nerth i nerth, o daith i daith,
 Ymlwybraf trwy'r anialwch maith;
 Nid yw'r Iorddonen ddim yn mhell,
 O! am gyrhaeddyd gwlad sydd well.

4 Y dydd, y groes, y don, a'r awr
 Am dwg i'r trag wyddol fyd maur
 Le nad noes paen, na marw mwy
 Ond canu byth am farwol glwy.

L. M.

The Pilgrim.

1 FROM day to day, from hour to hour,
 I come, O Jesus, by Thy power,
 To Thee and my eternal home,
 Where love and joy will banish gloom.

2 From cross to cross, from wave to wave,
 All pain and woe behind I leave,
 To gain the everlasting spring,
 At Thy right hand to praise and sing.

[to space,

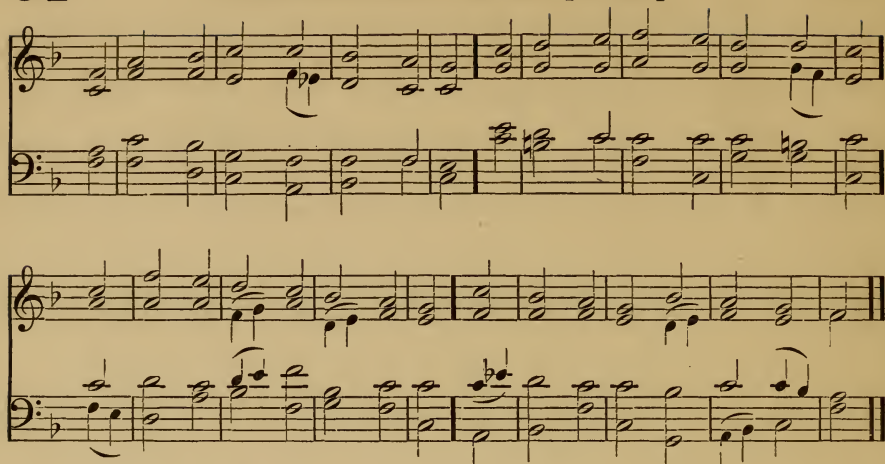
3 From strength to strength, from space
 I come, depending on Thy grace;
 I soon shall at the Jordan stand,
 And weep for joy to see the land.

[wave,

4 Each day, each hour, each cross, and
 Will bring me soon beyond the grave;
 Where days, nor hours, nor woe, nor
 Can never touch my soul again. [pain,

54

EISENACH. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Ni bydd nos yno.

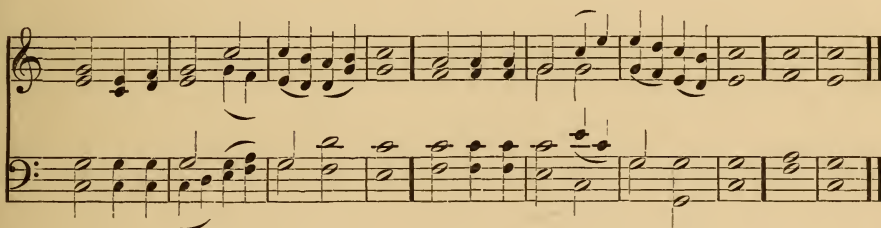
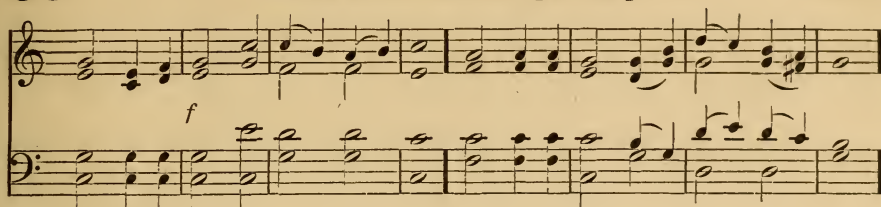
L. M.

There shall be no Night there.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O Dduw! 'R hwn wnai dy drigfa bur
Fry, fry'n y tanbaid oleu clir;
O'th flaen y cuddia engyl gwawl
Eu gwyneb, ac y dyrchant fawl.</p> <p>2 Dros enyd aros raid i ni
Yn niwl a llygredd daear ddu;
Ond bythol ddydd yn fuan ddaw
I yru 'r nos-gysgodion draw.</p> <p>3 Oblegid yn dy santaid Air
Addewir in' oleuddydd claer;
Dydd nad yw goleu haul y nef
Ond cysgod gwan o hono ef.</p> <p>4 Ah! dydd y dyddian oll! mor hir
Y mae cyn dod a'i heulwen glir;
Rhaid gorphen gwaith yr einioes hon
Cyn cael mwynhau ei wenau llon.</p> <p>5 Ac yna fry uwch haul a ser
Yr enaid atat hed. O Ner;
I'th wel' d, i'th garu, a'th fwynhau—
Ei hyfryd waith byth i barhau.</p> <p>6 O Dduw, par'toa 'n henaid gwan
I gael o'th bur orfoledd ran;
Yn ngwan oleuni bywyd, gâd
In' gyrhaedd goleu'r nefol wlad.</p> | <p>1 GREAT God, who hid from mortal sight
Dost dwell in unapproachèd light,
Before whose presence angels bow,
With faces veiled, in homage low;</p> <p>2 Awhile in darkness we remain,
And round us yet are sin and pain;
But soon the everlasting day
Shall chase our shades of night away.</p> <p>3 For Thou hast promised, gracious Lord,
A day of gladness and reward;
A day but faintly imaged here
By brightest sun at noontide clear.</p> <p>4 Too long, alas! it still delays;
It lingers yet, that day of days;
Our mortal strife and toil must cease
Before we win its heavenly peace.</p> <p>5 Then from its fleshly bonds set free,
The soul shall fly, O God, to Thee;
To see Thee, love Thee, and adore,
Her blissful task for evermore.</p> <p>6 Great Trinity, our hearts prepare,
The fulness of Thy joy to share;
Life's transient light may we improve,
And gain eternal light above.</p> |
|--|--|

55

ERNAN. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Bywha dy waith.

1 BYWHA dy waith, O! Arglwydd mawr,
Dros holl derfynau'r ddaear lawr,
Trwy roi tywalltiad nerthol iawn
O'r Ysbryd Glan a'i ddwyfol ddawn.

2 Bywhâ dy waith o fewn ein tir,
Arddeliad mawr fo ar y gwir;
Mewn nerth y bo'r efengyl lawn
Er iachawdwriaeth llawer iawn.

3 Bywhâ dy waith o fewn dy Dŷ,
A gwna dy weision oll yn hy';
Gwisg hwynt â nerth yr Ysbryd Glan,
A'th air o'u mewn fo megys tân.

4 Bywhâ dy waith, O! Arglwydd mawr,
Yn ein calonau ninau'n awr;
Er marwhau poh pechod câs,
A chynydd i bob nefol ras.

Amen.

L. M.

Prayer for a Revival.

1 GREAT Lord of all Thy churches! hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfumed by Thee, oh, may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2 May every pastor, from above,
Be new inspired with zeal and love
To watch Thy flock, Thy flock to feed,
And sow with care the precious seed.

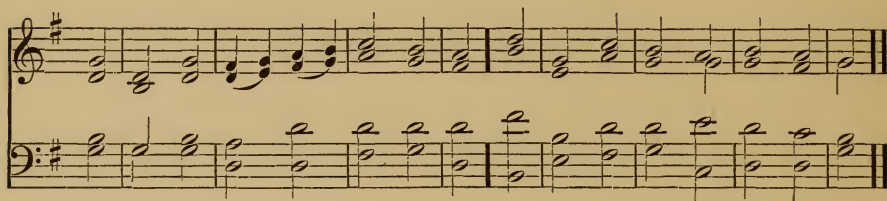
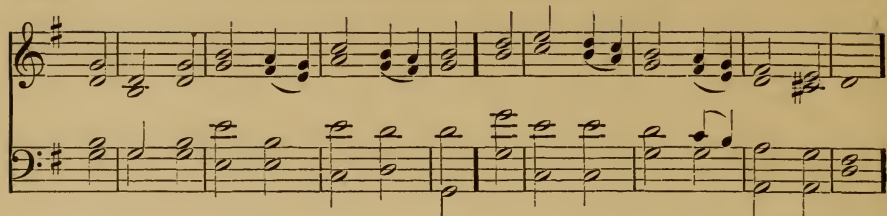
3 Revive Thy churches with Thy grace;
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

4 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And, weeping, sow the seed of praise;
In humble hope that Thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

Amen.

56

PHILADELPHIA. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

N dy P Sabbath,

- 1 Hwn ydyw 'r dydd i ddynol ryw
I'w dreulio i foli 'r Ceidwad gwiw;
Y dydd i'w saint dros ddaear lawr
I gofio 'i adgyfodiad mawr.
- 2 I'w bobl addawodd Brenin Nef
Ran yn ei adgyfodiad Ef;
Ryw ddydd, o oer briddellau 'r bedd
Cânt adgyfodi ar ei wedd.
- 3 Y mae trysorau drud, di-ri'
Yn ei haeddianau Ef i ni;
Pob peth a wnaeth tra yn y byd
Ynt er ein llesiant ni i gyd.
- 4 Y goron aur tu draw i'r bedd,
Yr anfarwoldeb pur a'r hedd
Ynt eiddo Iesu, Brenin Nef,
A'n heiddo ninau ynddo Ef.
- 5 Am hyny, Iesu mawr, tydi
A haeddet gael ein moliant ni;
Heddyw ac yn dragwydol mwy
Ni canwn am dy farwol glwy'.

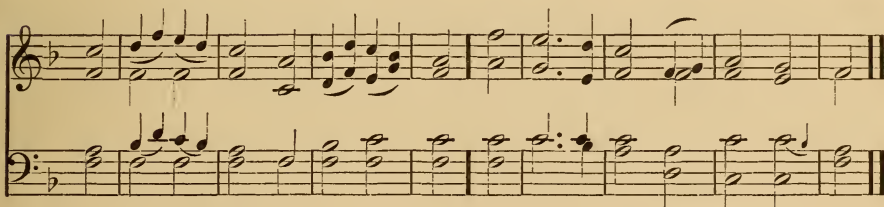
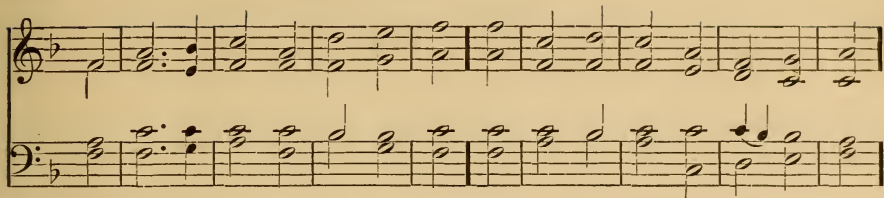
L. M.

Sabbath Day,

- 1 AGAIN the Lord's own day is here,
The day to Christian people dear,
As, week by week, it bids them tell
How Jesus rose from death and hell.
- 2 For by his flock their Lord declared
His resurrection should be shared;
And they who trust in Him to save
In Him are risen from the grave.
- 3 We, one and all, of Him possess'd
Are with exceeding treasures blest;
For all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share.
- 4 Eternal glory, rest on high,
A blessèd immortality,
True peace and gladness, and a throne
Are all his gifts, and all our own.
- 5 And therefore unto Thee we sing,
O Lord of Peace, Eternal King;
Thy love we praise, Thy Name adore,
Both on this day and evermore.

57

SAMSON. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Emyn Foreuol.

1 O F' enaid! deffro, cân yn awr,
Fel adar achub flaen y wawr;
Os mawl sy 'n perthyn iddynt hwy,
Perthyna i mi fil miloedd mwy.

2 Fy nyled fawr feunyddiol yw
Talu ufuddaf glod i'm Duw;
Tra 'n byw 'n y byd y byddaf fi,
Gweddi a mawl sy 'n gweddu i mi.

3 Fy Mhrynwr yw, mae 'n haeddu cael
Y blaenffrwyth o'm gwasanaeth gwael;
Am drugareddau rhad heb ri',
Gweddi a mawl sy 'n gweddu i mi.

4 Beth os yw poen a chroesau 'r byd,
Fel ton ar don yn curo o hyd;
Er maint fy mlinder a fy nghri,
Gweddi a mawl sy 'n gweddu i mi.

5 I Dad y trugareddau i gyd,
Rhown foliant, holl drigolion byd;
Llu 'r nef, molienwech Ef ar gân,
Y Tad, a'r Mab, a'r Ysbryd Glân.

L. M.

Morning Hymn.

1 AWAKE, my soul, awake and sing,
Before the birds are on the wing;
If they to praise their Maker go,
From us a stream of praise should flow.

2 'T is my duty, each day I live,
To train the heart in love to give,
While on the earth I am to be,
Prayer and praise, O God, to thee.

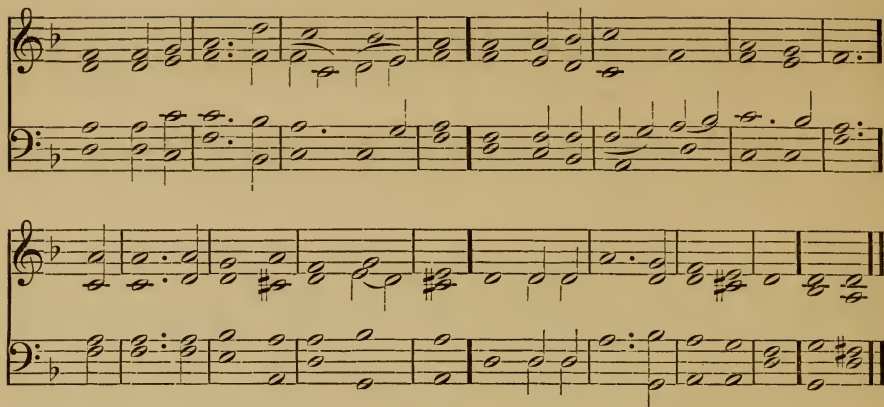
3 My Redeemer deserves it all,
Choicest offerings of my soul;
For all these mercies great and free,
Prayer and praise becometh me.

4 Should pain and crosses come to me,
Like heaving waves on stormy sea;
And if through gloom my path must be,
Prayer and praise becometh me.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

58

ST. CROSS. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Groeshoeliasant Ef.

- 1 O DEWCH, galarwch gyda mi ;
O blaid y Ceidwad byddwn mwy ;
O dewch, gollyngwn ddagrau 'n lli' ;
Yr Iesu groeshoeliasant hwy.
- 2 Ai nid yw'n dagrau 'n ffrydlif gref,
Tra'n gwel'd yr luddew'n gwawdio'i
Mor dawel dyodefa ef ; [glwy' ?
Yr Iesu groeshoeliasant hwy.
- 3 Ei draed a'i dwylaw rwyga'r dur ;
Ei ingol syched a'n fwy, fwy ;
Mewn gwaed ymsudda 'i lygaid pur ;
Yr Iesu groeshoeliasant hwy.
- 4 O'i enau geiriau cariad ddaeth ;
Dros ei elyniau digllawn, drwy
Y tywyll oriau, eiriol wnaeth ;
Yr Iesu groeshoeliasant hwy.
- 5 O cydeisteddwn dan ei groes,
Fel bo i'r gwaed o'i farwol glwy'
Ddefnynu arnom drwy ein hoes ;
Yr Iesu groeshoeliasant hwy.
- 6 O Dduw, rho ini ysbryd briw,
A chalon wedi ei hollti 'n dwy ;
Fel gallom garu 'r Iesu gwiw,
Yr hwn a groeshoeliasant hwy.

Amen.

L. M.

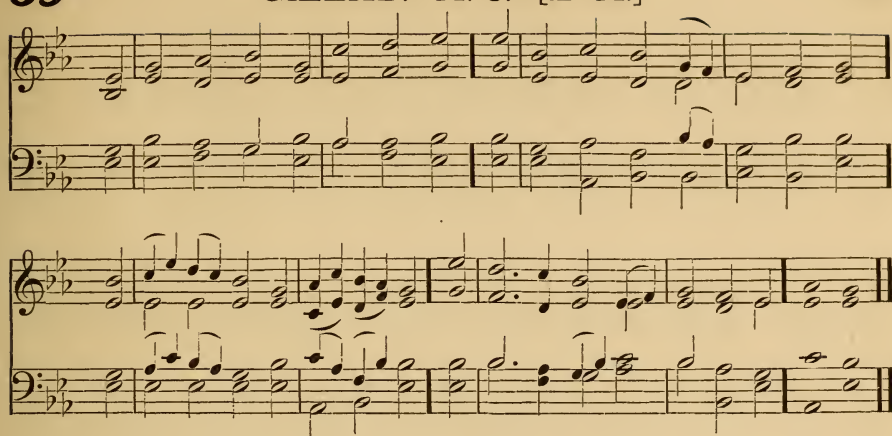
They Crucified Him.

- 1 O COME and mourn with me awhile ;
O come ye to the Saviour's side ;
O come, together let us mourn ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah ! look how patiently He hangs ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 How fast his hands and feet are nailed ;
His throat with parching thirst is dried ;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 Seven times He spake, seven words of
love ;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 5 Come, let us stand beneath the Cross ;
So may the blood from out his side
Fall gently on us drop by drop ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 6 A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified.

Amen.

59

GILEAD. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Y Sabbath.

- 1 GWAITH hyfryd iawn a melus yw,
Molianu'th enw di, O Dduw ;
Son am dy gariad foreu glas,
A'r nos am wirioneddau'th ras.
- 2 Y Sabbath hyfryd wyl yw hon,
No flined gofal byd fy mron ;
Ond boed fy nghalon I mewn hwyl,
Fel telyn Dafydd ar yr wyl.
- 3 Yn Nuw fy nghalon lawenha,
Bendithio'i waith a'i air a wna ;
Mor hardd yw gwaith dy ras, O
Dduw,
A'th gynghor, pa mor ddyfned yw !
- 4 Ar fyr caf ogoneddus ran,
Pan buro gras fy enaid gwan ;
Fy holl elynion, lledir hwy,
A'm heddwch ni thyr Satan mwy.

Amen.

L. M.

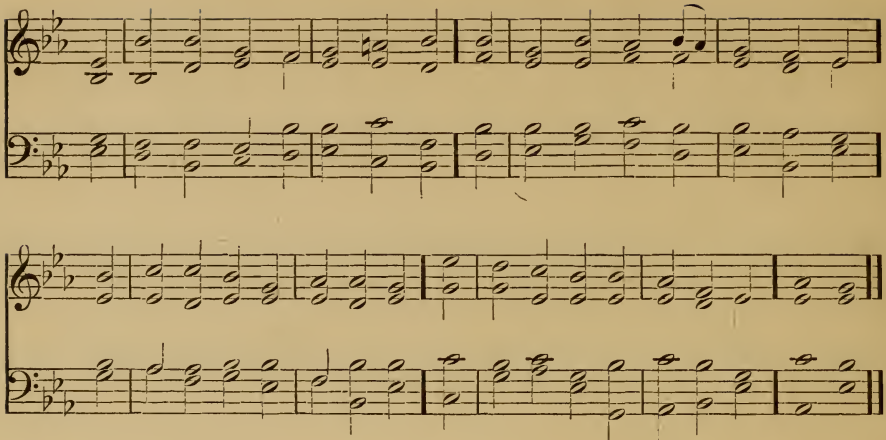
The Sabbath.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and
sing ;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his work, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine,
How deep Thy counsels, how divine !
- 4 Soon I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

Amen.

60

GOTHA. M. 5. [L. M.]



M. 5.

Mawl iddo.

- 1 I GREWR santaidd yr holl fyd,
Rhoed dynolryw y mawl yn nghyd ;
Pob perchen llais derchafed lef,
Mewn cân lesmeiriol iddo ef.
- 2 Y ddaear hon a'r nefoedd fry,
Preswylfeydd miloedd fwy na rhi',
Beth y'nt ond temlau eang iawn,
I foli'r Crewr mawr yn llawn.
- 3 Yr haul y dydd, trwy yrfa faith,
Fynega'i foliant yn mhob iaith ;
Pan gilio'r haul, y lloer a'r ser
Trwy'r nos gynaliant glodydd Ner.
- 4 Melit a tharanau, awdwyr braw,
Y cenllysg oer, y gwynt a'r gwlaw,
A phob creadur yn ei ryw,
Sy'n d'weyd mai doeth a da yw Duw.
- 5 O! f'enaid deffro di i'r gwaith,
O ganmol mewn amgenach iaith ,
Ti gefaist ddawn na chawsant hwy,
Defnyddia ef mewn clodydd mwy.

Amen.

L. M.

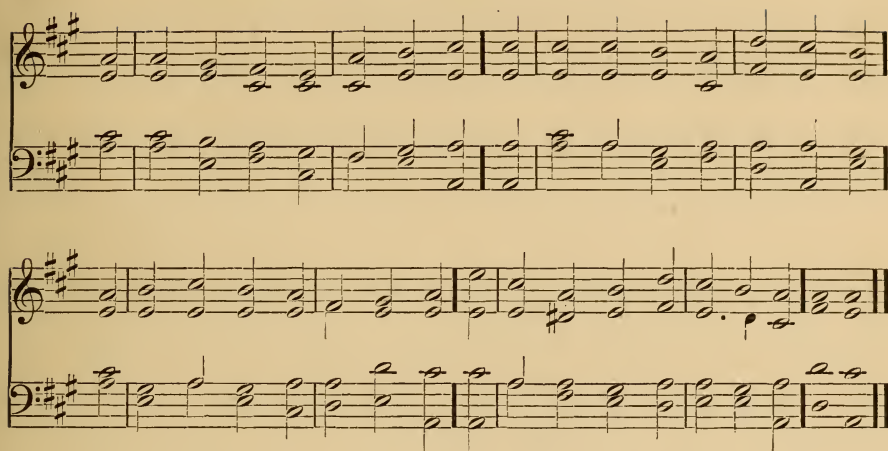
Praise to Him.

- 1 To God the universal King,
Let all mankind their tribute bring ;
All that have breath, your voices raise,
In songs of never-ceasing praise.
- 2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heavens stretch'd o'er our
A large and solemn temple frame [head,
To celebrate its Builder's fame.
- 3 Here the bright sun, that rules the day,
As thro' the sky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundless sov'reignty of God.
- 4 When from his courts the sun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and stars adopt the song,
And thro' the night the praise prolong.
- 5 But man endowed with nobler powers,
His God in nobler strains adores ;
His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

Amen.

61

YR HEN CANFED. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Mawl.

1 GER bron gorseddfa'r Arglwydd mawr,
Ymgrymchw holl genedloedd llawr ;
Gwybyddwch mai efe sydd Dduw,
Efe all ladd neu gadw'n fyw.

2 Ei allu mawr diderfyn yw,
Fe'n gwnaeth o bridd yn ddynion byw ;
Ac er in' grwydro yn mhell mewn byd,
Fe'n dygodd 'nol i'w gorlan glyd.

3 Yn dorf ni dde'wn i'th dŷ a chân,
Derchafwn fawl i'r nefoedd lân ;
Rhoir llon'd dy byrth gan filoedd maith,
O glod didrai, mewn seinfawr iaith.

4 Lled byd yw dy orchymyn drud,
Dy serch tra'gwyddol yw ei hyd ;
A'th air a saif fel craig o hyd,
Pan dreiglo ffordd flynyddau'r byd.

Amen.

L. M.

Praise.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy,
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we
He brought us to his fold again. [stray'd,

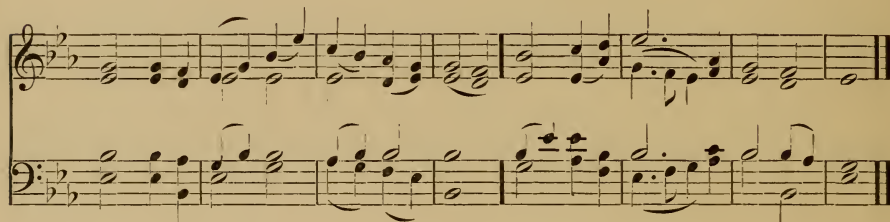
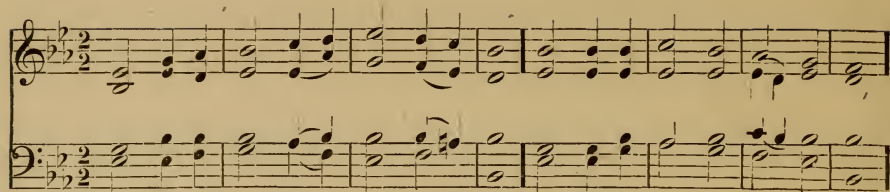
3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Amen.

62

DUKE STREET. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Esgyniad Crist.

1 I'r lan o'r bedd ein Harglwydd ddaeth,
Esgynodd fry tu fewn i'r llen,
Galluoedd uffern ddyg yn gaeth
Trwy'r awyr las hyd entrych nen.

2 O flaen ei gerbyd dysglaer Ef
Bloeddiai angelion ar bob llaw,
Codwch eich penau, byrth y nef;
Chwi ddrysau oesol, ciliwch draw.

3 Yn llydan gwnewch y ffordd yn rhydd,
A throwch yn ol chwi foltau'r gwawl;
Gwiw Frenin y gogoniant sydd
Yn dod i fewn—mae ganddo hawl.

4 Pwy ydyw'r Brenin nefol? Pwy?
Gorchfygwr uffern fawr a'r bedd,
Yr hwn ddyoddefodd farwol glwy';
Ei enw ydyw Brenin hedd.

5 Codwch eich penau, nefol byrth;
Ddrysau trag'wyddol, rhoddwch le;
A'i gadarn fraich gwnaeth nefol wyrth;
Brenin gogoniant yw efe.

L. M.

The Ascension of Christ.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.

4 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!

63

LEIPSIC. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Y Sabbath.

- 1 GWAITH hyfryd iawn a melus yw,
Molianu'th enw di, O Dduw;
Son am dy gariad foreu glas,
A'r nos am wirioneddau'th ras.
- 2 Y Sabbath hyfryd wyl yw hon,
No flined gofal byd fy mron;
Ond boed fy nghalon I mewn hwyl,
Fel telyn Dafydd ar yr wyl.
- 3 Yn Nuw fy nghalon lawenha,
Bendithio'i waith a'i air a wna;
Mor hardd yw gwaith dy ras, O
Dduw,
A'th gynghor, pa mor ddyfned yw!
- 4 Ar fyr caf ogoneddus ran,
Pan buro gras fy enaid gwan;
Fy holl elynion, lledir hwy,
A'm heddweh ni thyr Satan mwy.

Amen.

L. M.

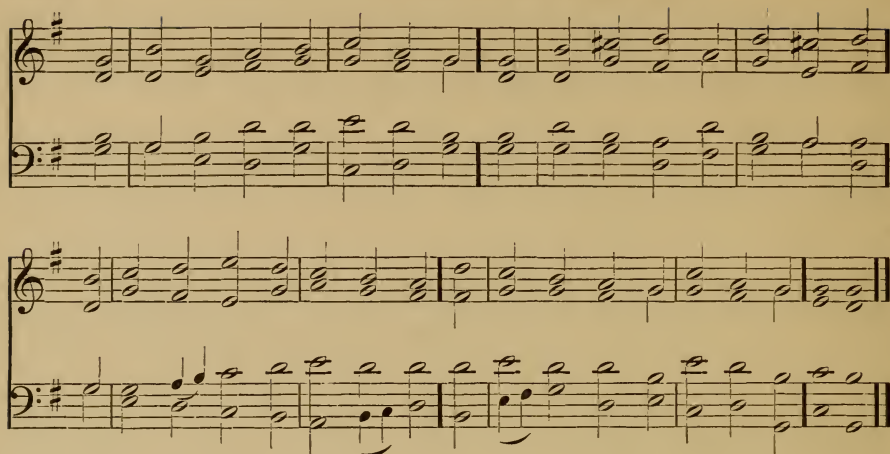
The Sabbath.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and
sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his work, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine,
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!
- 4 Soon I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

Amen.

64

ANGELS' HYMN. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Teyrnasiad y Gwaredwr.

- 1 YR Iesu a deyrnasa'n grwn,
O godiad haul hyd fachlud hwn;
Ei deyrnas â o för hyd för,
Tra byddo llewyrch haul a llo'r.
- 2 Teyrnasoedd, pobloedd, o bob iaith,
I'w gariad rhoddant foliant maith;
Babanod ieuaine llesg eu llef,
Yn foreu a'u clodforant Ef.
- 3 Lle y teyrnasa, bendith fydd;
Y caeth a naid o'i rwymau'n rhydd;
Y blin gaiff fythol esmwythâd,
A'r holl rai clwyfus ieched rhad.
- 4 Rho'ed pob creadur yn ddilyth,
Neillduol barch i'n Brenin byth;
Angelion molwch Ef uwch ben,
A'r ddaear d'wedded byth Amen.

Amen.

L. M.

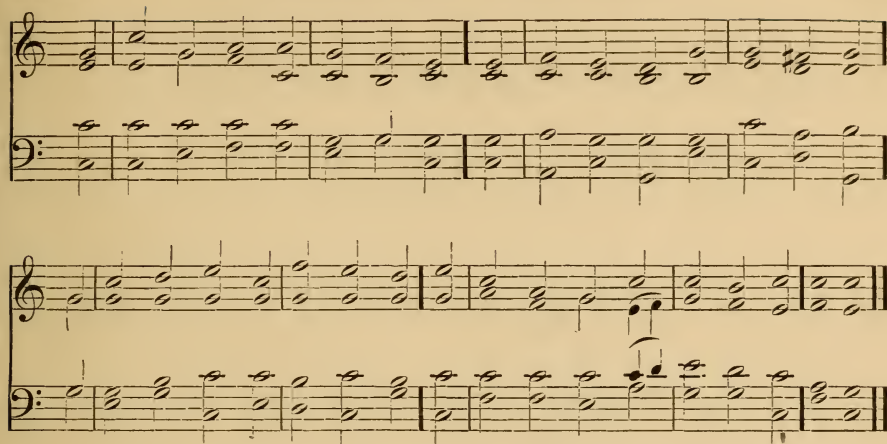
The Saviour's Reign.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Amen.

65

WINCHESTER. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Dychweliad y gwrthgiliwr.

- 1 Pwy draetha'r fath lawenydd sy'
Trwy holl gynteddau'r nefoedd fry,
Pan ddel afradlon tua thref—
Pan aner un etifedd nef!
- 2 Boddloni'n llawen y mae'r Tad,
'Wel'd ffirwyth ei fythol gariad rhad;
Y Mab yn llon a edrych lawr
Ar werth ei ddyoddefaint mawr.
- 3 A hoffi gwel'd' mae Ysbryd Duw
Yr enaid marw wnaeth e'n fyw;
A'r saint a'r holl angelion glân,
Am gynydd teyrnas Duw a gân.
- 4 I Dad y trugareddau i gyd,
Rhown foliant, holl drigolion byd;
Llu 'r nef, molienwech Ef ar gân,
Y Tad, a'r Mab, a'r Ysbryd Glân.
Amen.

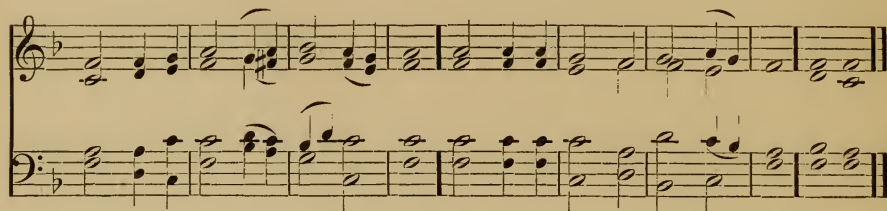
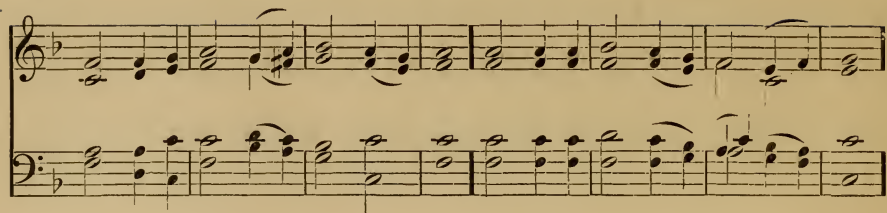
L. M.

Backslider Returned.

- 1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul He formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.
- 4 Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Amen.

66

BOSTON. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Yr Iesu yn llawn.

- 1 WRTH droi fy ngolwg yma i lawr,
I gyrau 'r greadigaeth fawr,
Gwrthddrych ni wel fy enaid gwan,
Ond Iesu i bwyso arno 'n rhan.
- 2 Dyma gyfarfod hyfryd iawn,
Myfi yn llwm, a'r Iesu 'n llawn:
Myfi yn dlawd heb feddu dim,
A'r Iesu 'n rhoddi pob peth im'.
- 3 Anturia 'n mlaen fy enaid eu
At orsedd Iesu, er mor ddu;
Mae 'r ffordd yn rhydd, a'r rhodd yn
I bawb a gredant yn y gwaed. [rhad,
- 4 Mae gras yn rhyw anfeidrol 'stôr,
A doniau ynot fel y môr;
O! gad i'r truenusaf ddyd,
Gael profi gronyn bach o'u rhîn.
- 5 'Does arnaf eisiau yn y byd,
Ond golwg ar dy haeddiant drud;
A chael rhyw brawf o'th nefol rîn,
I 'madaw 'n lan a mi fy hun.

Amen.

L. M.

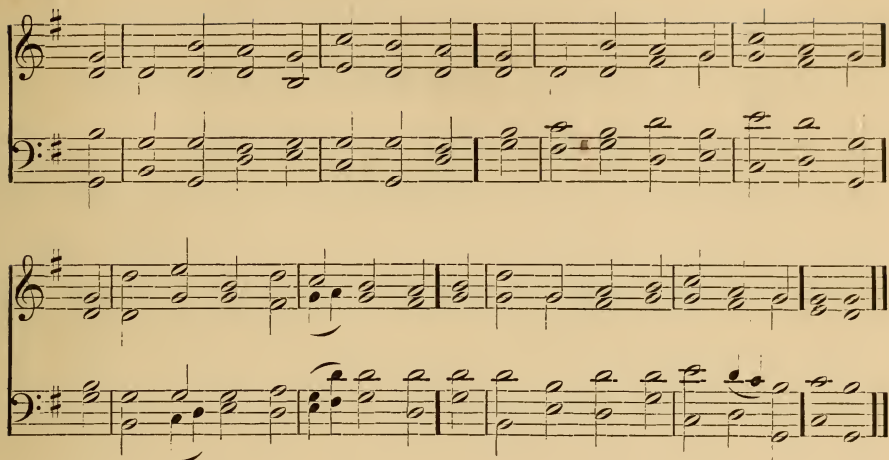
Friend of Sinners.

- 1 BEHOLD! a Stranger's at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need;
The Man of Nazareth, 't is He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 3 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the Heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 Admit Him, ere his anger burn;
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at his door denied you 'll stand.

Amen.

67

MAMRE. M. 5. [L. M.]



M. 5.

Y Cartref dedwydd.

- 1 DY heddwech Ior, a gwel'd dy wedd,
Yw 'm cysur mwyaf hyd y bedd;
Ond gwell fydd im' gartrefu 'n llon,
Yn Nef y nefoedd ger ei fron.
- 2 Os hyfryd yw mewn anial wlad,
Gael trem o bell ar dŷ fy Nhad;
Hyfrytach fydd yn llys y nef,
Gymdeithas agos hoff âg Ef.
- 3 Os hoff yw bod o fewn dy dŷ,
Mae pleser gwell yn d' eglwys fry;
Cawn yma ddafnau melus iawn,
Ond yno môr gorfoledd llawn.
- 4 Y gwasgaredig deulu 'n nghyd
A dd'ont o gonglau pella 'n byd;
Mor llon fydd cwrdd ar ben y daith,
Tu draw holl groesau'r anial maith.
- 5 Cawn yno drigo yn gytun,
Yn nghwmni'r dwyfol Dri yn un;
A gwir fwynhau y Nefol wledd,
Heb ddim i dori ar ein hedd.

Amen.

L. M.

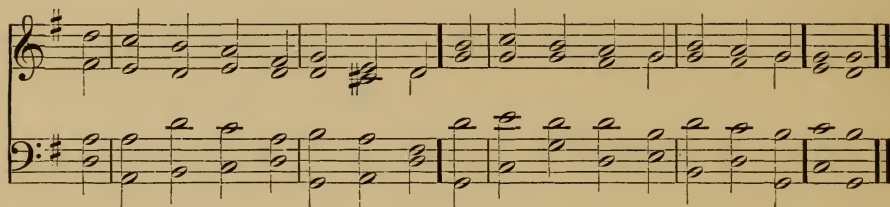
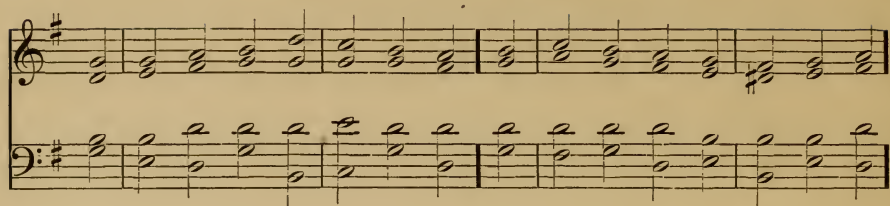
The Abounding Compassion of God.

- 1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth, how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence He makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those He loves.
- 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if He lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!
- 5 Amid his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

Amen.

68

CONSTANCE. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Iachawdwriaeth yr Efengyl.

- 1 Yr iachawdwriaeth fawr yn Nghrist,
Sŵn melus hyfryd yw i'm clust ;
Balm cryf i'm clwyfau o bob rhyw,
A chordial i'm rhag ofnau yw.
- 2 Mewn bedd o bechod gorwedd bu
Ein henaid wrth ddrws uffern ddu ;
Ond codi 'r y'm trwy ras ein Duw,
I weled nefol ddydd a byw.
- 3 Aed sŵn yr iachawdwriaeth fawr
O amgylch ogyrch daear lawr ;
A boed i'r nef a'i lluoedd llon
Gyfodi eu lleff i seinio hon.

L. M.

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION!—oh, the joyful sound !
Oh, this is pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial, here, for all our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark, horrid door we lay ;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a new-born, heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The sinful, spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Will now conspire to raise the sound.

DOXOLOGY.

I Dad y trugareddau i gyd,
Rhown foliant, holl drigolion byd ;
Llu 'r nef, molienwch Ef ar gân,
Y Tad, a'r Mab, a'r Ysbryd Glân.

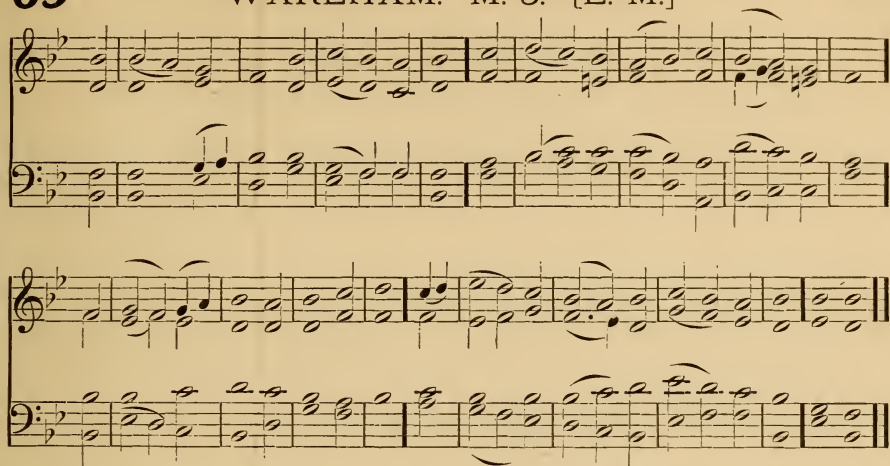
Amen.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

69

WAREHAM. M. 5. [L. M.]



M. 5.

Y wlad well.

L. M.

Heaven.

1 MAE gwlad o wynfyd pur heb haint,
Byth yno y teyrnasa 'r saint;
Lle nad oes tywyll nos, ond dydd,
A phleser heb ddim blinder sydd.

2 Mae yno yn dragwyddol hâf,
Ni wywa byth ei blodau braf;
Ond angeu megys môr y sy
Rhynghom a'r wlad nefolaidd fry.

3 Yr ochr draw i angeu a'r bedd,
Mae meusydd gwyrdion hardd eu
gwedd;
I Israel felly Canaan fu,
I'w gwel'd tu draw 'r Iorddonen ddu.

4 O am gael ffydd i ymlid ffwrdd
Y cul amheuan sy 'n ein cwrdd;
Fel gallom wel'd, â golwg clir,
Drigfanau dedwydd Canaan dir.

Amen.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where happysaints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And lasting pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never, never with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This happy, heav'nly land from ours.

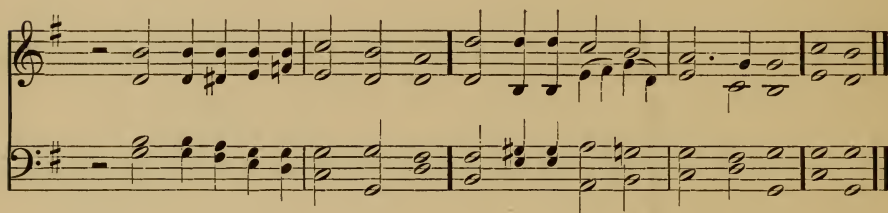
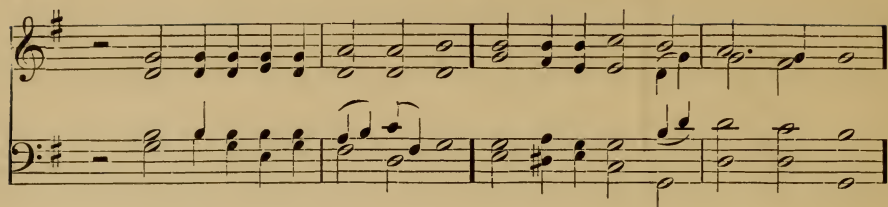
3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in ever-living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While the deep Jordan roll'd be-
tween.

4 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those very gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With whole and unobscured eyes.

Amen.

70

STIRLING. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Gorphenwyd.

1 GORPHENWYD! medd ein Iesu mawr,
A'i fywyd roes o'i fodd i lawr;
Gorphenwyd! do fe gaed y dydd,
Fe dalwyd iawn, daw'r caeth yn rhydd.

2 Gorphenwyd cynghor Duw heb goll,
Y ddeddf a'r addewidion oll;
Cyflawnwyd y rhai hyn i gyd
Yn Iesu Prynwyr mawr y byd.

3 Gorphenwyd! medd ei olaf lef
Y newydd ffordd o'n daear i'r Nef
Caiff milloedd o fyrddiynau mwy
Faddeuant rhad trwy farwol glwy'.

4 Gorphenwyd! medd y ddaear a'r Nef,
Gorphenwyd iachawdwraeth gref;
Mae deddf a chariad yn gytun
Yn gwneid eu trigfan gyda dyn.

5 Gorphenwyd! clywch y gair i gyd,
O hyfryd sain amgylcha'r byd;
Gorphenwyd! aed yr adsain lon
Trwy nef y nef, a'r ddaear gron.

Amen.

L. M.

'Tis Finished.

1 'Tis finished; so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
'Tis finished; yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished: all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as long designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished: this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

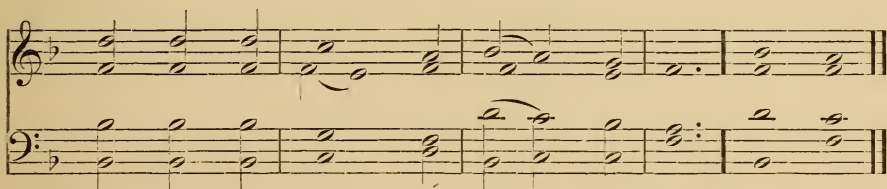
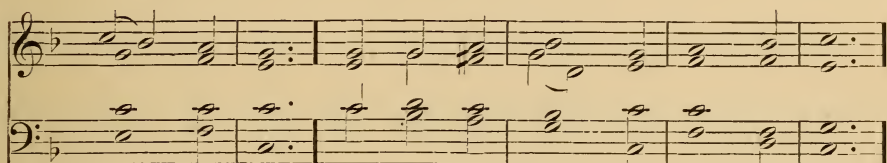
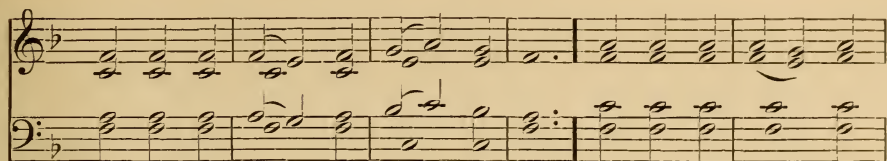
4 'Tis finished: heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

5 'Tis finished: let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished: let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth
and sky.

Amen.

71

HURSLEY. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Pob peth yn dda.

- 1 Yn awr mewn gorfoleddus gân,
Dyrchafa 'n llaisi'm Harglwydd glân;
Yn nghyd â'i saint cydseinio wna',
Fy Iesu wnaeth bob peth yn dda.
- 2 Trwy demtasiynau maith diri',
Bu 'n gymhorth cryf i'm henaid i;
Tra byddwyf byw ei foli wna',
Fy Iesu wnaeth bob peth yn dda.
- 3 Er gwgu arnaf uffern fâwr,
Yn nghyd â drygau maith y llawr;
Digon imi fydd gras fy Nuw,
Pob peth yn dda wnaeth Iesu gwiw.
- 4 Ac wrth fyn'd trwy 'r Iorddonen ddu,
Caf brofi heddi fy Mhrynwr cu;
Er chwyddo 'r tonau cânu wna',
Fy Iesu wnaeth bob peth yn dda.
- 5 A phan gyrhaeddaf uwch y nen,
I blith cantorion nefoedd wen;
Uwch na seraphiaid seinio wna',
Fy Iesu wnaeth bob peth yn dda.

Amen.

L. M.

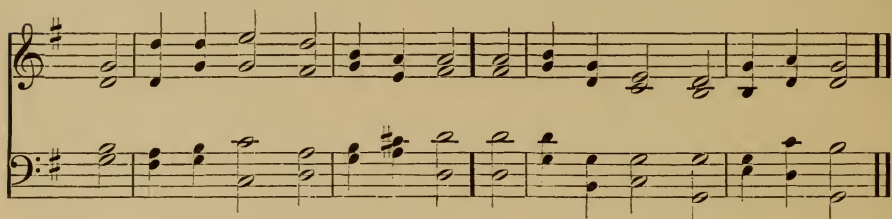
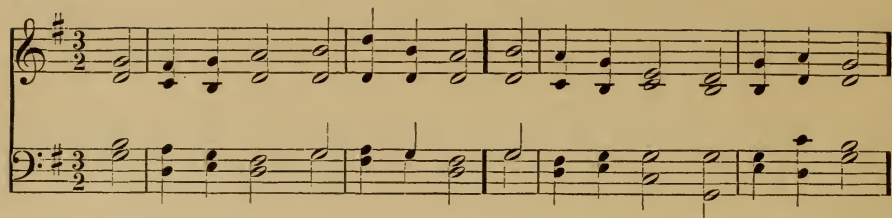
Evening Song.

- 1 Sux of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 Oh, by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou my soul her daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss.
- 5 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Amen.

72

ROCKINGHAM. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Deuwch, ac addolwn.

- 1 O ARGLWYDD da, mor hyfryd yw
Gwel'd torf i'th foli di yn fyw,
Gan alw arnat yn dy dŷ,
A dysgu 'r ffordd i'r Nefoedd fry.
- 2 O Dduw 'r tiriondeb, ar bob tro,
Argraffa d' eiriau ar fy ngho';
Fel na throseddwyf unrhyw bryd,
Ond dysgu 'th garu 'n well o hyd.
- 3 Dyrrhafer fy holl serch, a'm bryd,
Uwehlaw i bethau gweigion byd:
Dymunwyf 'nabob Brenin Nef,
Rhodio a gorphwys gydag Ef.
- 4 Ei 'nabod ef yn well o hyd
Tra yma 'n rhodio daear fyd;
Nes eyrhaedd uwch pob poen a gwae
I'w fythol weled fel y mae.

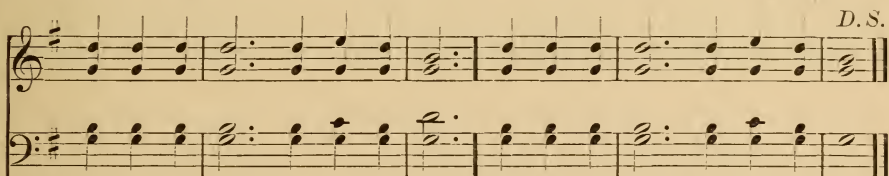
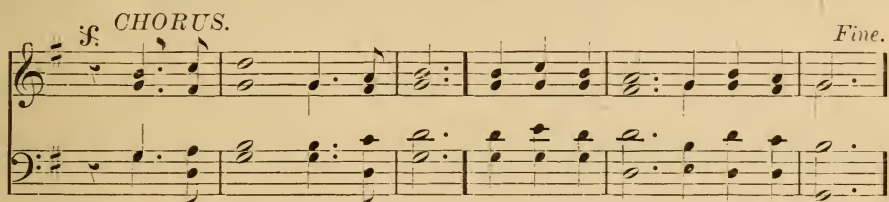
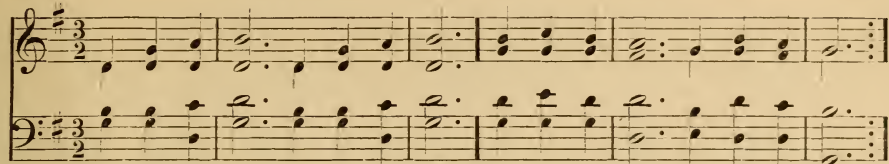
L. M.

Leaving us an Example.

- 1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer:
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory, too.
- 4 Be Thou my Pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

73

HAPPY DAY. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

O'r hapus awr.

- 1 O'r hapus awr dewisais di
I mi'n Waredwr ac yn Dduw!
Mewn nefol hwyl myn f'ysbrydi
Dy ganmol bellach tra bwy'byw.
Hapus awr, hapus awr,
Maddeuodd Iesu 'meiau mawr.
Mewn gweddi a mawl a gwylomwy,
Mi af yn mlaen yn nerth ei glwy'.

- 2 O ddedwydd rwymyn! seliwyd fi
I'r hwn sy'n haeddu'm serch a'm can;
Anthemaui peraid lanwo 'i dy
Pan ddof gerbron ei allor lan.
Hapus awr, etc.

- 3 Fe'i gwnaed, fe'i gwnaed—yr amod
wnaed,
Ei eiddo wyf, a'm Harglwydd yw;
Fe'm denodd trwy ei gariad rhad,
Ae iddo'n llwyr yr wyf am fyw.
Hapus awr, etc.

- 4 Rhanedig fuost, galon wan;
Ar Grist a'i angeu pwysa mwy;
O'i gyfoeth daw pob peth i'th ran,
Ei nefoedd lawn, heb boen na chlwy'.
Hapus awr, etc.

L. M.

Consecration.

- 1 O HAPPY day, that staves my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.

- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day, etc.

- 3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to obey the voice divine.
Happy day, etc.

- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?
Happy day, etc.

74

CHARMOUTH. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Crist yn bob peth.

- 1 Y MANNA pur, y golofn dân,
Yr Arch, a'r drugareddfa lân;
Y dŵr o'r graig, i'w gael bob pryd,
Fy Iesu ydyw 'r rhai 'n i gyd.
- 2 Yr wyf am ffoi i'r noddfa glyd,
Sydd uwchlaw uffern fawr a'r byd;
Tan gysgod y Cyfamod rhad,
A seliwyd gynt â dwyfol waed.
- 3 Fel pan fo terfysg, cur, a gwae,
A stormydd blinion yn cryfhau,
Caiff f' enaid lechu uwchlaw poen,
Yn mynwes bur yr addfwyn Oen.
- 4 Wel, dyma 'r lloches dawel iawn
Gaiff fod fy noddfa fore a nawn,
Heb un difyrwch is y ne',
Ond caru ac edrych arno Fe.

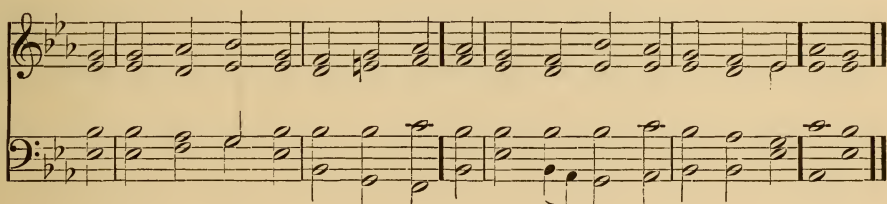
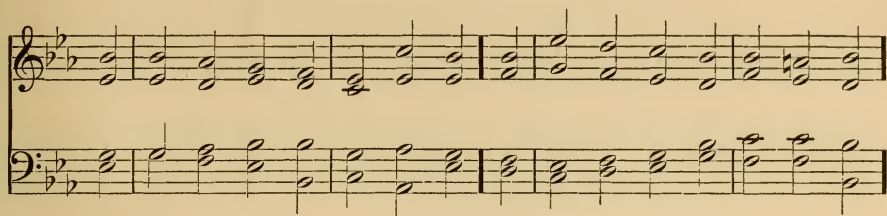
L. M.

Christ a Refuge.

- 1 THE fiery cloud, the manna given,
The ark, the mercy-seat from heaven,
The waters from the rock that fall,
These speak to me of Jesus, all.
- 2 Oh, I would to this refuge fly,
Above the world and hell so high;
Beneath the covenanted word,
Oh, take and seal me with thy blood!
- 3 So when tumult, and pain, and woe,
And wildest tempest come and go,
My soul can hide from deluge wild,
In this my refuge safe and mild.
- 4 This is a shelter calm and pure,
Oh, make to me this refuge sure;
Not one joy on this earthly ball,
Give to me without Christ in all.

75

MELCOMBE. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Dydd gras a gobaith.

1 MEWN bywyd mae gwas'naethu Duw,
Dydd gras ac iachawdwriaeth yw ;
Tra dalio'r lamp heb losgi i maes,
Yr adyn gwaethaf all gael gras.

2 Bywyd yw'r awr a roddes Ef
I ochel uffern, ffoi i'r nef ;
Dydd yw gall pechaduriaid gwael
Fendithion i'w heneidiau gael.

3 Am hyny'r hyn sydd yn fy mryd,
Boed im ei wneyd â'm hegni i gyd ;
Gan nad oes gweithred o un wedd,
Na ffydd no gobaith yn y bedd.

4 Trugaredd yn y bedd ni bydd
I'r hwn sydd yn dibrisio' i ddydd ;
Ond angau a thywyllwch du
Drwy'r fangre yn teyrnasu sy.

Amen.

L. M.

Life the time to serve the Lord.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

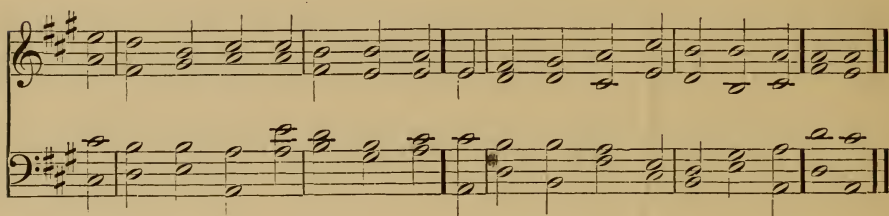
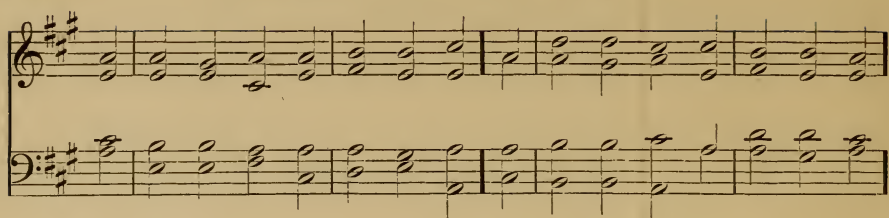
3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with power and might pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

Amen.

76

CANON. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Ddw yn ddaionus.

1 ORUCHEL Frenin nef a llawr,
Ardderchog yw dy enw mawr ;
D'ogoniant drwy 'r holl ddaear aeth,
Ac uwch y nef dyrchafu wnaeth.

2 Fy ngolwg pan gyfodwyf draw,
I weled cywrain waith dy law ;
Y lloer a'r sêr aneirif sy
Yn harddu cylch y wybren fry.

3 Pa beth yw dyn—abwydyn gwael !
I gael fath brâwf o'th gariad hael,
A thrugareddau fyrdd o'r nef,
O ryfedd fraint,—coronaist ef.

4 Dy hael ddaioni dirfawr di,
O Ddw y nef, a ddaw i ni ;
Rhown ninau glod i'th enw glân,
A'th ddoniau cu a fydd ein cân.

Amen.

L. M.

God's Name.

1 How excellent in all the earth,
O Lord, our Lord, is Thy great name !
How vast Thy claim above all wealth
Beyond, above, the starry frame.

2 When I behold Thy works on high,
The moon, the stars that rule the night,
The worlds that roll through ether sky,
And sun that floods the world with light,

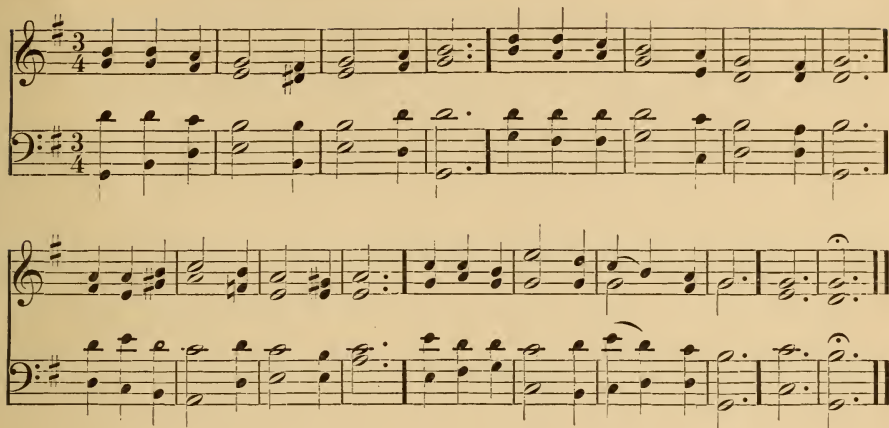
3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far away from Thee,
That Thou shouldst bless him with Thy
grace,
And bring him home from sin set free ?

4 Thy love to me will ever flow,
O God, with blessings from above ;
And we shall praise Thee here below,
And when we reach the land of love.

Amen.

77

GRACE CHURCH. M. 3. [L. M.]



M. 3.

Ei Drugared ef.

- 1 O DEFFRO f'enaïd, cân yn awr
Yn llon i enw'th Geidwad mawr;
Dyrchafa 'th lais hyd entrych nef,
Mor rhad yw ei drugaredd ef!
- 2 Efe a'm gwelod yn fy mriw,
A d'wedodd; 'yn dy waed bydd fyw';
Llawn o dosturi oedd ei lef,
Mor fawr yw ei drugaredd ef!
- 3 Pan gwyd y 'storm, pan ddua'r nen,
Pan dora'r daran uwch fy mhen,
Y mae i mi yn noddfa gref,
Mor dda yw ei drugaredd ef!
- 4 I ben daw'm gyrfa yn y mân,
Boed fy anadliad olaf, gwan,
O ymchwylld yr Iorddonen gref,
Yn foliant i'r drugaredd ef.
- 5 'Rol cyrhaedd o'm cadwynau 'n rhydd,
I hyfryd diroedd gwlad y dydd,
Mi ganaf nes dadseinia 'r Nef,
Byth, byth am ei drugaredd ef.

Amen.

L. M.

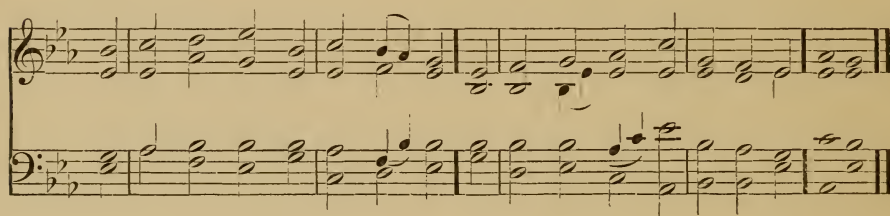
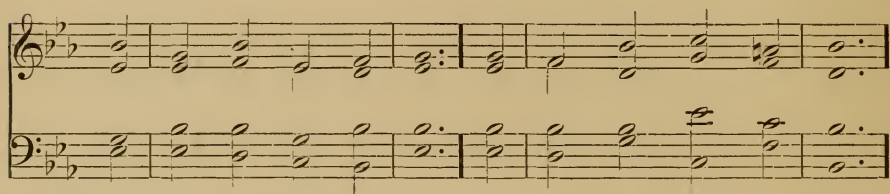
His Loving-Kindness.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
- 4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

Amen.

78

CONWY. M. 6. [6s & 8s.]



M. 6.

Mawl.

1 JEHOFA'N Frenin sy,
Mae'i orsedd yn y nef,
Goleuni a mawredd fry,
Sy'n wisgoeddd iddo Ef;
'I ogoniant mawr mor ddysglaer yw,
Ni all un dyn ei wel'd a byw.

2 Doethineb rhyfedd sy
I'w chanfod yn ei waith;
Fe drecha uffern ddu,
A'i holl amcanion maith;
Ei fraich a wna, mae hon yn gref,
Ei arfaeth a'i ewyllys Ef.

3 A blyg fath Frenin mawr
O'i ogoneddus fri,
A rhoi ei enw lawr
Yn Dduw a Thad i mi?
O! f'enaid, câr yr Arglwydd nef,
Rhyfedda byth ei gariad Ef.

Amen.

6s & 8s.

Praise.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

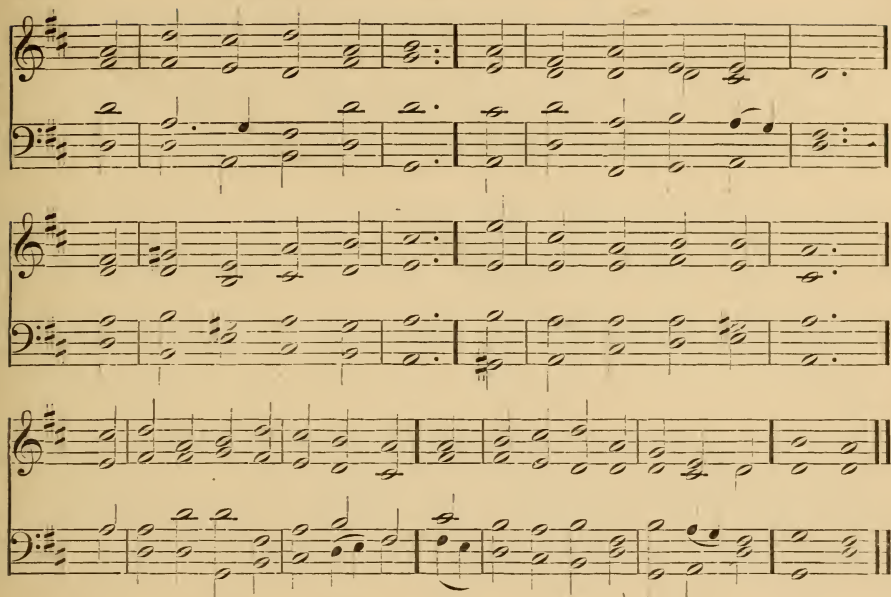
2 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, his sov'reign will.

3 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will He write his name,
"My Father and my Friend?"
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers and praise the Lord.

Amen.

79

CROFT'S. M. 6. [6s & 8s.]



M. 6.

Udgenwch yu Udgryn.

- 1 UDGENWCH, weision Duw,
Mewn udgorn melus mawr :
Gan ddwyn i ddynol ryw,
Newyddion da yn awr,
Blwyddyn y jubili a ddaeth,
A rhyddid cu i'r enaid caeth.
- 2 Trowch, bechaduriaid trist,
Wrth lais efengyl fywn ;
O'ch cyflwr caeth at Grist,
Fe wrendy ef eich ewyn ;
Blwyddyn y jubili, &c.
- 3 Mae gwaredigaeth hael,
Trwy rinwedd gwaed yr Oen,
I gaethion gweinion cael,
Sy'n byw mewn dirfawr boen ;
Blwyddyn y jubili, &c.
- 4 Aed grym efengyl Crist
Yn nerthol trwy bob gwlad ;
Sain hyfryd gan bob clust,
Fo'r iachawdwriaeth rad ;
Blwyddyn y jubili, &c. Amen.

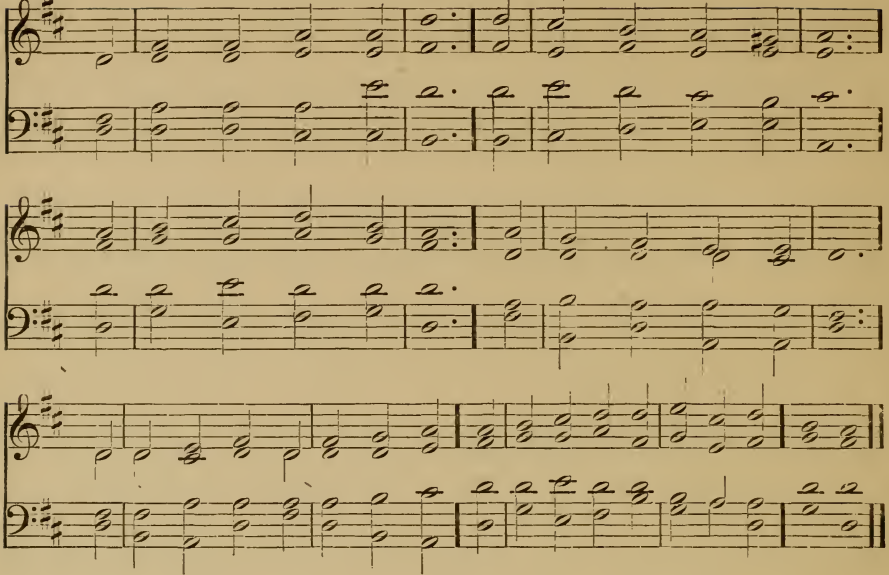
6s & 8s.

Blow ye the Trumpet.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live ;
The year of jubilee, etc.
- 3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
The year of jubilee, etc.
- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace ;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face ;
The year of jubilee, etc. Amen.

80

ADORATION. M. 6. [6s & 8s.]



M. 6.

Canu am oruchafiaeth.

1 FE gân 'tifeddion gras
Yn beraidd maes o law,
Wrth weled boddi 'r Aipht,
A hwythau 'r ochr draw :
Fy enaid, hed i ben y bryn,
I wel'd y goncwest ryfedd hyn.

2 Mae enw Calfari,
Fu gynt yn w'radwydd mawr,
Yn ngolwg f' enaid cu
Yn fwy na'r nef yn awr :
O, ddedwydd fryn, santeiddiaf le,
Dderbyniodd ddwyfol waed y ne'.

3 Am Iesu mawr ei ras
Y mae caniadau 'r nef;
A'r anthem gyda blâs
Sy'n myn'd i'w glustiau Ef:
Telynau aur sy'n cânu 'n un
Effeithiol goncwest Mab y dyn.

Amen.

6s & 8s.

Conquest of the Saints.

1 THE heirs of grace shall sing,
Melodious in that day,
When Egypt's mighty hosts
Are banish'd all away ;
Ascend the hill, my soul, and see
This great and glorious victory.

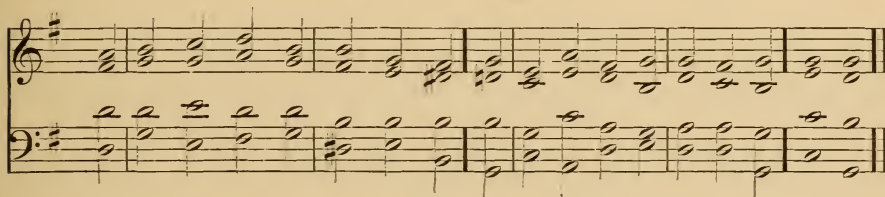
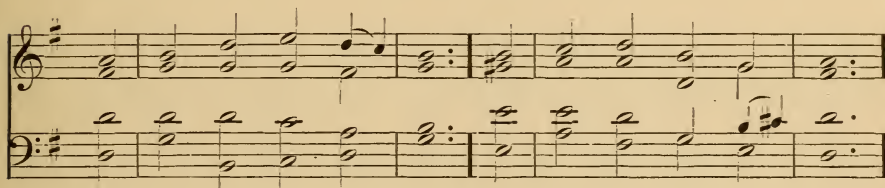
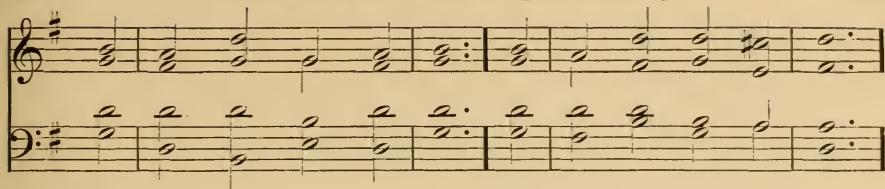
2 The name of Calvary,
Once a place of shame,
It has, to-day, to me
A glory in the name :
Oh, happy mount, the choicest given,
On thee was shed the blood of heaven.

3 Of Jesus and his grace
Heaven is filled with song,
The anthems of the place,
His name they all prolong :
The golden harps will join in one
To praise the victories of the Son.

Amen.

81

KEDRON. M. 6. [6s & 8s.]



M. 6.

Yr Iesu yn bob peth.

- 1 Fy Iesu yw fy Nuw,
Fy noddfa gadarn gref;
Ni fedd fy enaid gwan
Ddim arall dan y nef;
Mae Ef ei hun a'i angeu drud,
Yn fwy na'r nef, yn fwy na'r byd.
- 2 O ffynon fawr ei rhin
Yn llawn o win a llaeth,
Sydd yn ei haeddiant Ef,
Agoryd nef a wnaeth;
Dewch bawb yn nghyd, i wel'd y fraint
A ga'dd y lleiaf un o'r saint.
- 3 Mae nymuniadau i gyd
Yn cael boddlonrwydd llawn,
A'm holl serchiadau 'nghyd
Hyfrydwch nefol iawn,
Pan byddwy'n gwel'd wrtholeu'r wawr
Mai eiddo im' yw Iesu mawr.
Amen.

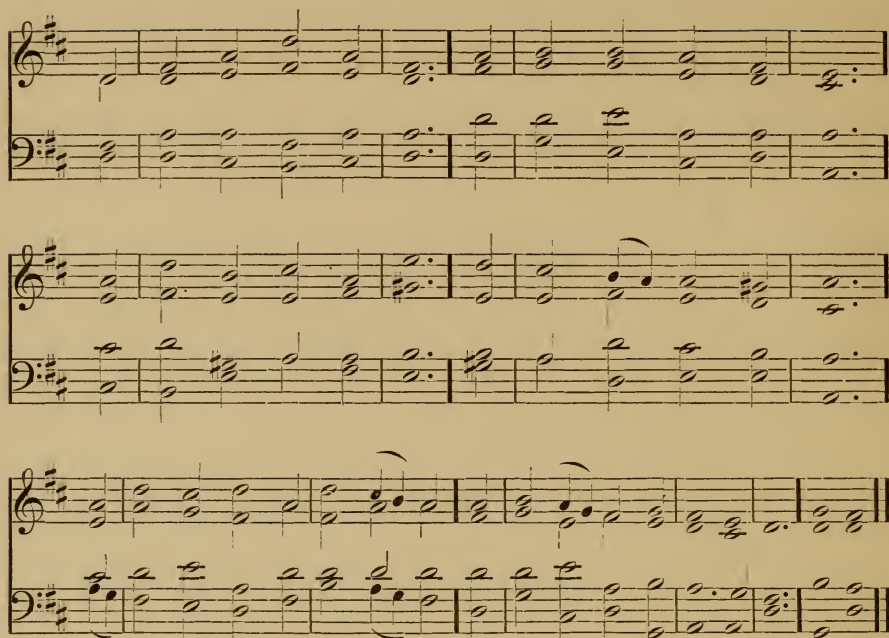
6s & 8s.

Jesus my All.

- 1 My Jesus and my God,
Who hanged upon the Cross,
Is the true sacrifice,
And refuge for the loss;
And He, who life from death hath given,
Is more to me than earth and heav'n.
- 2 He is a fountain pure,
The only means of grace;
A crown, a throne He'll give,
And joy before his face.
Oh, come, behold the treasures given
Now to the poorest child of heaven.
- 3 To longing hearts He gives
A full supply of grace,
And now my soul receives
The brightness of his face,
When I behold by light of day
That He is mine, the truth, the way.
Amen.

82

BEVERLEY. M. 6. [6s & 8s.]



M. 6.

Y Brenin a'i luoedd.

1 MAE 'r Brenin yn y blaen,
'R ym ninau oll yn hy';
Ni saif na dŵr na than
O flaen fath arfog lu:
Ni awn, ni awn, tan gânu i'r lan,
Cawn fuddugoliaeth yn y man.

2 Ni welir un yn llesg
Yn myddin Brenin nef,
Can 's derbyn maent o hyd
O'i nerthoedd hyfryd Êf:
Ni gawn, ni gawn, y gloŷw win,
Melus ei ryw, santeiddiol rîn.

3 O fewn Caersalem lân
Mi welaf fyrdd o saint,
Wedi diengu 'mlaen
Tros fryniau mawr eu maint:
Dylwnaf ol y dyrfa hon
Er dŵr a than, er llif a thon.

Amen.

6s & 8s.

The Heavenly King.

1 OUR King is leading on,
And we are strong and bold;
Why should we grieve and moan,
While onward we are told?
We'll sing, we'll sing most joyfully,
For we shall gain the victory.

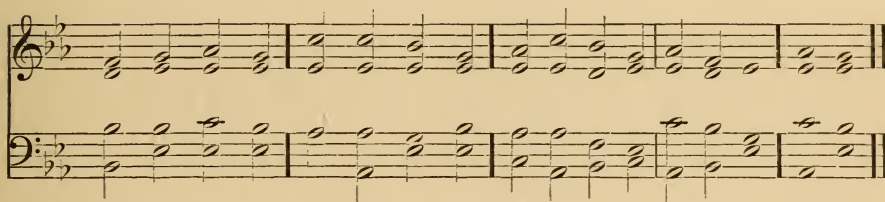
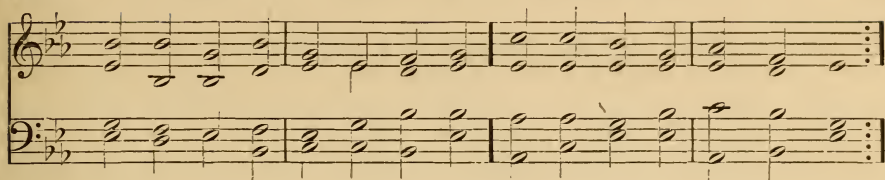
2 From here you have no cry;
The armies of our King
Are blest with full supply,
And thus they all can sing.
We'll sing, we'll sing most joyfully,
For we shall gain the victory.

3 On Sion's holy hill
I see the hosts above,
Escaped from death and hell,
To sing the song of love.
And thus they sing most joyfully,
Oh, now we've gained the victory.

Amen.

83

EDEYRNION. M. 7. [8s, 7s & 4.]



M. 7.

Gorphenwyd.

- 1 CLYWCH leferydd dwyfol gariad,
 Draw ar glogwyn Calfari;
 Rhwyga'r creigiau, cryna'r ddaear,
 Gwisga' r nen ei mantell ddu;
 Fe orphenwyd,
 Gwaeddai'r Iesu ar y groes.

- 2 O! 'r trysorau anchwiliadwy
 A gynwysir yn y gair;
 Môr diderfyn o fendithion,
 I dylodion ynddo geir!
 Fe orphenwyd,
 Ni bydd eisieu aberth mwy.

- 3 Adgyweirier pob rhyw delyn
 Trwy y ddaear faith a'r nef;
 Er cyd-daro'r anthem newydd,
 Heddyw a ddechreuodd ef;
 Fe orphenwyd,
 Dyma gân na dderfydd byth.

Amen.

8s, 7s & 4.

It is Finished.

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
 It is finish'd!
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

- 2 It is finished! oh, what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
 It is finish'd!
 Saints, the dying words record.

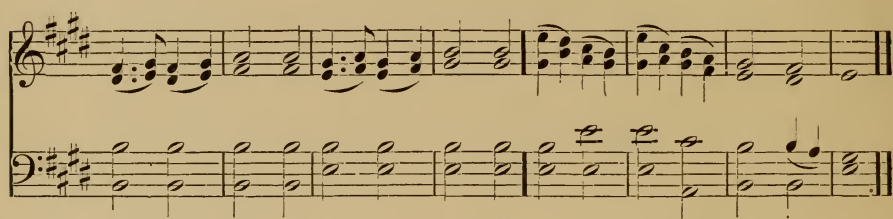
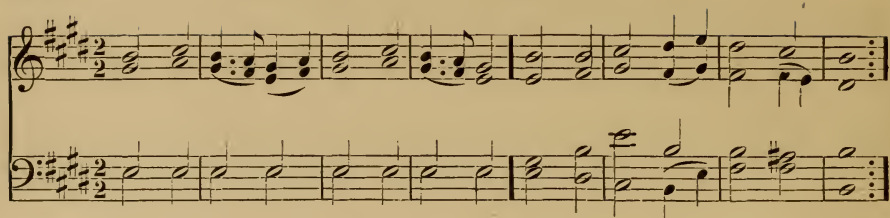
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All in earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:
 It is finish'd!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Amen.

WELCOME TO CHRIST.

84

SICILY. M. 7. [8s & 7s.]



M. 7.

Croesaw at Grist.

- 1 DEUWCH, bechaduriaid tlodion,
Clwyfus, cleifion o bob rhyw;
Iesu parod i'ch gwaredu,
Llawn tosturi yw Mab Duw;
Nac amheuwch,
Cryf ac ewyllysgar yw.
- 2 Rai angenus, de'wch a'ch croesaw,
I gael rhoddion Duw yn rhad;
Cewch faddeuant a thangnefedd,
A phob gras yn ddinacac;
De'wch heb arian,
Prynwch gan yr Iesu'n rhad.
- 3 Am gymhwysder na freuddwydiwch,
Rhag ich' oedi yn rhy hir;
Y cymhwysder oll mae'n geisio,
Gwel'd eich eisieu o hono'n wir.
Hyn mae 'n rhoddi,
Rhan o oleu'r Ysbryd pur.

8s & 7s.

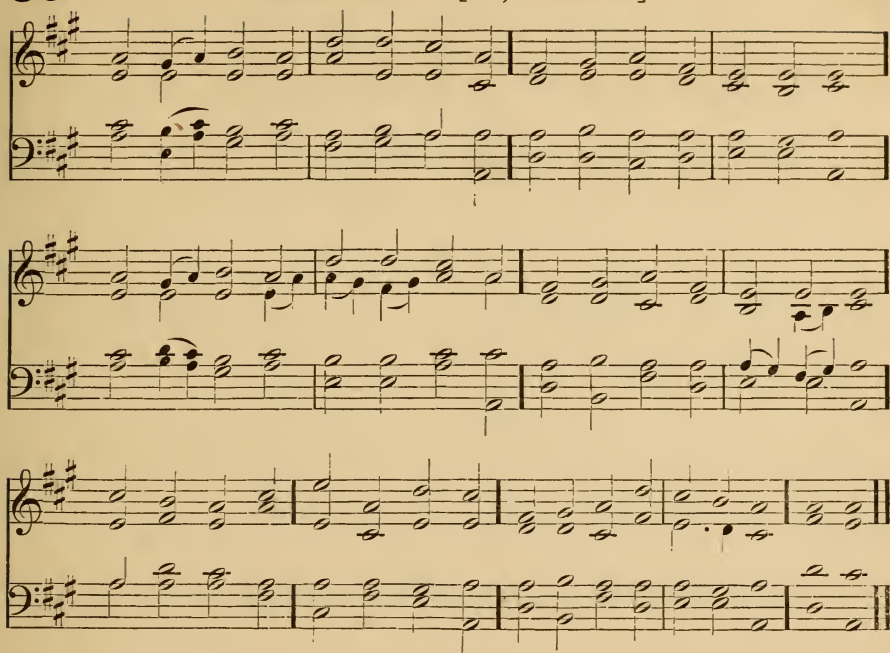
Welcome to C rist.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you,
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

85

DIX. M. 7. [8s, 7s & 4.]



M. 7.

Ei ddymuniad.

- 1 ARGLWYDD, arwain trwy'r anialwch,
Fi bererin gwael ei wedd;
Nid oes ynywyl' nerth na bywyd
Fel yn gorwedd yn y bedd;
Hollalluog,
Ydyw'r un a'm cwyd i'r lan.
- 2 Agor y ffynonau melus
Sydd yn tarddu o'r graig i maes;
Hyd yr anial maith canlyned
Afon iachawdwriateh gras;
Rho i mi hyny,
Dim i mi ond dy ffynhau.
- 3 Pan bwy'n myned trwy'r Iorddonen,
Angeu creulon yn ei rym;
Ti ae'st trwyddi gynt dy hunan,
Pa'm yr ofnaf bellach ddim?
Buddugoliaeth,
Gwna i mi waeddi yn y llif.
Amen.

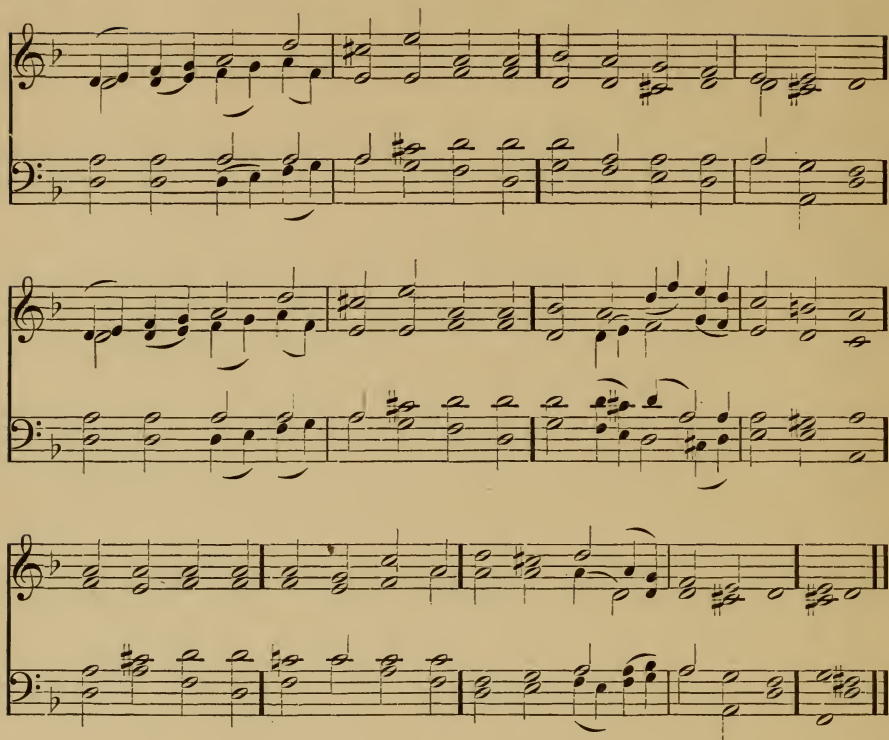
8s, 7s & 4.

His Prayer.

- 1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.
Amen.

86

CATHERINE. M. 7. [8s, 7s & 4.]



M. 7.

Dysgwyliad.

- 1 DYSGWYL 'rwyf ar hyd yr hirnôs,
Dysgwyl am y boreu ddydd;
Dysgwyl clywed pyrth yn agor,
A'r cadwynau'n myn'd yn rhydd;
O! na wawriai,
Boreu hyfryd jubili.
- 2 Dysgwyl wnaif er hyn yn dawel,
Ac mi greda'n gryf y daw,
Eiddil gwan o'i holl flinderau,
Yn ddiangol yn dy law;
Mi ddysgwyliaf,
Am yr hyfryd jubili.

Amen.

8s, 7s & 4.

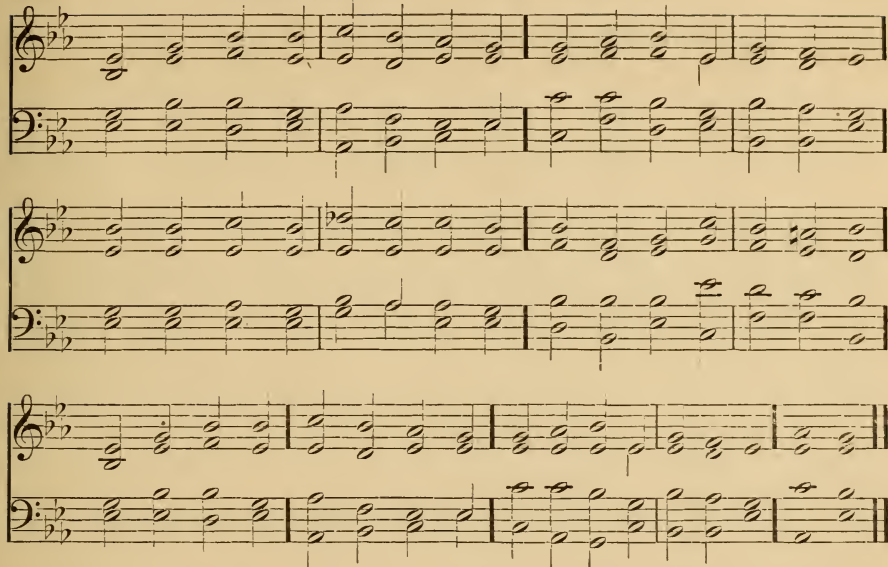
Expectation.

- 1 I AM through the lone night waiting
For the dawning of the day;
When my prison-door is opened,
When my fetters fall away;
Oh, come quickly,
Happy day of jubilee.
- 2 Let me still be meekly wakeful,
Trusting that to all my woes,
By Thy mighty hand, Redeemer,
Shall be given a speedy close;
Keep me watching
For the joyful jubilee.

Amen.

87

TURIN. M. 7. [8s, 7s & 4.]



M. 7.

Dysgwyliad.

- 1 Dros y brynau tywyll niwlog,
Yn dawl, f'enaïd, edrych draw;
Addewidion sydd i esgor,
Ar ryw foreu braf gerllaw;
Nefol jubîl,
Gad im' wel'd y boreu wawr.
- 2 Doed yr Indiaïd, doed Barbariaïd,
Doed Negroïd du yn llu;
I ryfeddu'r ddwyfol gonewest,
Unwaith gaed ar Galfari;
Swn y frwydr,
Dreiddio i gonglau pella'r byd.
- 3 Gwawria, gwawria hyfryd foreu,
Ar ddiderfyn fagddu fawr;
Nes bo bloedd yr euraidd udgorn
Yn dadseiniô'r nen a'r llawr;
Holl derfynau,
Tir Immanuel i gyd.
- 4 Hed fel mellten, bur efengyl,
A gorchfyga oll yn lân;
Bydded i'th gyffiniau eang
Ymbelaethu fyth yn mla'n,
A'th lywodraeth,
Dros y moroedd mawr i gyd.
Amen.

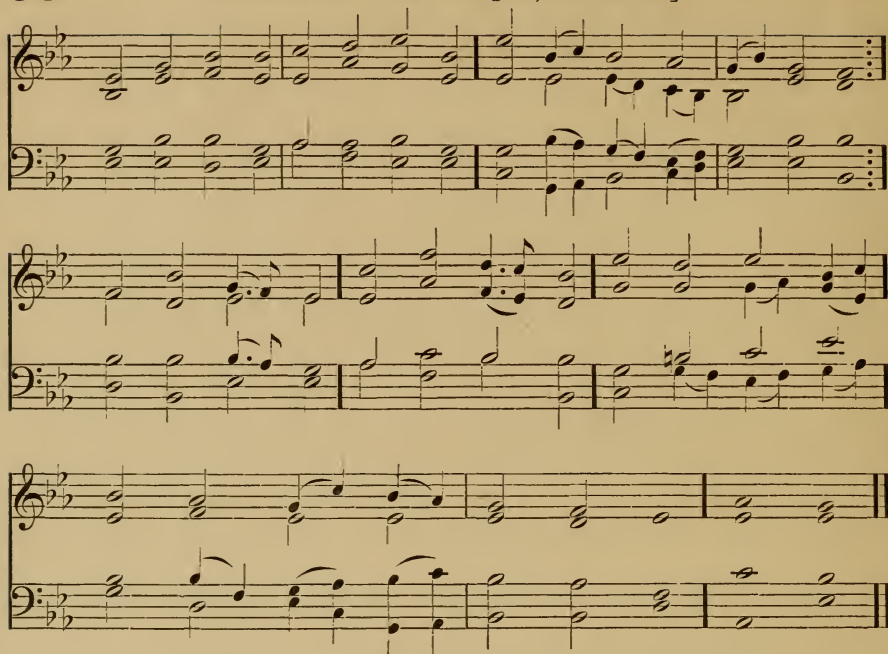
8s, 7s & 4.

Expectation.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
May thy morning dawn apace.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see
That divine and Godlike conquest
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness.
Grant them, Lord, the saving light:
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
Pouring radiance,
As if one day sevenfold bright.
- 4 Blessed Saviour, spread Thy gospel,
Ride and conquer, never cease;
May Thy wide, Thy vast dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.
Amen.

88

PENIEL. M. 7. [8s, 7s & 4.]



M. 7.

Teyrnas Crist.

1 Duw, teyrnasa ar y ddaear,
O'r gorllewin pell i'r de;
Cymer feddiant o'r ardaloedd
Pellaf, t'wyllaf is y ne';
Haul cyfiawnder,
Llanw'r ddaear fawr a'th ras.

2 Taened gweinidogion bywyd
Iechydwrïaeth Iesu ar led;
Cluded moroedd addewidion,
Trosodd draw i'r rhai digred;
Aed efengyl,
Ar adenydd dwyfol wynt.

3 Doed preswylwyr yr anialweh,
Doed trigolion bro a bryn,
Doed y rhai sydd ar y cefnfor
'Garu'r iachawdwrïaeth hyn;
Nes bo adsain
Moliant yn amgylchu'r byd.
Amen.

8s, 7s & 4.

Christ's Kingdom.

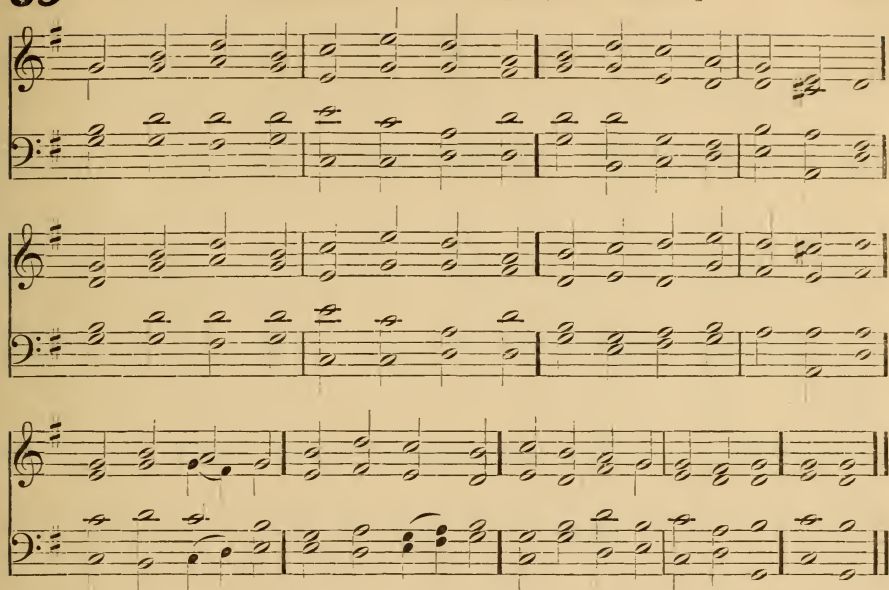
1 O'ER the earth, in every nation,
Reign, Jehovah, in each place;
Take all kingdoms in possession,
Heathen darkness thence displace;
Fill each people,
Sun of Righteousness, with grace.

2 Oh! ye heralds of salvation,
Jesus' mercy far proclaim;
Bear, ye seas, the sacred mission,
Till the pagan bless his name;
Let the gospel
Fly on wings of heavenly flame.

3 Let all those in deserts dwelling,
All on hills, in dales around,
Those who live 'midst oceans swelling,
Jesus' glorious praises sound;
Till the echo
Of his name the world surround.
Amen.

89

VERONA. M. 7. [8s, 7s & 4s.]



M. 7.

Mawredd ac awdurdod y Gwarelwyr.

- 1 IESU, Iesu, 'r wyt yn ddigon,
Wyt yn llawer mwy na'r byd ;
Mwy trysorau sy'n dy enw
Na thrysorau 'r India i gyd :
Oll yn gyfan, &c.
Ddaeth i'm meddiant gyda'm Duw.

- 2 Mae dy enw mor ardderehog,
Fel yn ngrym y storom gref
Llaesa'r gwyntoedd, llaesa'r tonau,
Dim ond im' ei enwi Ef :
Noddfa gadarn, &c.
Yw yn eitha' grym y dŵr.

- 3 Rhyffedd, Arglwydd, yw'th drugaredd !
Rhyffedd, Arglwydd, yw dy rym !
Nid oes yn y nef na'r ddaear
A all dy wrthsefyll ddim :
Try 'r grëdigaeth, &c.
Ol a gwrthol wrth dy air.

Amen.

8s, 7s & 4.

"All Power is given to Me."

- 1 JESUS, Jesus, Thou art mighty,
Thou art more than all to me ;
Earth, with all its shining treasures,
Cannot be compared to Thee.
Oh, what treasures, etc.,
Do I find in Christ my God.

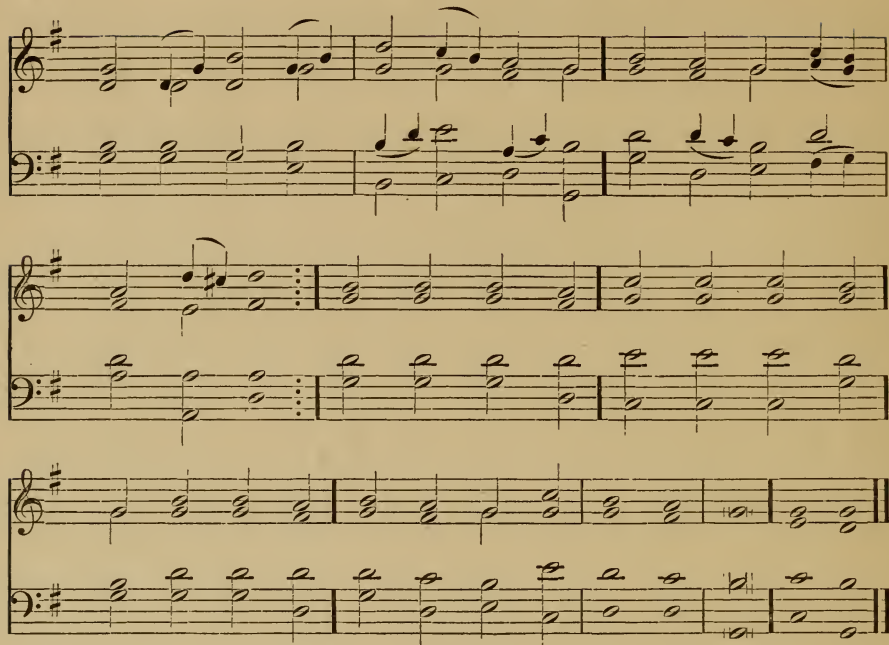
- 2 Oh, Thy name is so majestic,
Waves and storms do Thee obey ;
All my clouds shall soon disappear
When in Thy dear name I pray :
My strong refuge, etc.,
In the storms of life Thou art.

- 3 Oh, my God ! how rich Thy mercy !
Oh, the power of Thy grace !
All the power of hell and heaven
Will not stand before Thy face.
All creation, etc.,
Come and go at Thy command.

Amen.

90

CAERSALEM. M. 7. [8s, 7s & 4.]



M. 7.

Wrth ymadael.

- 1 DAN dy fendith wrth ymadael
Y dymunem, Arglwydd fod;
Llanw'n calon â dy gariad,
A'n geneuau â dy glod:
Dy dangnefedd, &c.,
Dyry i ni yn barhaus.
- 2 Am efengyl gras a'i breintiau,
Rhoddwn ddiolch byth i Ti;
Caffer ffrwythau iachawdwriaeth
Yn lluosog arnom ni:
I'r gwirionedd, &c.,
Gwna ni'n ffyddlon tra b'om byw.
- 3 Melus fydd y fwyn gyfeillach,
Yn y pur ogoniant maith;
Melus fydd cydganu 'r anthem,
O un galon, a'r un iaith:
Melus meddwl, &c.,
Na fydd raid ymadael mwy.
Amen.

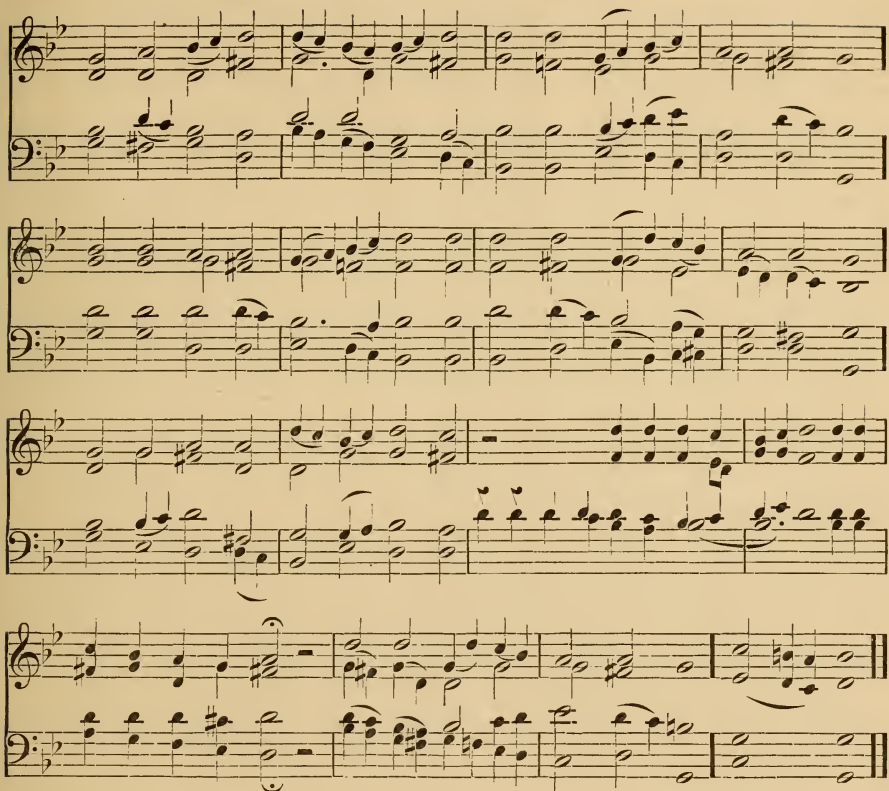
8s, 7s & 4.

Close of Worship.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal 's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.
Amen.

91

Y DELYN AUR. M. 7. [8s, 7s & 4.]



M. 7.

Y Delyn aur.

- 1 DECHREU canu, dechreu canmol,
Yn mhen mil o filoedd maith,
Iesu bydd y gwaredigion
Hyfryd draw ar ben eu taith;
Ni bydd diwedd, &c.,
Byth ar swm y delyn aur.
- 2 Bydd ein croesau wedi darfod
Draw ar fryniau'r nefol dir;
Pan gawn weled ei ogoniant
Ar ei orsedd ddisglair bur;
Ni bydd diwedd, &c.,
Byth ar swm y delyn aur.
- 3 Dewch at Iesu, dewch yr awr'on,
Mae yn galw arnoch chwi,
I ymuno gyda'r dyrfa
Sydd yn canu'r anthem fry;
Ni bydd diwedd, &c.,
Byth ar swm y delyn aur.

Amen.

8s, 7s & 4.

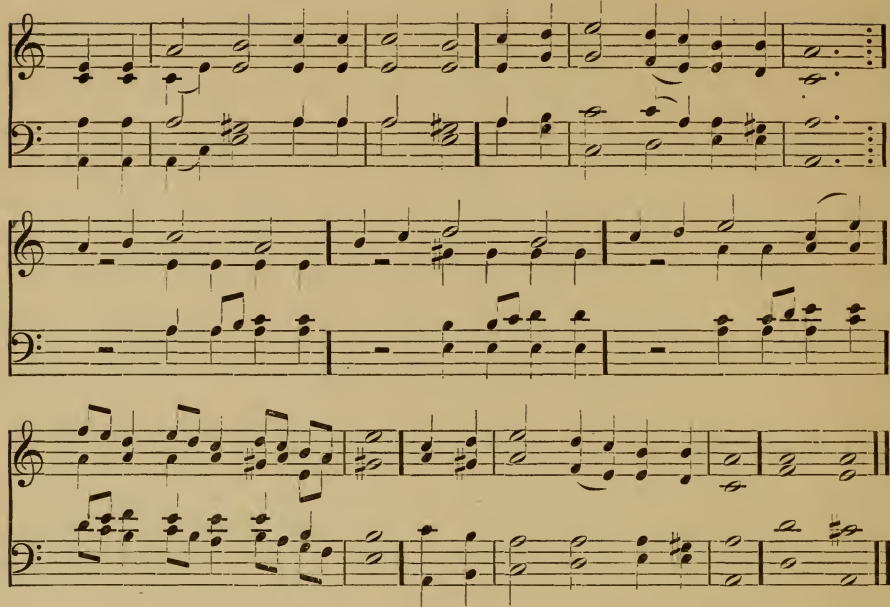
Golden Harp.

- 1 WHEN ten thousand thousand ages
Will have pass'd, then shall praise Him
They who sing and swell his glory
In harmonious, joyful hymn,
And forever, &c.,
They will play the golden harp.
- 2 All the sorrows shall have finished,
Pain shall be forever gone,
When we shall enjoy his glory
On the white and heavenly throne,
And forever, &c.,
We will play the golden harp.
- 3 Come to Jesus, He will make you
Ready for that song of love;
He from sin and pain will take you
To the happy world above;
And forever, &c.,
You shall play the golden harp.

Amen.

92

BRYN CALFARIA. M. 7. [8s, 7s & 4.]



M. 7.

Buddugoliaeth y Groes.

- 1 GWAED y groes sy'n codi i fyny,
'R eiddil yn gonewerwr mawr;
Gwaed y groes sydd yn darostwng,
Cawri cedyrn fyrdd i lawr;
Gad im' deimlo,
Awel o Galfaria fryn.
- 2 Gwaed 'sgrifenodd ar y croesbren
Gariad nerthol, dwyfol, rhad;
Ni 'sgrifenir ar fy nghalon
Fyth dy eirian ond â gwaed
Dyma 'sgrifen
A braha yn hwy na'r hyd.
- 3 Ymddiriedaf yn dy allu,
Mawr yw'r gwaith a wnest erioed;
Ti ge'st angu, ti ge'st uffern,
Ti ge'st satan dan dy droed;
Pen Calfaria,
Nac aed hwnw byth o'm côf.
- 4 Cofio am farwolaeth Iesu
O, mor hyfryd ydyw'r gwaith
Dechreu yma ar y ndaeaf
Para i dragwyddoldeb maith,
Halleluia, &c.,
Dyma iachawdwriaeth lawn. Amen.

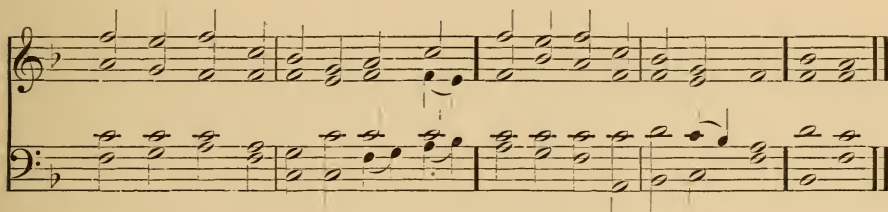
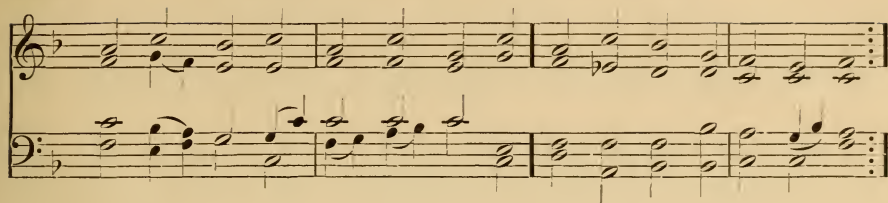
8s, 7s & 4.

The Victory of the Cross.

- 1 BLOOD of Christ exalts the humble
From the depth of deepest woes,
And subdues the proud transgressor,
And to him his danger shows;
Let me feel it, etc.,
Heavenly breeze from Calvary.
- 2 On the Cross the blood hath written
Everlasting deeds of love;
In my heart the blood hath written
Name that will be known above.
What is written, etc.,
Who can ever take away?
- 3 I will trust Thy hand almighty,
Great the victory Thou hast won;
Death and hell and Satan's kingdom
By Thy death are all outdone.
Blessed Jesus, etc.,
Let me always think of Thee.
- 4 Oh, how sweet 'tis to remember
Of Thy death on Calvary!
Midst our tears the sight is gracious,
But in heaven no tears shall be.
Halleluia, etc.,
He is for us all in all. Amen.

93

VESPER. M. 7. [8s, 7s & 4.]



M. 7.

Gwahoddiad at Grist.

- 1 DEUWCH, bechaduriaid tlodion,
Clwyfus, cleifion, o bob rhyw,
Crist sy'n barod i'ch gwaredu,
Llawr tosturi yw Mab Duw;
Nac amheuwch,
Abl ac ewyllysgar yw.
- 2 Rhai anghenus dewch a chroesaw,
I gael rhoddion Duw yn rhâd,
Cewch wir ffydd ac edifeirwch,
A phob gras yn ddi-nacâd;
Dewch heb arian,
Prynwch gan yr Iesu'n rhâd.
- 3 Dewch flinderog a thrwmlwythog,
Trwy y cwmp ga'dd farwol friw,
Os arosch nes eich gwella
Byth ni ddeuwch yn eich byw;
Pechaduriaid,
Nid rhai cyfiawn, eilw Duw.

Amen.

8s, 7s & 4.

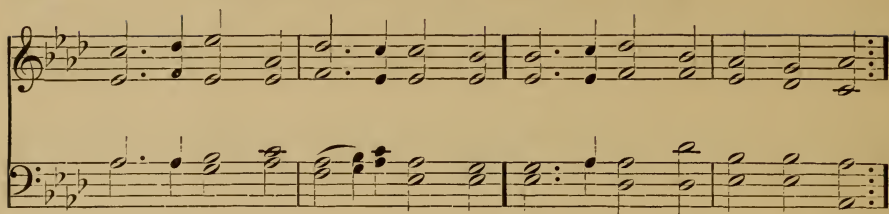
The Invitation.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Ho, ye needy; come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify!
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Amen.

94

IREIDDIOL. M. 8. [8s, 7s & 3.]



M. 8.

Iawn Crist.

- 1 ARGLWYDD clywafeion cawodydd
Gwlad dy gariad oddi fry,
Yn adfywio'r tir sychedig
Deued hefyd arnaf fi.
Ie fi, ie fi,
Deued hefyd arnaf fi.
- 2 O fy Nhad, gan faint fy llygredd,
Nid wy'n haeddu'th wyneb di;
Na ddos heibio; dy drugaredd
Doed i lawr i'm henaid i.
Ie fi, ie fi,
Doed i lawr i'm henaid i.
- 3 Na ddos heibbio, raslawn Geidwad,
Claf wyf am dy gwmmi di;
'Rwy'n hiraethu am dy gariad,
Pan yn galw, galw fi.
Ie fi, ie fi.
Pan yn galw, galw fi.
- 4 Na ddos heibio, Ysbryd nerthol,
Tan a bywyd ydwyf ti;
Doed dy ddylanwadau dwyfol
Yn eu nerth i'm henaid i.
Ie fi, ie fi,
Doed dy nerth i'm henaid i.

Amen.

8s, 7s & 3.

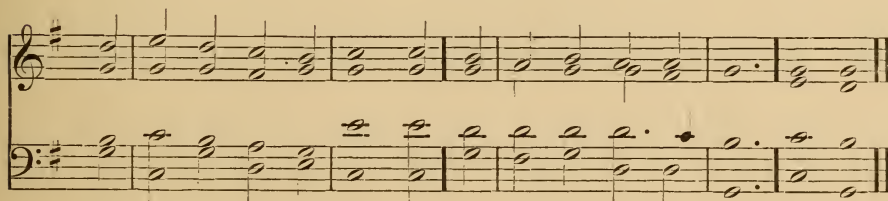
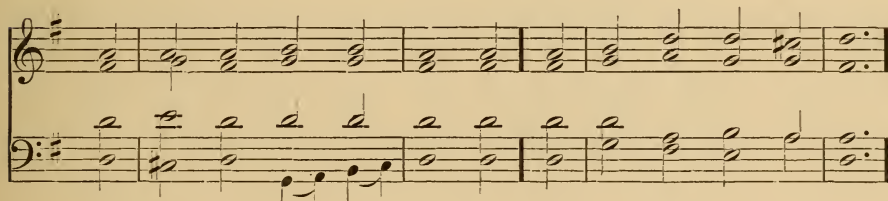
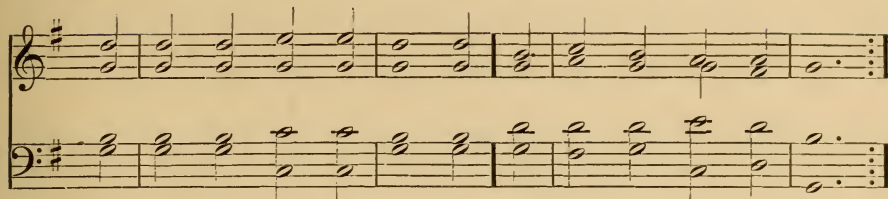
Showers of Blessing.

- 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty soul refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me!
Even me, even me,
Let some droppings fall on me!
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Lost and sinful though I be;
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.
Even me, even me,
Let Thy mercy light on me.
- 3 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving Thee!
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me!
Even me, even me,
Oh, forgive and rescue me!
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.
Even me, even me,
Speak the word of peace to me.

Amen.

95

WITTEMBURGH. M. 9. [7s & 6s.]



M. 9.

Gogoniant Crist.

- 1 ANGELION ddo'nt yn gyson
 Rifedi gwlith y wawr,
 Rho'nt eu coronau euraidd
 O flaen y fainc i lawr;
 Chwareuant eu telynau,
 Yn nghyd a'r saint yn un;
 Ond byth ni chanant ddigon
 Am Dduwdod yn y dyn.

- 2 O! foredd o ddoethineb
 Oedd yn y Duwdod mawr,
 Pan y cyfrania 'i garad
 I bryfaid gwael y llawr;
 A gwneuthur i' u drngaredd,
 A'i dostur maith yn nyhyd,
 I redeg megyo afon
 Lifeirial dros y byd.

Amen.

7s & 6s.

Glory of Christ.

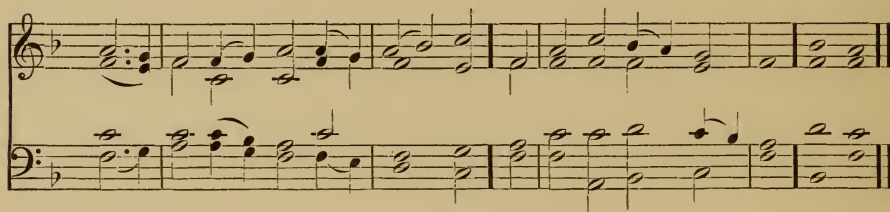
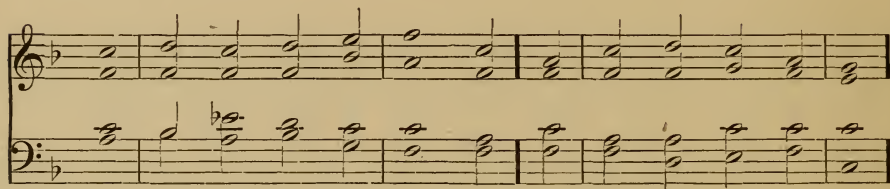
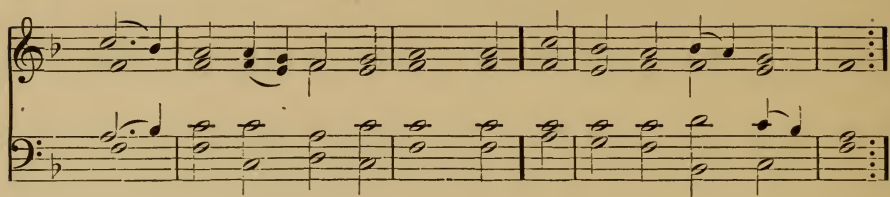
- 1 ANGELIC throngs unnumbered,
 As dawn's bright drops of dew,
 Present their crowns before Him
 With praises ever new;
 But saints and angels blending
 Their songs above the sun,
 Can ne'er express the glories
 Of God with man made one.

- 2 O boundless sea of wisdom!
 A Saviour full of grace;
 To show God's love in mercy
 To a fallen, dying race,
 And cause that love and mercy
 To flow in endless flood,
 With tenderness and pity,
 To all the ruined world.

Amen.

96

MEIRIONYDD. M. 9. [7s & 6s.]



M. 9.

Croes Crist.

- 1 MAE Crist a'i w'radwyddiadau,
 A'i groesau o bob rhyw,
 Yn ddigon i mi farw,
 Yn ddigon i mi fyw;
 Can's yn ei groes mae coron,
 Ac yn ei wawd mae bri,
 A thrysor yn ei gariad
 Sydd fwy na'n daear ni.

- 2 Rho brofi grym ei gariad,
 Sydd annherfynol fôr,
 I'm tynu tua'r bywyd
 Fy Nuw, a'm cadarn Iôr:
 Goleuni Haul Cyfiawnder,
 A'i nefol hyfryd wres,
 A ddwg fy ysbryd egwan
 I'r nefoedd wen yn nês.

Amen.

7s & 6s.

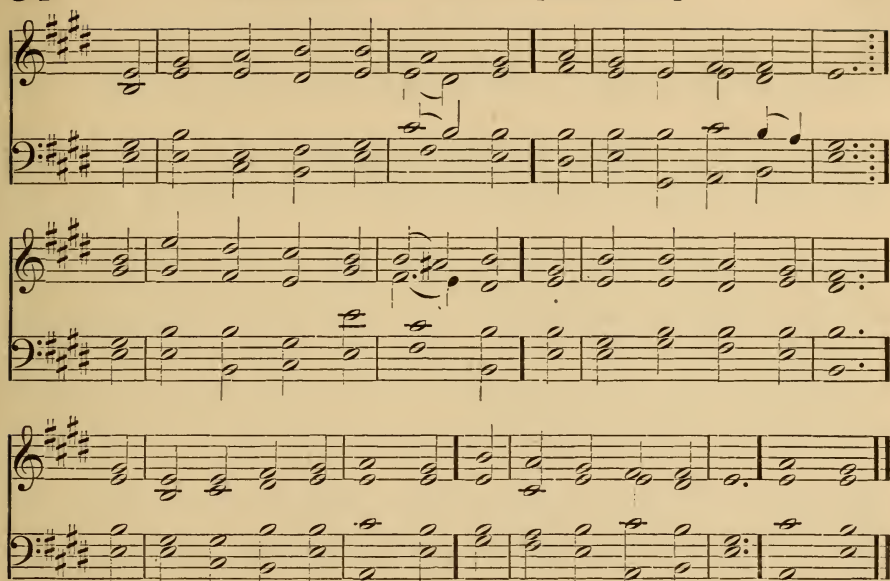
The Cross of Christ.

- 1 MY Lord with his affliction,
 His cross and bitter pain,
 Affords me joy while living,
 And dying will be gain.
 In his reproach is honor,
 In his rude cross a crown,
 And in his love a treasure
 Surpassing all renown.
- 2 Oh, let me feel his dear love,
 Which is a boundless sea,
 Attracting my soul above,
 O Lord my God, to Thee.
 Let the rays of righteousness,
 The bright, heavenly light,
 Cheer my weak and fainting heart,
 And bring heaven near and bright.

Amen.

97

ST. SIMON. M. 9. [7s & 6s.]



M. 9.

Diwedd gofidiau.

- 1 AR fyr fe dderfydd galar,
Caethiwd, cur, a phoen;
Daw Jubili dragwyddol
I bawb sy 'n caru 'r Oen:
Mae eto 'n ol orphwysfa,
O gylch yr orsedd lân,
I blant y gorthrymderau
I seinio nefol gân.
- 2 Ac os yr annheilyngaf
Yn mysg y dyrfa lân,
Fydd byth a'i fawl bereiddiaf—
A gyfyd uwchaf gân;
A ddichon y bydd rhywun
O fewn Caersalem fry,
A chwery danau 'r delyn
I'r Oen yn well na mi?
- 3 O'r diwedd daeth y bore,
Sef dydd i lawenhau;
Daeth nefoedd at y ddâear—
Daeth Iesu i'n rhyddhau
Mae wedi agor llwybr
O'r ddaear hyd y nen,
A drysau 'r wir Baradwys
Agorodd led y pen.

Amen.

7s & 6s.

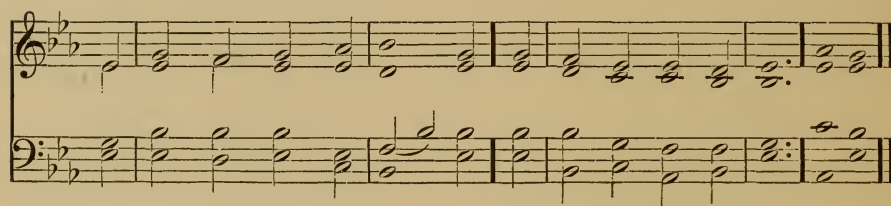
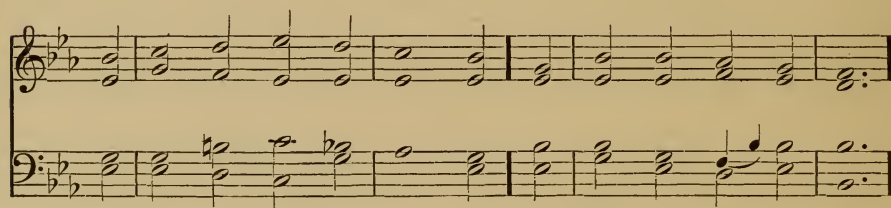
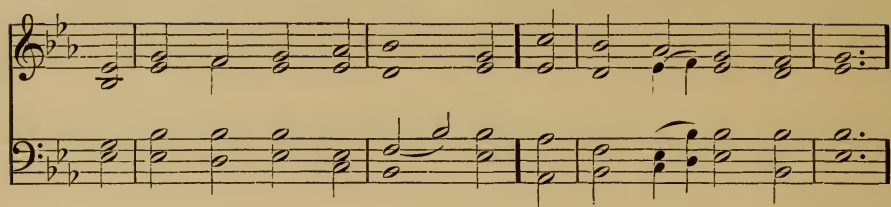
The Lord hath done Great Things.

- 1 WHEN God arose, the nation
From bondage to redeem,
The joy of our salvation
Came to us like a dream.
Our hearts with triumph bounded,
Our lips ran o'er with praise,
The heathen stood confounded
At God's mysterious ways.
- 2 They said, The Lord hath wonders
Wrought for his captives sad;
The Lord hath done great wonders,
And therefore we are glad.
Lord, all the remnant weary
Bring back to Zion still,
As brooks in south lands dreary
Their thirsty channels fill.
- 3 Full many cast in sadness
Their seed on parching soil,
Who yet shall reap in gladness
The harvest of their toil.
He who in tears departed
With precious seed at morn,
Shall homeward fare light-hearted
With sheaves of golden corn.

Amen.

98

LUBECK. M. 9. [7s & 6s.]



M. 9.

Y fuddugoliaeth yn rhyfedd.

Os gwelir fi, bechadur,
Ryw ddydd ar ben fy nhaith,
Rhyfeddol fydd y canu,
A newydd fydd yr iaith;
Yn seinio buddugoliaeth
Am iachawdwriaeth lawn,
Heb ofni colli'r frwydr
Y boreu na'r prydawn.

Amen.

7s & 6s.

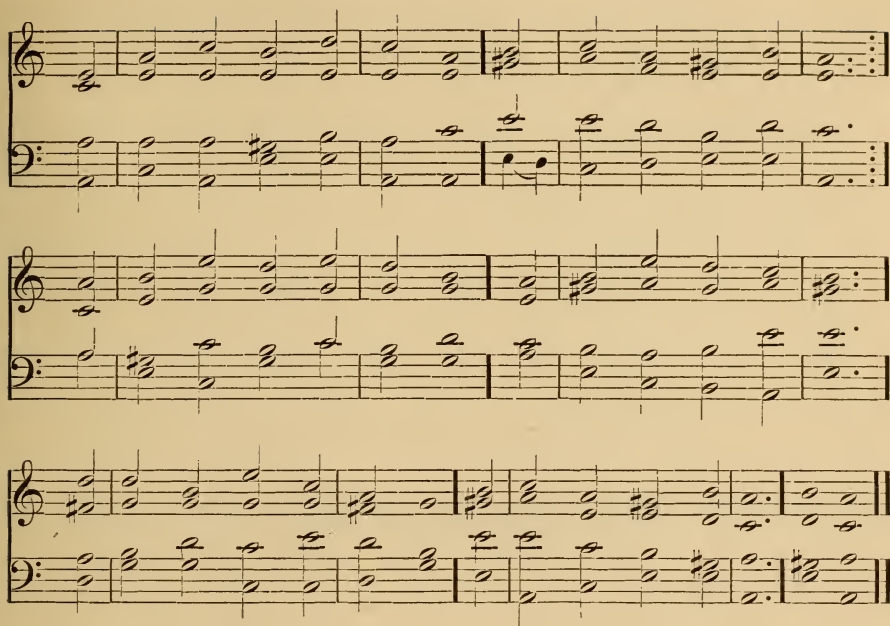
The Victory Surprising.

IF I, the sin benighted,
At length attain the goal,
Oh, what will be the transport
Of my enraptured soul;
The triumph celebrating
Of saving mercy's power,
Nor dread again to perish,
Nor wander evermore.

Amen.

99

LLYDAW. M. 9. [7s & 6s.]



M. 9.

Gweddi.

- 1 PECHADUR wyf, O Arglwydd,
Yn curo wrth dy ddôr ;
Erioed mae dy drugaredd
Yn para yn ystore ;
Er iti faddan beian
Rifedi'r tywod mân
Gwn fod dy hen drugaredd,
Lown cymaint ag o'r blean.

- 2 Gwasgara'r tew gymylau,
Oddiyma i dy fy Nhad ;
Dadguddia imi beunydd
Yr iachydwrïaeth rad ;
Llefara air dy hunan
Wrth f'enaidd egwan trist,
Dy fod yn maddeu 'meiau
Trwy haeddiant Iesu Crist.

Amen.

7s & 6s.

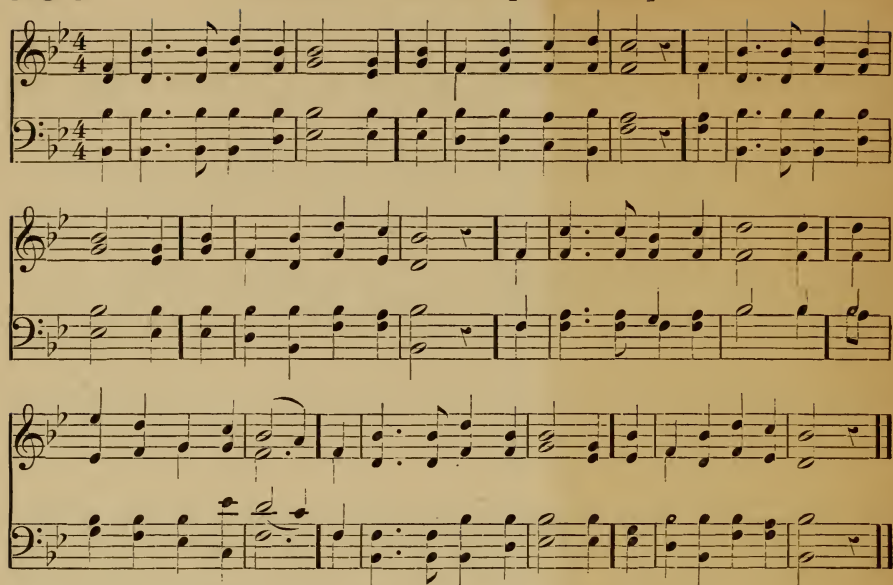
Prayer.

- 1 BEHOLD a poor sinner, Lord,
Now knocking at Thy door ;
O let Thy depth of mercy
Be mine in endless store.
Though Thou hast pardoned millions
Of guilty, sinful men,
Yet Thy great stores of mercy
Forever will remain.
- 2 The clouds, O Lord, do scatter
Between me and Thy face ;
Reveal to me the glory
Of Thy redeeming grace ;
Speak Thou in words of mercy,
While in distress I call ;
And let me taste forgiveness,
Through Christ, my all in all.

Amen.

100

WEBB. M. 9. [7s & 6s.]



M. 9.

Hyder.

- 1 Mi rof fy mai ar Iesu—
Difeius Oen fy Nuw;
Efe sydd yn gwaredu
Eneidiau dynol ryw;
F'euogrwydd at yr Iesu
A ddygaf, er mor fawr,
Efe a wna fy nghân
Fel eira gwyn ei wawr.
- 2 F'anghenion at yr Iesu
A ddygaf bob yr un;
Fe all eu llwyr gyflenwi
A'i lawnder mawr ei hun;
Fy nghwynion blin i'r Iesu
Gyflwynaf 'nawr yn brudd;
Mae'n barod i'm diddanu
A'm rhoddi 'n gwbl rydd.
- 3 Gosodaf ar yr Iesu
Holl bwys fy enaid gwan,
A'i ras fe'm dwg i fynu
O'r anial yn y mân;
'R wyn caru enw 'r Iesu,
Mae megis enaint drud,
A'i arogl yn rhagori
Ar bobpeth fedd y byd.

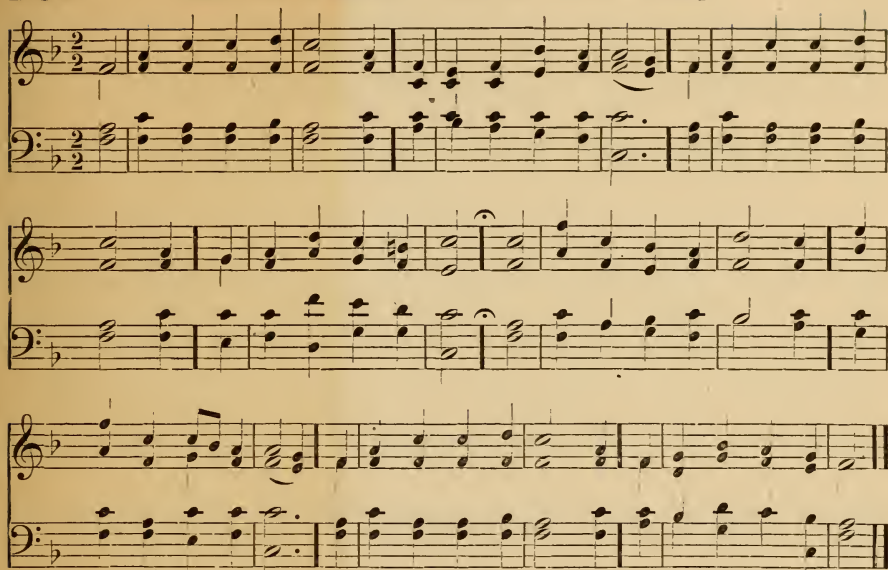
7s & 6s.

Confidence.

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God,
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurséd load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline:
I love the Name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is poured.

101

MISSIONARY. M. 9. [7s & 6s.]



M. 9.

Hymn Genhadol.

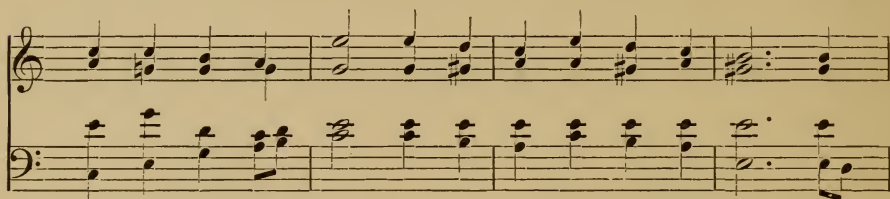
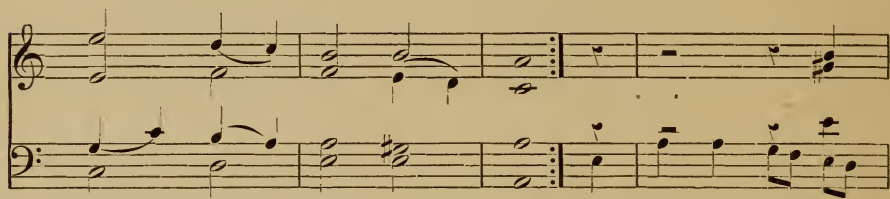
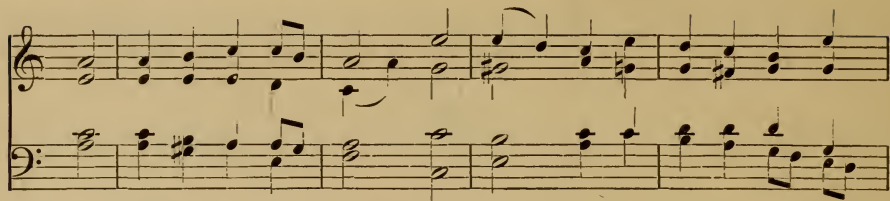
- 1 O GREENLAND oer fynyddig,
O draethau India fawr,
Lle treigla dyfroedd Affrig,
Eu tywod aur i lawr,
O lawer gwlad ddyfradwy,
O lanau'r palmwydd gwyrdd,
Erfyniant ein cynorthwy
Rhag coelgrefyddau fyrrdd.
- 2 Er bod mewn pell ynysoedd
Awelon pêr yn hael,
A hyfryd en bardaloedd;
A dim ond dyn yn wael;
Yn ofer gwelir yno
Fendithion Duw ar daen;
Y bobloedd yn eu dellni
Addolant bren a maen.
- 3 A fydd i ni oleuwyd
Trwy rhodd y nefoedd fry,
Nacâu goleuni 'r bywyd
I'r sawl mewn t'wyllwch sy?
Achubiaeth, O achubiaeth!
Dadganer dros y llawr,
Nes dysgo pob cenhedlaeth
Adnabod Iesu mawr.
- 4 Ewch wyntoedd, ewch a'r newydd,
A chwithau foroedd mawr,
Nes bo'i ogonawl gynydd
Yn llenwi daear lawr;
A boedd i'r Oen fu'n gwaedu
Dros feiau dynol ryw.
Mewn mawredd i deyrnasu
Yn Brynwr ac yn Dduw.

7s & 6s.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll.
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

102 DENTON'S GREEN. M. 9. [7s & 6s.]



M. 9.

Cymorth i lechu.

O ARGLWYDD Dduw rhagluniaeth
Ac iachawdwriaeth dyn,
Tydi sy'n llywodraethu
Y byd a'r nef dy hun,
Yn wyneb pob caledi
Y sydd, neu eto ddaw,
Dod gadarn gymorth imi
I lechu yn dy law.

Amen.

7s & 6s.

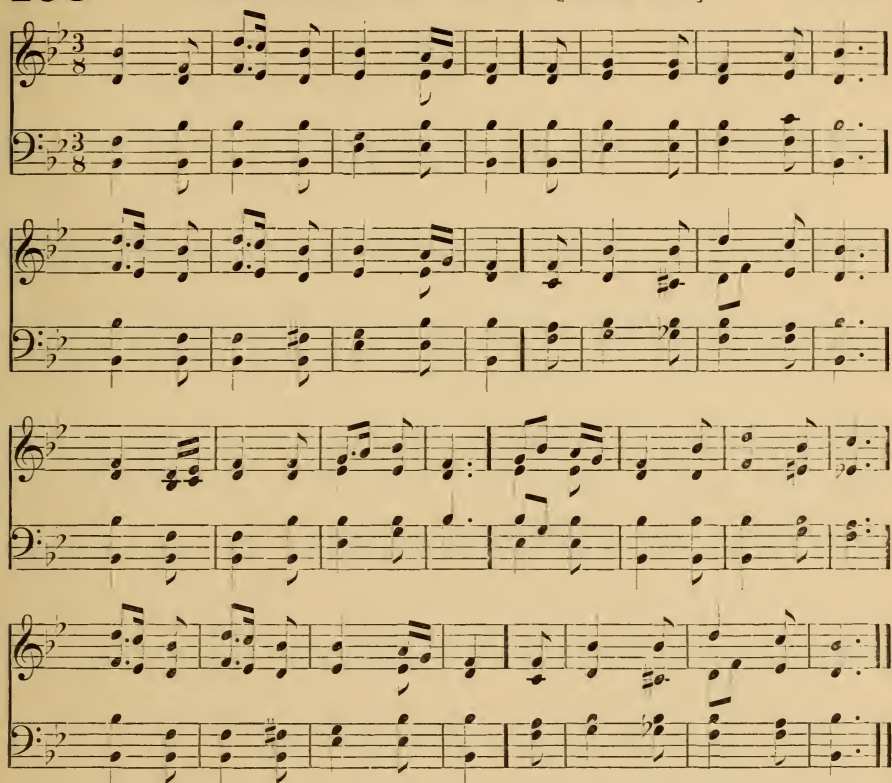
Prayer for Shelter.

ETERNAL God, who rulest
The whole creation wide,
And dost for guilty sinners
Mercy and grace provide;
In depth of every sorrow
That is, or time may bring,
Oh, give us help to shelter
Beneath Thy tender wing.

Amen.

103

PENITENCE. M. 9. [7s & 6s.]



M. 9.

Y gwaed, y gwaed,

- 1 Y GWAED, y gwaed a lifodd
 Ar groesbren un prydawn;
 Rhinweddau hwnw roddodd
 I'r ddeddf foddlonrwydd llawn
 Y gwaed, y gwaed a olcha
 Bechadur du yn wyn;—
 Dadseiniwn haleluia,
 Am waed Calfaria fryn.
- 2 Y gwaed, y gwaed a egyr
 Holl byrth y nefoedd lon;
 Y gwaed, y gwaed rydd gysur
 Dan holl gurfeydd y fron:
 Ar fryniau anfarwoldeb,
 Pan yno sang fy nhraed,
 Fy nghân i dragwyddoldeb
 Gaiff fod—Y gwaed, y gwaed!

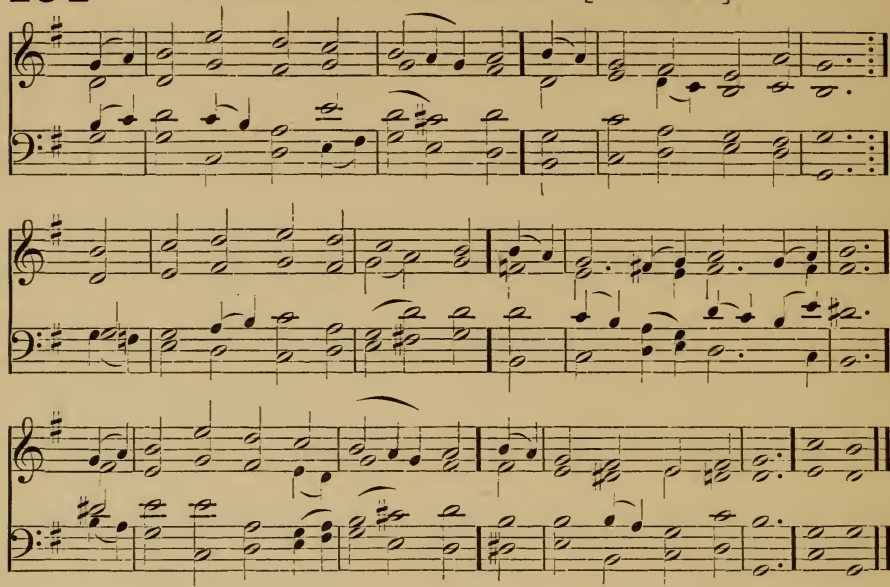
7s & 6s.

The Blood.

- 1 THE blood which from my blessed
 Redeemer's heart did flow,
 Gave justice satisfaction
 And magnified the law;
 The blood which makes a sinner,
 However guilty, free,
 Through life's eventful season,
 Shall be a song to me.
- 2 The blood, the blood which opens
 The gates of heaven above,
 Shall fill my mournful spirit
 With joy divine and love;
 When on the hills of glory
 My weary foot shall tread,
 My joyful song forever
 Shall be, The blood, the blood.

104

ABERHONDDU. M. 9. [7s & 6s.]

M. 9.
Gair Duw.

- 1 Y NEFOEDD lân ddadgana
Ogoniant Awdwr byd,
A dydd i ddydd a draetha
Ei fawredd ef o hyd;
Hyawdledd eu distawrwydd
Anoga ddynol ryw,
I ddeffro o'u cysgadrwydd
I wir folianu Duw.
- 2 Ei santaidd Air rydd olau
Sydd ganmil gwell i ni
Nag eiddo'r flurfafenau
Na'r dydd er maint eu bri;
Arweinia'r llesg ymdeithydd,
Yn ddoeth y gwirion wna,
A than bob trallod beunydd
Yr athrist lawenha.
- 3 Ei Air sydd werthfawrocach
Na disglair berlau'r byd;
A'i ddeddfau ynt ragorach
Na'r gwin a'r gwleddoedd drud;
Mor ddoeth yw pob gorchymyn
A rodda Brenin Nef;
Mor ddedwydd yw'r credadyn
A geisia i gadw ef.

Amen.

7s & 6s.
God's Word.

- 1 THE heavens declare his glory,
Their Maker's skill the skies;
Each day repeats the story,
And night to night replies.
Their silent proclamation
Throughout the earth is heard;
The record of creation,
The page of nature's word.
- 2 So pure, so soul-restoring,
Is truth's diviner ray;
A brighter radiance pouring
Than all the pomp of day:
The wanderer surely guiding,
It makes the simple wise;
And, evermore abiding,
Unfailing joy supplies.
- 3 Thy word is richer treasure
Than lurks within the mine;
And daintiest fare less pleasure
Yields than this food divine.
How wise each kind monition!
Led by Thy counsels, Lord,
How safe the saints' condition,
How great is their reward!

Amen.

105

YARMOUTH. M. 9. [7s & 6s.]

M. 9.

Duw yw fy iachawdwriaeth.

- 1 Duw yw fy iachawdwriaeth
Pa achos ofni sydd?
Yn awr y brofedigaeth
Fy ngrym a'm goleu fydd:
Pe codai llu i'm herbyn,
Mi safwn yn ddi-fraw,
'D oes neb a all fy nhrechu,
Tra byddo Duw gerllaw.
- 2 Fy enaid rho dy ymddiried
Yn hollol yn yr Un
A all dy gynorthwyo
Yn nydd y trallod blin;
Er cryfed dy elynion,
Er lleied yw dy rym,
Dy Dduw sydd Hollalluog,
Ni raid it' ofni dim.

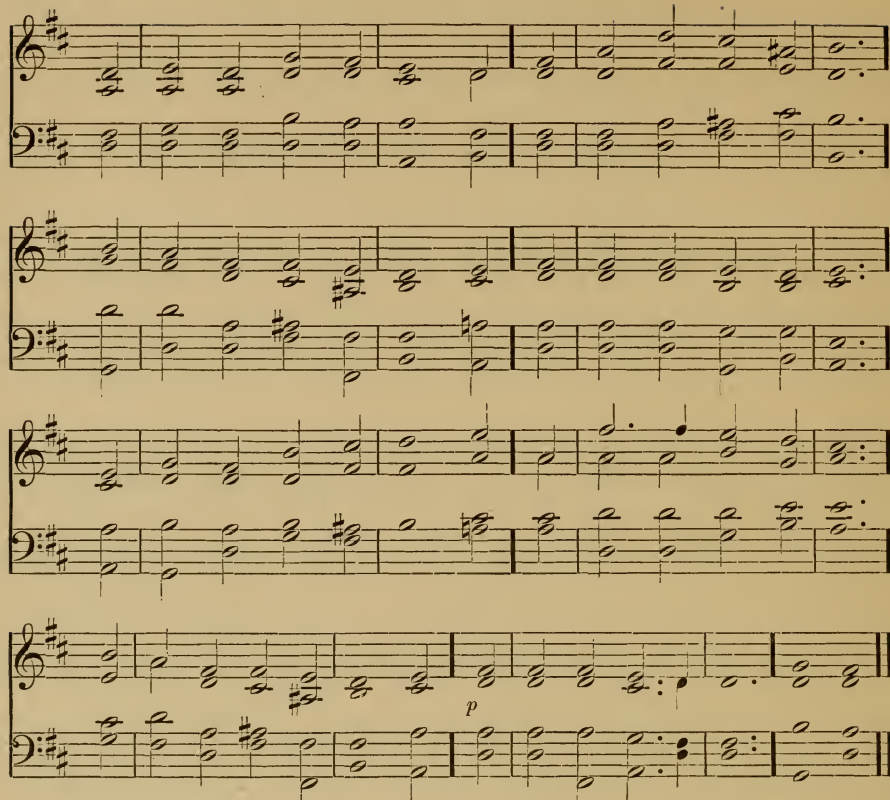
7s & 6s.

My Salvation.

- 1 God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?
- 2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy day shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

106

EWING. M. 9. [7s & 6s.]



M. 9.

Awel mynydd Sion.

- 1 O ARGWLWYDD, dyro awel,
 A hono 'n awel gref,
 A godo f' ysbryd egwan
 O'r ddaear hyd y nef!
 Yr awel sy 'n gwasgaru
 Y tew gymylau mawr;
 Mae f' enaid am ei theimlo—
 O'r nefoedd doed i lawr.
- 2 Awelon mynydd Sion
 Sy 'n enyn nefol dân,
 Awelon mynydd Sion
 A nertha 'nghamrau 'mlaen
 Dan awel mynydd Sion
 Mi genais beth cyn hyn;
 Mi gānaf ronyn eto,
 Nes d'od i Sion fryn. Amen.

7s & 6s.

The Heavenly Breeze.

- 1 O LORD, give us the breezes,
 Oh, give the tearful eyes,
 Oh, let us in our weakness
 See unbecclouded skies.
 The mighty wind will scatter
 The clouds all from the sky,
 The clouds that now are hiding
 From us the light on high.
- 2 The breezes from Sion's hill
 Will fan the heavenly flame,
 The breezes from Sion's hill
 Will help the weak and maim.
 By the gales from Sion's hill
 We've sang in days of yore,
 By gales of holy Sion
 We'll sing and Thee adore. Amen.

M. 9.

Y Jerusalem nefol.

- 1 'R wy'n llefain o'r anialwch,
 Am byrth fy ninas wiw ;
 Jerusalem fy nghartref,
 Jerusalem fy Nuw !
 Pa bryd y caiff fy llygaid,
 Pa bryd y caiff fy mhen,
 Ymagor ac ymorphwys
 Yn mro Caersalem wen.
- 2 Gad i mi fara 'r bywyd,
 Gad i mi 'r dyfroedd byw,
 Ar ddeheu law fy Mhrynwr,
 Yn ninas wen fy Nuw !
 'R wy'n sefyll ac yn curo,
 O agor dithau 'r ddôr !
 Am Sabboth ac am deml,
 Jerusalem fy Iôr !
- 3 'R wy'n trigo ar y ddaeear,
 Gan edrych ar y wawr,
 A dysgwyl am ddisgyniad
 Jerusalem i lawr ;
 Wrth wel'd y nef yn gwênu
 Ar ael y cwmwl draw,
 'R wy'n credu ac yn cânu
 Jerusalem a ddaw.
- 4 Er dalled yw fy ngolwg,
 Er trymed yw fy nghlyw,
 Mi welaf mewn addewid—
 Jerusalem fy Nuw !
 Mi welaf deml Sïon,
 Mi glywaf Jubili,
 Mi welaf ddinas santaidd,
 Jerusalem yw ni! Amen.

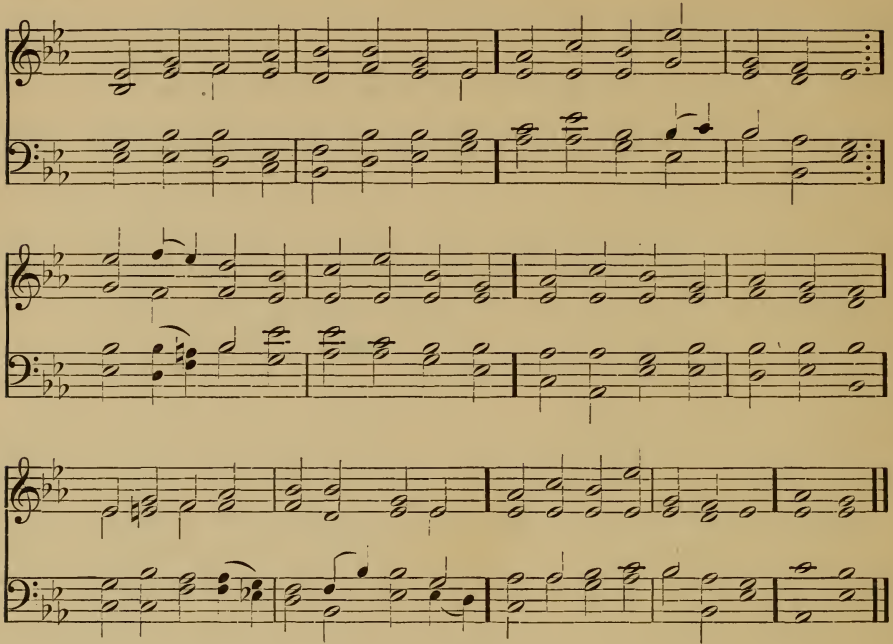
7s & 6s.

The New Jerusalem.

- 1 JERUSALEM, the golden,
 With milk and honey blest !
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed.
 I know not, oh, I know not
 What social joys are there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare.
- 2 Jerusalem, the glorious !
 The glory of the elect,—
 Oh, dear and future vision
 That eager hearts expect !
 Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
 Ev'n here thy walls discern ;
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive, and pant, and yearn !
- 3 The Cross is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified, thy praise ;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise ;—
 Jerusalem ! exulting
 On that securest shore,
 I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
 And love thee evermore !
- 4 Oh, sweet and blesséd country !
 Shall I e'er see thy face ?
 Oh, sweet and blesséd country !
 Shall I e'er win thy grace ?—
 Exult, oh, dust and ashes !
 The Lord shall be thy part ;
 His only, his forever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art ! Amen.

108

EDINBURGH. M. 10. [8s & 7s.]



M. 10.

Y Drugareddfa.

- 1 DYMA babell y cyfarfod,
 Dyma gymod yn y gwa'd;
 Dyma noddfa i lofruddion,
 Dyma i gleifion Feddyg rhad;
 Dyma fan yn ymyl Duwdod
 I bechadur wneud ei nyth,
 A chyfiawnder pur y nefoedd
 Yno'n gwenu arno byth.
- 2 Dyma frawd a aned i ni,
 Erbyn c'ledi a phob clwy;
 Ff yddlon ydyw, llawn tosturi,
 Headdai gael ei foli'n fwy;
 Rhyddhawd caethion, meddyg cleifion
 If ordd i Seion union yw,
 Ffynon loew, Bywyd meirw,
 Arch i gadw dyn yw Duw.

Amen.

8s & 7s.

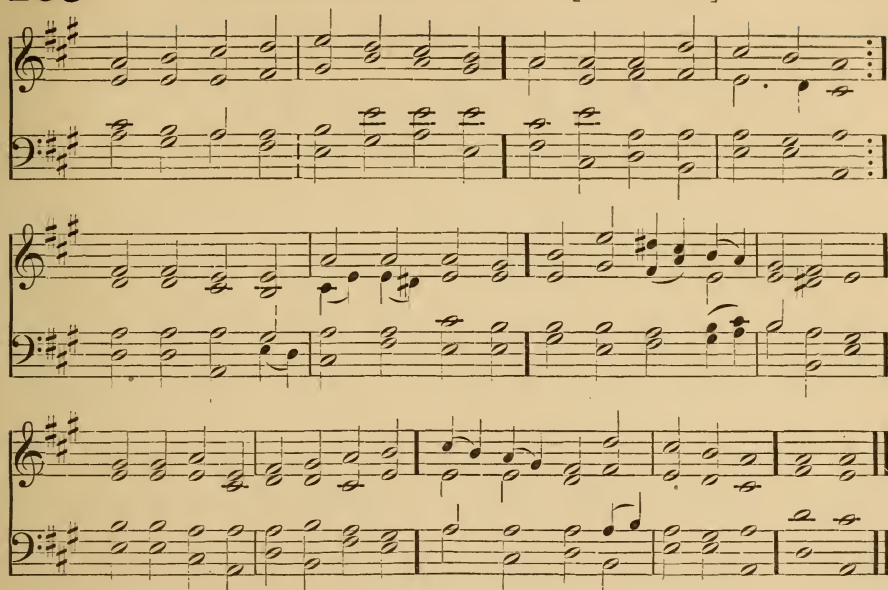
The Mercy-Seat.

- 1 HERE, behold the seat of mercy;
 Here, from doubt and fear release;
 Here a refuge for the guilty;
 Here are joy, and health, and peace;
 Here a covert near the Godhead,
 Where the vile may make their nest;
 Justice smiling fond approval,
 Honored law declares them blest.
- 2 See the Saviour for the guilty,
 A Brother for the day of need;
 Faithful, tender, full of pity,
 He should have our praise indeed.
 Great Redeemer and Physician,
 The true way to Sion He,
 Living Fountain, true Salvation,
 Ark where guilty man may flee.

Amen.

109

BENDITHIAD. M. 10. [8s & 7s.]



M. 10.

Diolohgarwch am yr Iawn.

- 1 HENFFYCH well! anwylaf Iesu,
Henffych Frenin Canaan wlad;
Ti oddefaist i'n gwaredu,
'Nillaist iachawdwriaeth rad;
Henffych Geidwad pechaduriaid,
Dygaist bechod dynolryw;
Trwy dy haeddiant annherfynol,
Codir myrdd o feirw'n fyw.
- 2 Oen y pasg, trwy drefniad dwyfol,
Beiau fyrdd ro'w'd arnat ti;
Maeddaist hwynt, a gwnaethost gymod,
Gymod cyflawn trosom ni;
Trwy dy haeddiant mawr agoraist
Hawddgar byrth Caersalem lon;
Hedd fel moroedd mawr sy'n llifio
Fry o'r nef i'r ddaear hon.
- 3 Teilwng wyt o'r mawl diderfyn
Roddur gan angelaidd gôr,
Ac o fawl y gwaredigion,
'Nol diflano tir a môr;
Pe bai genym delyn Gabriel,
A'i fedrusrwydd at y gwaith;
O mor felus fyddai'n canu,
Canu a felusai'n taith.

Amen.

8s & 7s.

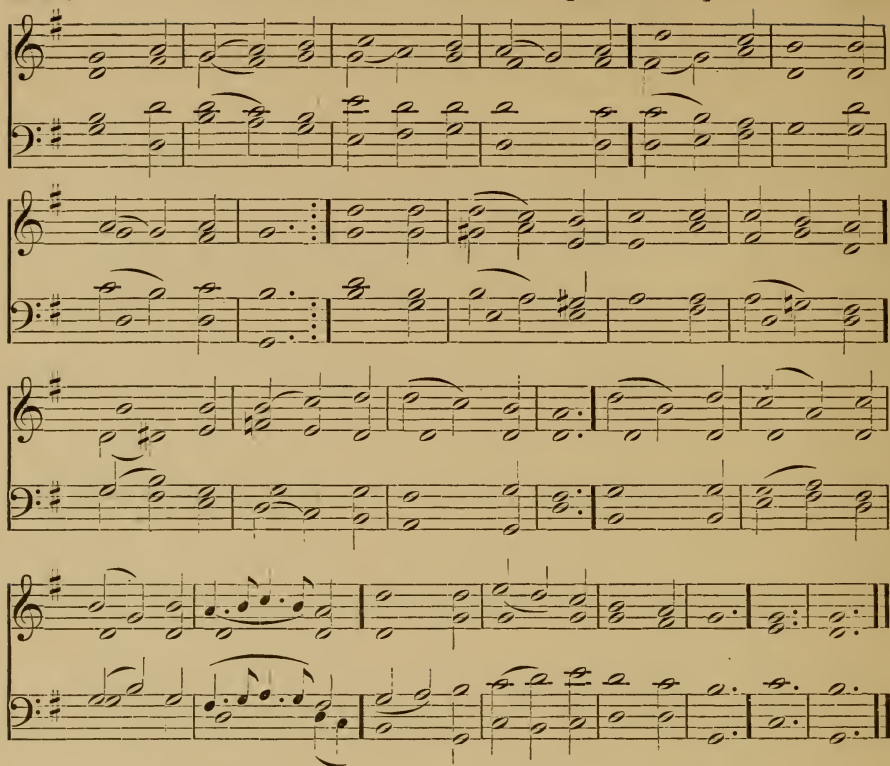
Gratitude for the Atonement.

- 1 HAIL! Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, Thou Galilean King;
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sins and shame;
By Thy merits we find favor,
Life is given through Thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made;
All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give;
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Amen.

110

HYFRYDOL. M. 10. [8s & 7s.]



M. 10.

Buddugohaeth Crist.

- 1 MARCHOG, Iesu, yn llwyddianus,
 Gwisg dy gleddyf ar dy glun;
 Nis gall daear dy wrthsefyll,
 Chwaith nag uffern fawr ei hun;
 Mae dy enw mor ardderchog,
 Pob rhyw elyn gilia draw;
 Mae rhyw arswyd trwy'r greadigaeth
 Pan y byddi di gerllaw.

- 2 Minau bellach orfoleddaf
 Fod y Jubil fawr yn d'od,
 Pan gyflawnir bod addawid
 Roddodd Jesu mawr erioed;
 Mil of filoed myrdd myrddynan
 Ddaw o uthaf tywyll fyd,
 Gad dawn ac udgorn arian,
 Mewn i Salem byr yn nghgd.
 Amen.

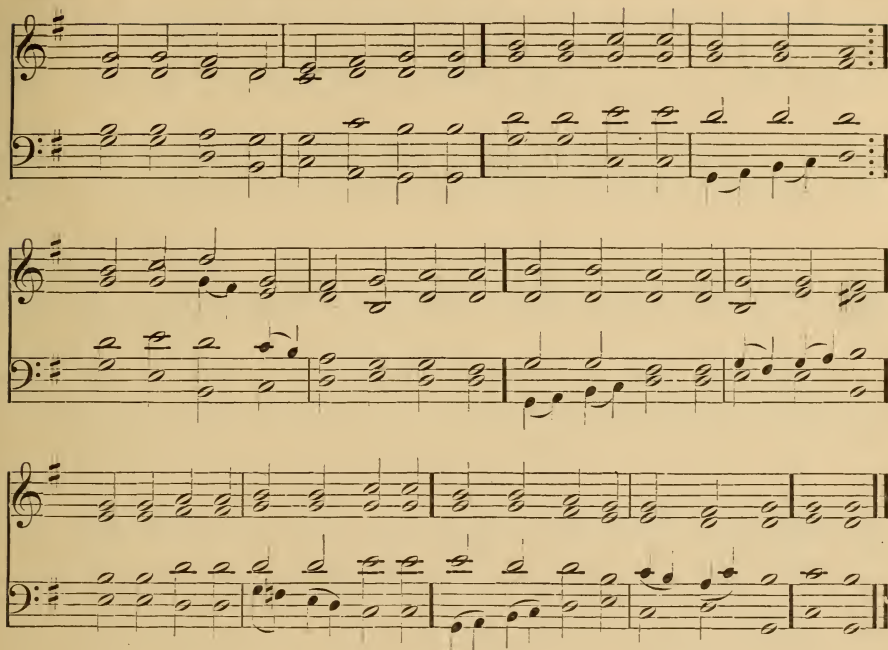
8s & 7s.

The Triumph of Christ.

- 1 RIDE in triumph, holy Saviour,
 Go and conquer o'er the land;
 Earth and hell, with all their forces,
 Now before Thee cannot stand;
 At the radiance of Thy glory,
 Every foe must flee away;
 All creation thrills with terror
 Under Thine eternal sway.
- 2 Now in triumph our Lord is come,
 Raise the song of victory;
 Yes, now, He brings the ransomed home
 In this the day of jubilee.
 Yet millions more from every land
 Shall come with the dance and song,
 To take their seats at his right hand,
 Without fear that grieved them long.
 Amen.

111

HAMBURGH. M. 10. [8s & 7s.]



M. 10.

Aros yn y tŷ.

- 1 O AM nerth i dreulio'm dyddiau
Yn nghynteddoedd ty fy Nhad;
Byw yn nghanol y goleuni,
T'w'llwch obry tan fy nhra'd;
Byw heb fachlud haul un amser,
Byw heb gwmwl, byw heb boen,
Byw ar gariad anorchfygol,
Pur y croeshoeliedig Oen.
- 2 Dyro olwg ar dy haeddiant,
Golwg ar dy deyrnas rad;
Brynwyd imi, ac a seliwyd,
Seliwyd imi â dy wa'd;
Rho im' gyrcu tuag ato,
Peidio byth a llwfrhau;
Ar fy nhaith ni cheisiaf genyt,
Ond yn unig dy fwynhau.

Amen.

8s & 7s.

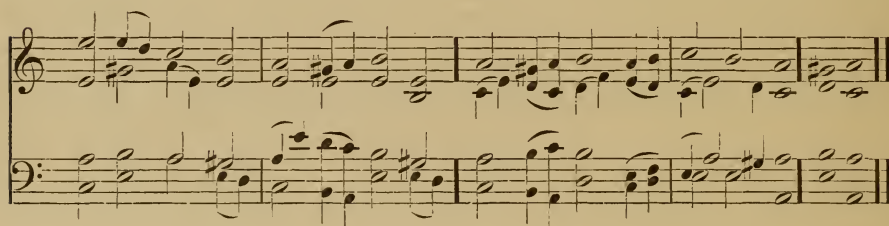
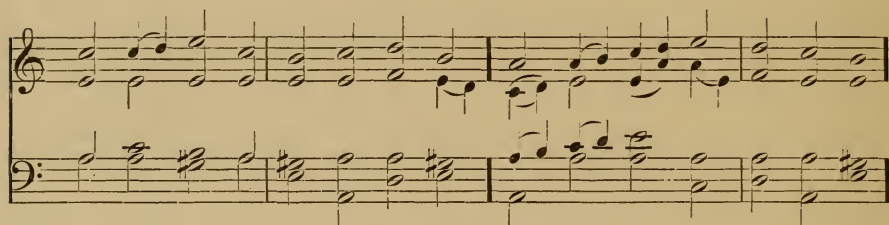
The Christian's Desire.

- 1 AID me, Lord, always to tarry
In my Father's courts below;
Live in light divine and glorious,
Without darkness, without woe;
Live without the sun's departure,
Live without a cloud or pain;
Live on Jesus' love unconquer'd,
Who on Calvary was slain.
- 2 Let me view the great atonement,
And the kingdom which is mine,
Which Thy blood hath purchas'd for
Sealed also as divine; [me,
Let me daily strive to find it,
Let this be my chief employ;
On my march I ask no favor
But Thy presence to enjoy.

Amen.

112

EIFIONYDD. M. 10. [8s & 7s.]



M. 10.

Cyfaill pechadur.

- 1 O IACHAWDWR pechaduriaid,
 Sydd a'r gallu yn dy law,
 Rho oleuni, hwyli'a'm henaidd
 Dros y cefnfor garw draw ;
 Gad i'r wawr fod o fy wyneb,
 Rho fy enaid llesg yn rhydd ;
 Nes i'r haulwen ddysglaer godi,
 Tywys fi wrth y seren ddydd.
- 2 O ynfyrdrwydd, O ffolineb,
 Im'erioed i roddi'm bryd
 Ar un tegan, ar un pleser
 Welais eto yn y byd ;
 Y mae'r byd yn myned heibio
 A'i deganau o bob rhyw,
 Tan y nef ni thal ei garu
 Wrthddrych arall ond fy Nuw.
 Amen.

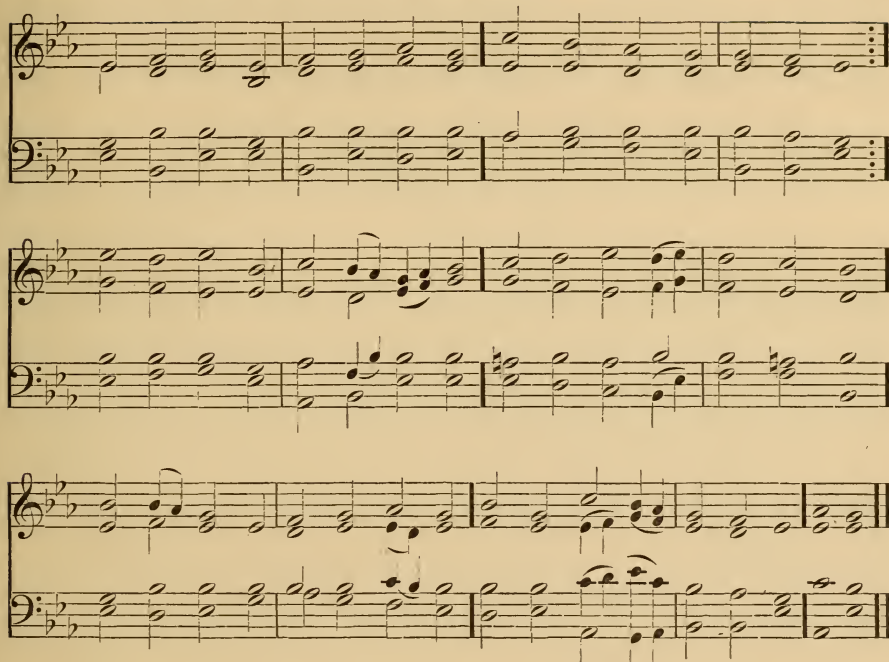
8s & 7s.

Friend of Sinners.

- 1 GREAT Redeemer, Friend of sinners,
 Thou hast mighty power to save ;
 Grant me light, and still conduct me
 Over each tempestuous wave ;
 May my soul with sacred transport
 View the dawn while yet afar,
 And until the sun arises,
 Lead me by the morning star.
- 2 Oh, what madness, oh, what folly,
 That my thoughts should go astray
 After toys and empty pleasures,
 Pleasures only for a day ;
 This vain world, with all its trifles,
 Very soon will be no more,
 There's no object worth admiring,
 But the God whom I adore.
 Amen.

113

DISMISSION. M. 10. [8s & 7s.]



M. 10.

Yn ddyeithr yma.

- 1 Dŷn dyeithr ydwyf yma,
 Draw mae'm genedigol wlad;
 Draw i'r moroedd mawr tymhestlog,
 Ac o fewn i'r Ganaan rad;
 'Stormydd hir o demtasiynau
 A'm curasant I yn mhell;
 Tyred awel fwyn y deau,
 Chwyth fi i'r baradwys well.

- 2 A oes neb o'm hen gyfeillion
 A ddaw'n ddiddig gyda mi;
 Ac a orwedd wrth fy ochr,
 Obrŷ yn y ddaear ddu;
 A yw cyfaill ddim ond hyny,
 Tywallt dagrau, newid gwedd;
 Pan fo'r pridd, y clai, a'r ceryg
 Arna'i'n cwympo yn y bedd.

Amen.

8s & 7s.

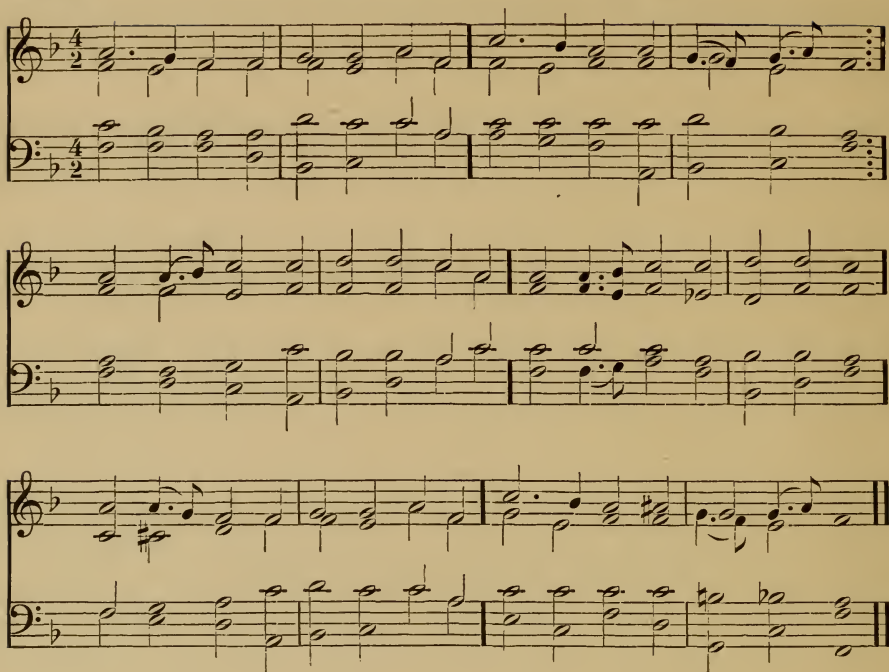
A Stranger here.

- 1 In this land I am a stranger,
 Yonder is my native home,
 Far beyond the stormy billows, [loom.
 Where sweet Canaan's mountains
 Tempests wild from sore temptations
 Did my vessel long detain;
 Speed, O gentle southern breezes,
 Aid me soon to cross the main.
- 2 Will not any old companion,
 In whose love I now confide,
 Step with me to death's cold regions,
 And lie closely by my side;
 Can a friend show no more kindness,
 Than to weep and look aghast,
 When the dust and stones together
 On my breathless corpse are cast?

Amen.

114

ROUSSEAU. M. 10. [8s & 7s.]



M. 10.

Cyfaill yn angen.

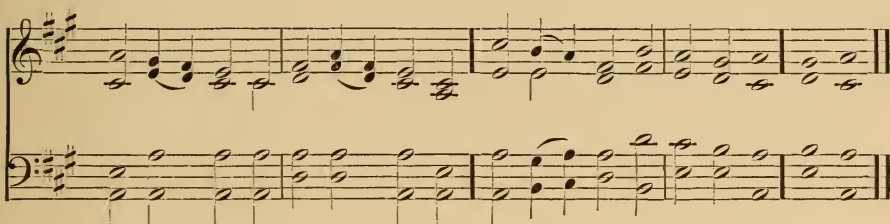
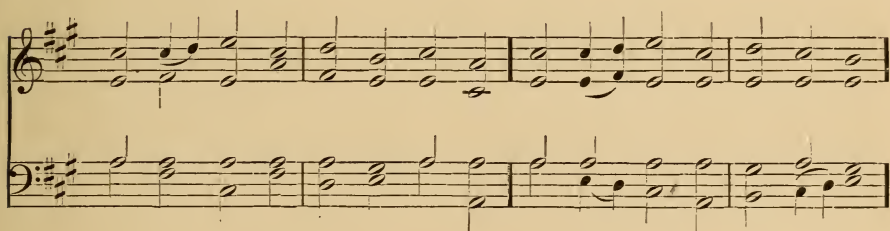
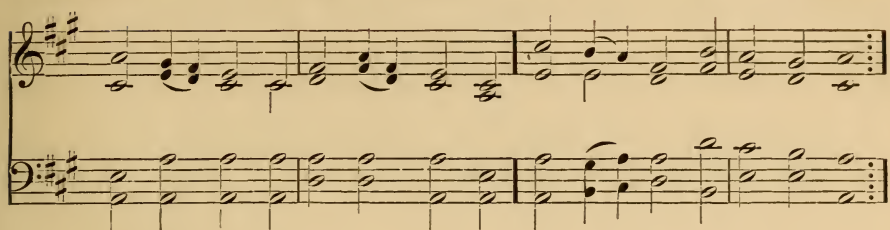
- 1 Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tonau
 Nid oes neb a ddeil fy mhen,
 Ond y ffyddlawn Archoffeiriad
 A fu farw ar y pren;
 Cyfaill yw yn afon angeu
 Ddeil fy mhen yn uwch na'r don,
 Golwg arno wna i mi ganu
 Yn yr afon ddofn hon.
- 2 O anfeidrol rym y cariad!
 Anorchfygol ydyw'r gras!
 Digyfnawid yw'r addewid,
 Pery byth o hyn i ma's!
 Hyn yw'm hangor ar y cefnfor,
 Na chyfnawid meddwl Duw;
 Fe addawodd na chawn farw,
 Y'nghlwyfau'r Oen y cawn i fyw.

8s & 7s.

Friend in Jordan.

- 1 Who amid the swelling billows
 Can sustain my sinking head?
 None but that divine Redeemer
 Who upon the cross hath bled;
 If He through the stormy current
 O'er the wave my head will bear,
 If a gracious look vouchsafe me,
 I will praise Him even there.
- 2 Oh, the strength of love eternal!
 Oh, the riches of his grace!
 He will always keep his promise
 Which I in the Bible trace;
 This my anchor on the ocean,
 That our God is the "I Am,"
 He hath said, "Thou shalt not perish,"
 I will shelter in his name.

115 MOUNT OF OLIVES. M. 10. [8s & 7s.]



M. 10.

Dechreu oedfa.

'R Hwn sy'n peri'r mellt i hedeg,
 Ac yn rhodio brig y don,
 Anfon saethau argyhoeddiadau
 I galonau'r oedfa hon;
 Agor ddorau hen garcharau,
 Achub bentewynion tân;
 Cwyd yr eiddil gwan i fyny,
 Dysg i'r mudan seinio cân.

Amen.

8s & 7s.

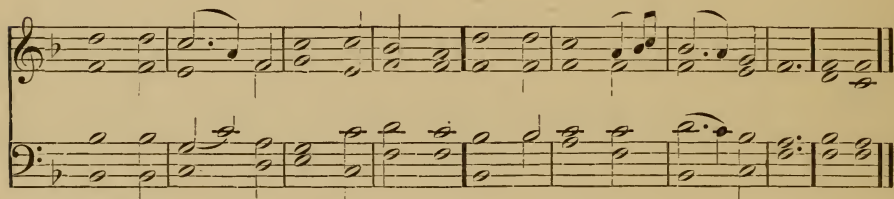
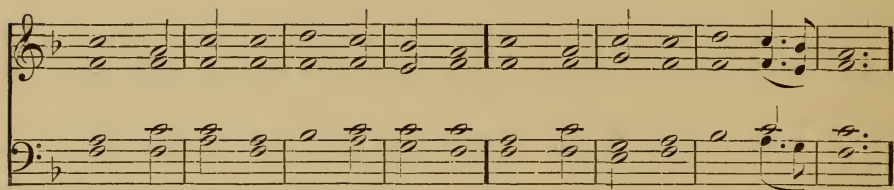
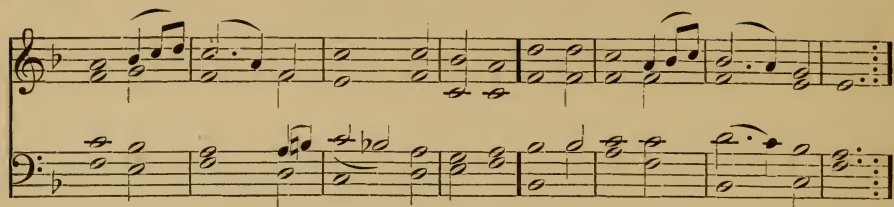
Divine Worship.

HE who darts the winged light ning,
 Walks upon the foaming wave;
 Send forth arrows of conviction,
 Here exert his power to save;
 Burst the bars of Satan's prison,
 Snatch the firebrand from the flame,
 Fill the doubting with assurance,
 Teach the dumb to sing his name.

Amen.

116

MORIAH. M. 10. [8s & 7s.]



M. 10.

Gweddi.

Gosod babell yn ngwlad Gosen,
 Tyred, Arglwydd, yno'th hun;
 Gostwng o'r uchelder goleu,
 Gwna dy drigfa gyda dyn;
 Trig yn Seion, aros yno,
 Lle mae'rll wythau'n dod yn nghyd;
 Byth na 'mad oddiwrth dy bobl,
 Nes yn ulw elo'r byd.

Amen.

8s & 7s.

Prayer.

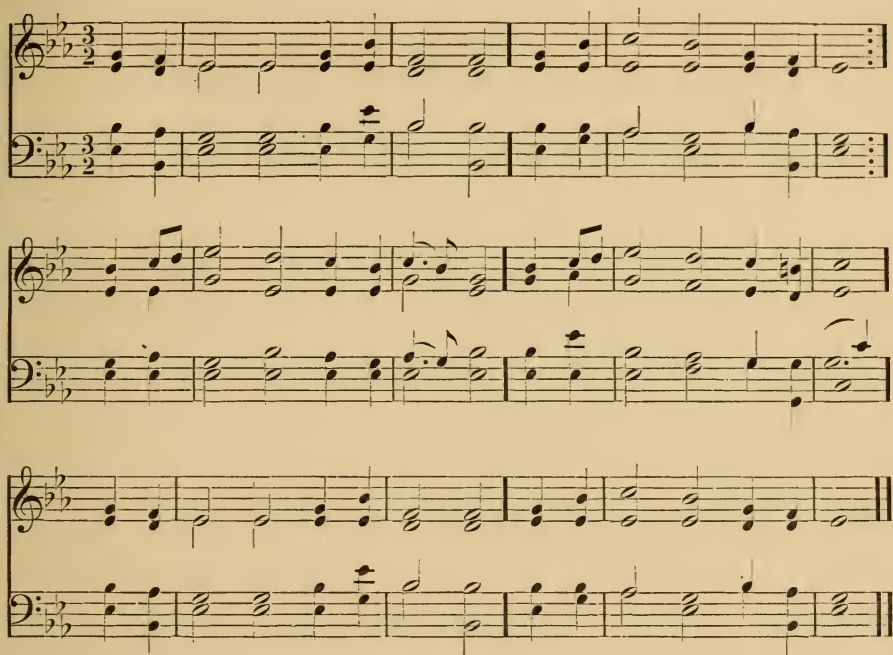
Fix, O Lord, a tent in Goshen,
 Thither come, and there abide;
 Bow Thyself from light celestial,
 And with sinful man reside;
 Dwell in Zion, there continue,
 Where the holy tribes ascend;
 Do not e'er desert Thy people,
 Till the world in flames shall end.

Amen.

DOXOLOGY.

CYD uned holl drigolion llawr
 Gyda uwch nefolaidd gan,
 I'r Hwn a fy, ac rydd yn awr
 Tad, y Inob a'r ysbryd Glân.

PRaise the Father, earth, and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.

117 NETTLETON. M. 10. [8s & 7s. Double.]

M. 10.

Ebenezer.

- 1 TYRED Awdwr gras a rhinwedd,
 Enyn ynwyf nefol dân;
 Ffrydiau diball o drugaredd
 Sydd yn galw am uchel gân;
 Cyfod, f'enaïd, uwch cymylau,
 Rheswm a syniadau'r byd;
 Gosod fi ar fryn y brynïau,
 Bryn dy gariad pur a drud.

- 2 Yma codaf Ebenezer,
 Gras hyd yma'm daliodd I;
 Dysgwyl o'th ddaioni tyner,
 'Rwyf am ddod i'm cartref fry;
 Iesu a'm ceisiodd pan yn estron,
 Dug fy enaid caeth at Dduw;
 Efe, i'm dwyn o law'm gelynyon,
 Dalodd waed o ddwyfol ryw.

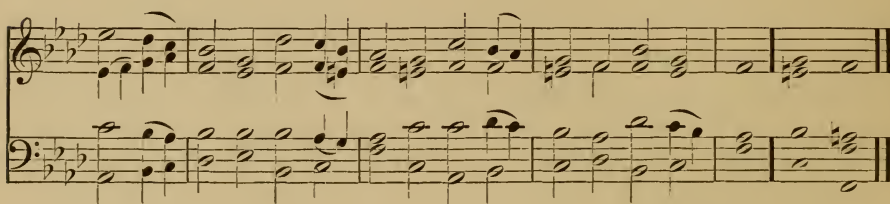
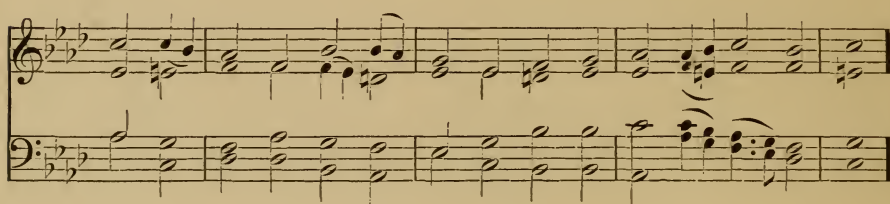
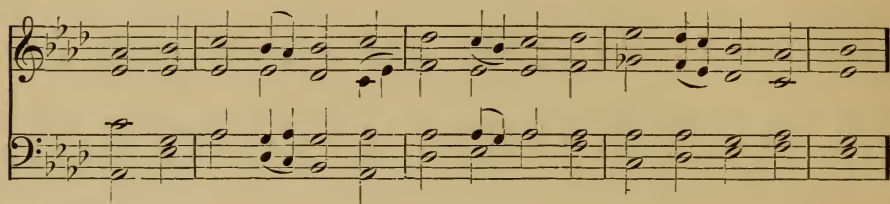
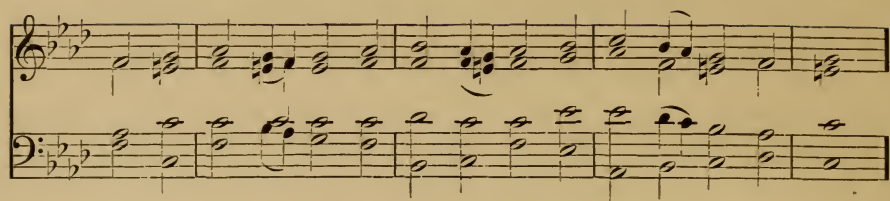
8s & 7s. Double.

Ebenezer.

- 1 COME, Thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise;
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—oh, fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

118

DOLGELLAU. M. 10. [8s & 7s.]



M. 10.

Dan y wialen.

DYSG im' dewi gydag Aaron,
 Dan holl droion dyfnion Duw;
 A dywedyd gydag Eli,
 "Gwnaed a fynd, f'Arglwydd yw;"
 Bod fel Job yn amyneddgar,
 Ac heb dd'wedyd geiriau mawr;
 'R Arglwydd sydd yn codi fyny,
 Ac Efe sy'n tynu lawr.

Amen.

8s & 7s.

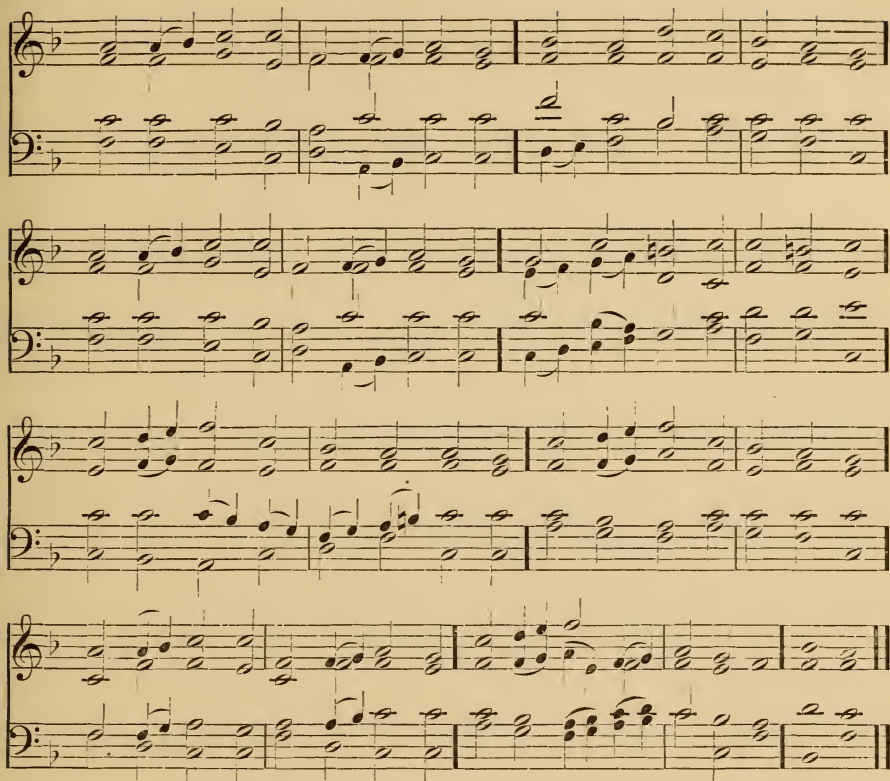
Under the Rod.

TEACH me Aaron's thoughtful silence
 When corrected by the rod;
 Teach me Eli's acquiescence,
 Saying, "Do Thy will, my God;"
 Teach me Job's confiding patience,
 Dreading words from pride that flow,
 For Thou, Lord, alone exaltest,
 And Thou only layest low.

Amen.

119

ST. HILARY. M. 10. [8s & 7s.]



M. 10.

Cariad.

- 1 ANWELEDIG! 'r wy' n dy garu,
Rhyfedd ydyw nerth dy ras!
Tynaist f' enaid â'th hawddgarwch
O'i bleserau pena i maes:
Ti wnest fwy mewn un mynydun,
Nag a wnaethai'r byd o'r bron—
Enill it' eisteddfa dawel
Yn y galon gareg hon.
- 2 Ac am hyny ti gei 'r enw,
Ti gei 'r fuddugoliaeth lawn;
Ti gei 'r clod, y nerth, a'r gallu,
A'r gogoniant fore a nawn:
Fe gaiff seintiau ac angylion,
A cherubiaid pur yr un,
Seinio i maes i dragwyddoldeb
It' wneyd pabell gyda dyn.

Amen.

8s & 7s.

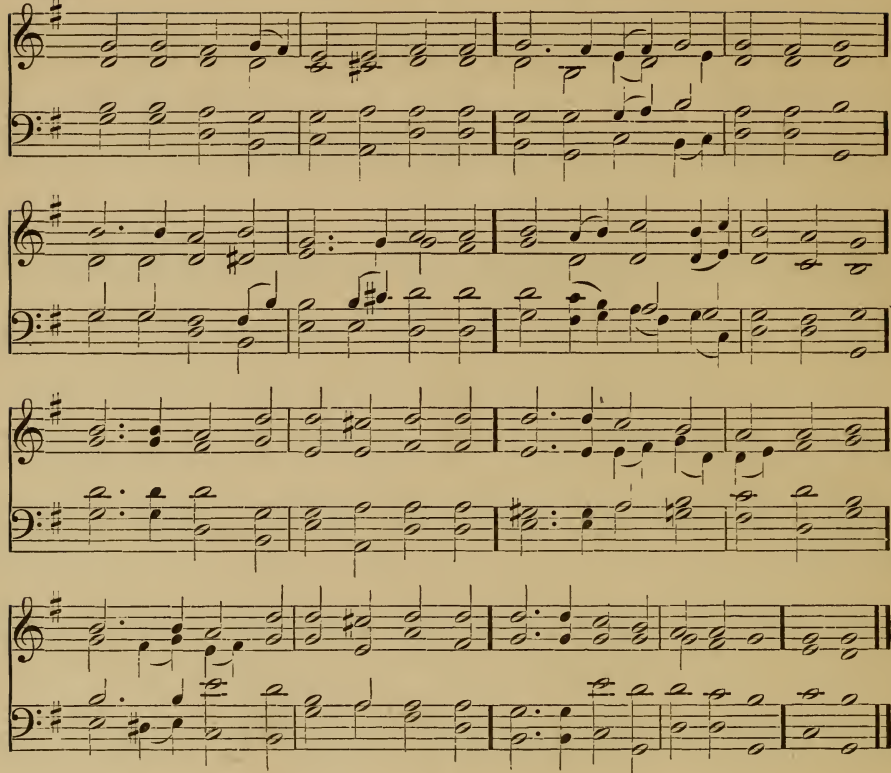
Love.

- 1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise
For the bliss Thy love bestows, [Thee
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.
- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought
Wretched wanderer, far astray; [thee
Found thee lost, and kindly brought
From the paths of death away; [thee
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

Amen.

120

LUGANO. M. 10. [8s & 7s.]



M. 10.

Cân dragwyddol y nef.

- 1 GWLAD yw'r nef o sŵn gofidiau,
 Gwlad o ryfeddodau'n llawn,
 Gwlad lle mae fy hen gyfeillion
 Heddyw'n gwledda'n hyfryd iawn;
 Gwlad o gyrhaedd llid gelynion,
 Gwlad a chalon pawb mewn hwyl,
 Gwlad mae f' enaid am fod ynddi
 Gyda'r Iesu'n cadw gwyl.
- 2 Yno caf fi ddechreu hanes,
 Hanes o lawenydd pur,
 Fyth na chlywir diwedd arno
 Yn y baradwysaidd dir;
 Bob munudyn bydd yn dechreu
 Seinio 'i maes heb dewi sŵn,
 Ddoniau maith, anfeidrol hyfryd,
 Croeshoeliedig addfwyn Oen.

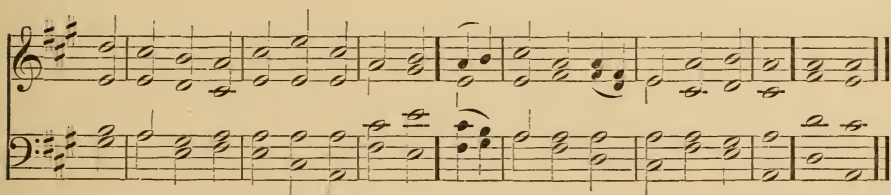
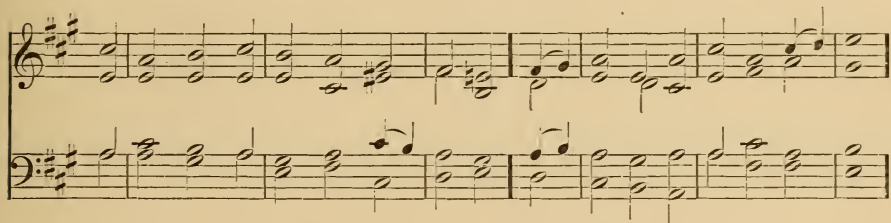
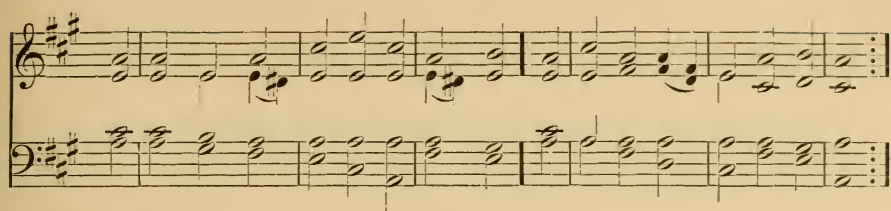
Amen.

8s & 7s.

Blessed Fold.

- 1 BLESSÉD fold! no foe can enter;
 And no friend departeth thence;
 Jesus is their sun, their centre,
 And their shield Omnipotence!
 Blesséd, for the Lamb shall feed them,
 All their tears shall wipe away,
 To the living fountains lead them,
 Till fruition's perfect day.
- 2 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder!
 Louder chorals shake the skies:
 Hades' gates are burst asunder;
 See! the new-clothed myriads rise!
 Thought! repress thy weak endeavor;
 Here must reason prostrate fall;
 Oh, the ineffable Forever!
 And the eternal All in All!

Amen.



M. 11.

Gair Duw.

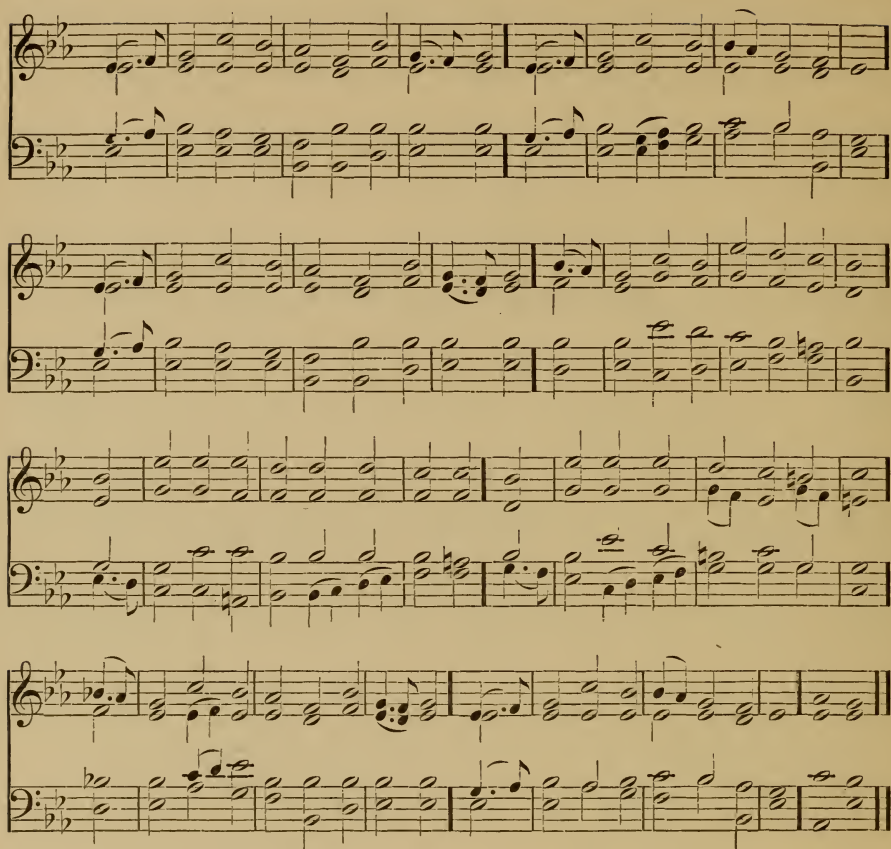
- 1 O AGOR fy llygaid i weled
 Gogoniant dy arfaeth a'th air ;
 Mae'n well imi gyfraith dy enau,
 Na miloedd o arian ac aur ;
 Y ddaear a'n dân, a'i thrysorau,
 Ond geiriau fy Nuw fydd yr un ;
 Y bywyd trag'wyddol yw 'nabod,
 Fy Mhrynwr yn Dduw ac yn ddyn.
- 2 Rhyfeddod a bery'n ddiddarfod,
 Yw'r ffôrdd a gymerodd Efe,
 I gadw pechadur colledig,
 Trwy farw ei hun yn ei le !
 Fe safodd fy Mrenin ei hunan,
 Gorchfygodd awdurdod y ddraig,
 Ein Samson galluog ni ydyw ;
 O caned preswylwyr y graig.
- Amen.

9s & 8s.

The Bible.

- 1 THE Bible is justly esteemed
 The glory supreme of the land ;
 Which shows how a sinner's redeemed
 And brought to Jehovah's right hand.
 With pleasure shall we freely confess
 The Bible all books doth outshine ;
 But Jesus, oh, his person and grace
 Afford it that lustre divine.
- 2 The scheme of salvation is mighty
 To rescue lost sinners from hell ;
 He died for the sin of the guilty,
 The depth of his love who can tell !
 He stood in the brunt of the battle,
 He alone our chastisement took ;
 Our Samson unconquered is He ;
 Oh, sing ye that dwell on the rock.
- Amen.

122 BRYNIAN CAERSALEM. M. 11. [9s & 8s.]



M. 11.

Cwpan y Cyfryngwr.

Fy Arglwydd a yfodd y cwpan,
 F'e gliriodd y gwaddod yn lân,
 Am hyny myn f' enaid ei garu
 A'i ganmol trwy ddyblu fy nghân ;
 Er cymaint oedd angerdd ei boenau,
 Er maint ydoedd grym yr holl lid,
 Gogoniant tragwyddol i'w enw,
 Fe yfodd y gwaddod i gyd.

Amen.

9s & 8s.

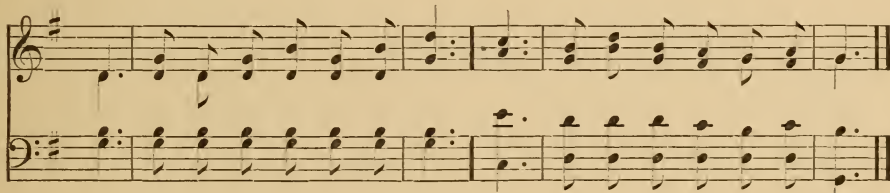
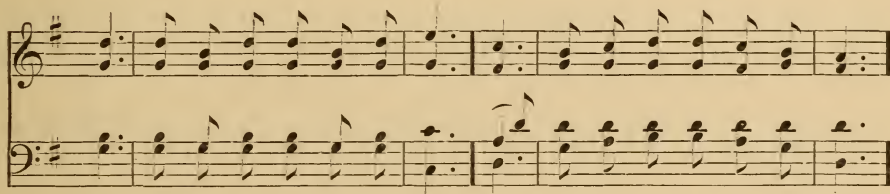
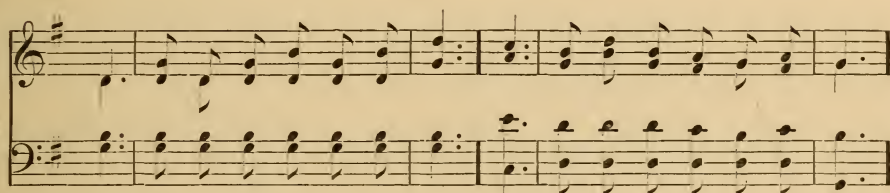
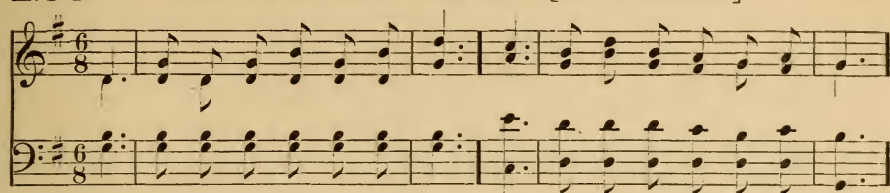
He hath borne our Griefs.

THE wrath of God, oh, He hath taken,
 Blood of his heart in mercy shed ;
 Yea, by this bread and wine the token,
 On Him through faith we now are fed ;
 Though his heart was in sorrow broken,
 Many the tears and great the pain,
 And thus He was in grief forsaken,
 For us eternal life to gain.

Amen.

123

DE FLEURY. M. 12. [8s. Double.]



M. 12.

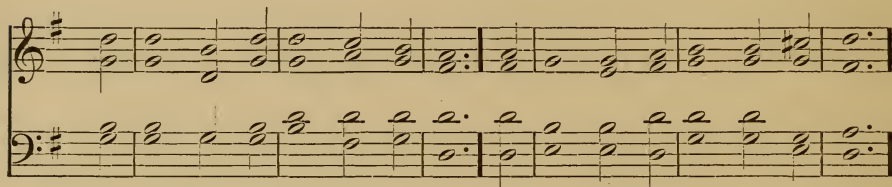
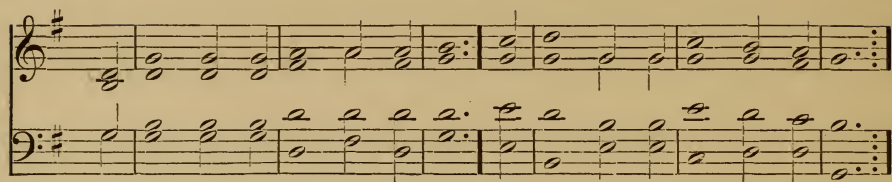
Y Buddugwr.

Pwŷ welaf o Edom yn d'od,
 Mil harddach na thoriad y wawr ;
 Yn sathru dan wadn ei droed,
 Elynion yn lluoedd i'r llawr.
 Ei wisg wedi ei lliwio gan waed,
 Ei saethau a'i gleddyf yn llym ;
 Ei harddwch yn llenwi'r holl wlad,
 Yn ymdaith yn amllder ei rym.

8s. Double.

The Conqueror.

Who cometh from Edom with might,
 Far brighter than day at its dawn ;
 He routed and conquered his foes,
 And trampled the giants alone ;
 His garments were dyed with their blood,
 His sword and his arrows stood strong,
 His beauty did fill the whole land,
 Whilst travelling in greatness along.

124 ST. ANDREW'S. M. 12. [8s. Double.]

M. 12.

Iawn digonol.

- 1 CYFLAWNWDYD y gyfraith i gyd,
 Fe ddofwyd ei llid heb fy lladd;
 Cyfiawnder, wrth hir ofyn iawn,
 Ei daliad yn gyflawn a ga'dd:
 Cyfiawnder a'r gyfraith sy 'n awr
 Yn edrych i lawr yn ddi-lid,
 A'r priodoliaethau mewn heddd
 Yn gwaeddi "Trugaredd" i gyd.
- 2 Caed ffynon o ddwfr a gwaed,
 I olchi rhai duon eu lliw,
 Ac hefyd hi redodd yn rhad
 I'r ardal lle 'r oeddwn i 'n byw:
 Er cymaint o rwystrau ga'dd hon,
 Grym arfaeth a'i gyrodd yu mlaen,
 I olchi tŷ Dafydd o'r bron,
 Jerusalem hefyd ddaw 'n lan.

Amen.

8s. Double.

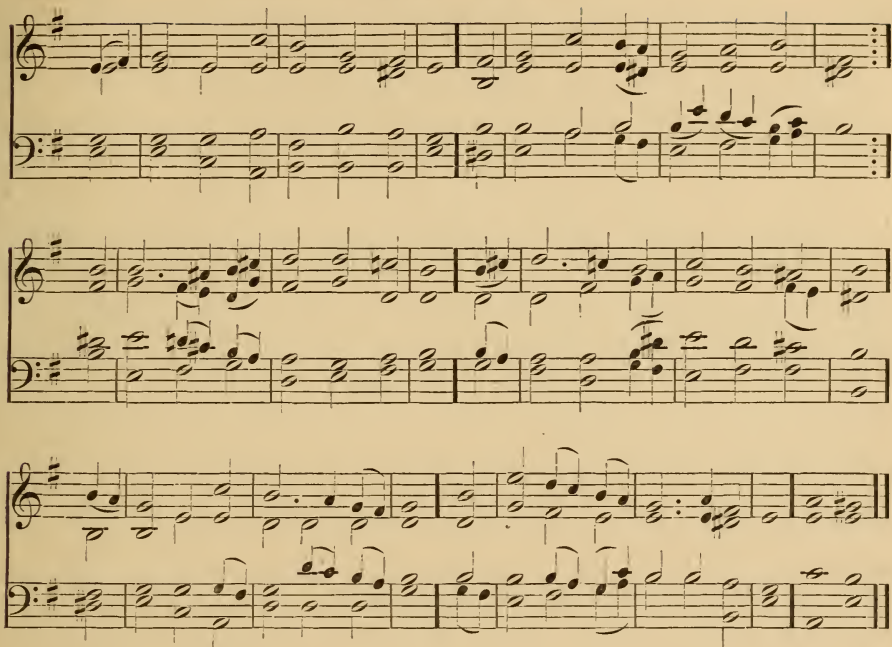
Altogether Lovely.

- 1 My gracious Redeemer I love,
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the armies above,
 To shout his adorable name.
 To gaze on his glories divine
 Shall be my eternal employ;
 To see them incessantly shine,
 My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeemed with his blood,
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell:
 To shine with the angels in light,
 With saints and with seraphs to sing,
 To view, with eternal delight,
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King!

Amen.

125

ABERAMAN. M. 12. [8, 8.]



M. 12.

Awydd gwefed diwedd y daith.

- 1 WRTH gofio'r Jerusalem fry,
Y ddinas, preswylfa fy Nuw,
Y saint a'r angelion y sy'
Yn canu caniadau bob rhyw;
Ac yno mae 'nhrysor i gyd,
'Nghyfeillion a'm brodyr o'r bron,
Fy nghalon sy'n brefu o hyd
Am fyned yn fuan i hon.
- 2 Fy enaid sychedig y sydd,
Wrth deithio dros fryniau mor faith
Yn dysgwyl yn dawel bob dydd
Gyfarfod a diwedd fy nhaith;
Fel darfo fy ngofid a'm gwaе,
Fy nhrallod, fy mlinder a'm poen,
A dechreu 'ngorfoledd di-drai,
Caniadau tragwyddol yr Oen.
- Amen.

I

8, 8.

Home to Sion.

- 1 WHEN I think, O Salem, of thee,
The city, the home of my God,
The saints and the angels so free,
Who will sing the song of the blood,
My treasures, my all, and my God,
My friends and my wealth which are
Oh, sadness and sorrow will flood [there,
When I think of thy portals fair.
- 2 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Sion I'm pressing to see;
The woodland, the fields, and the flow'rs
Have nothing enticing to me;
As my pain, my sorrow shall cease,
And I shall not languish and pine,
Thy wonders and kindness I'll trace,
And shall sing thy glory divine.
- Amen.

126

SWEET HOUR. M. 12. [8, 8.]

M. 12.

Pr awr weddi.

8, 8.

Sweet Hour.

1 AWR weddi hyfryd, felus awr,
Ti godi f'enaïd uwch y llawr;
Ti'm gelwi at yr orsedd rad,
I ddweyd fy angenion wrth fy Nhad:
Mewn trallod dwys,—cyfyngder caeth,
Gwaredwyd f'enaïd lawer gwaith,
A'm traed rhag maglau uffern fawr,
Trwy'th ail ddyfodiad, felus awr.

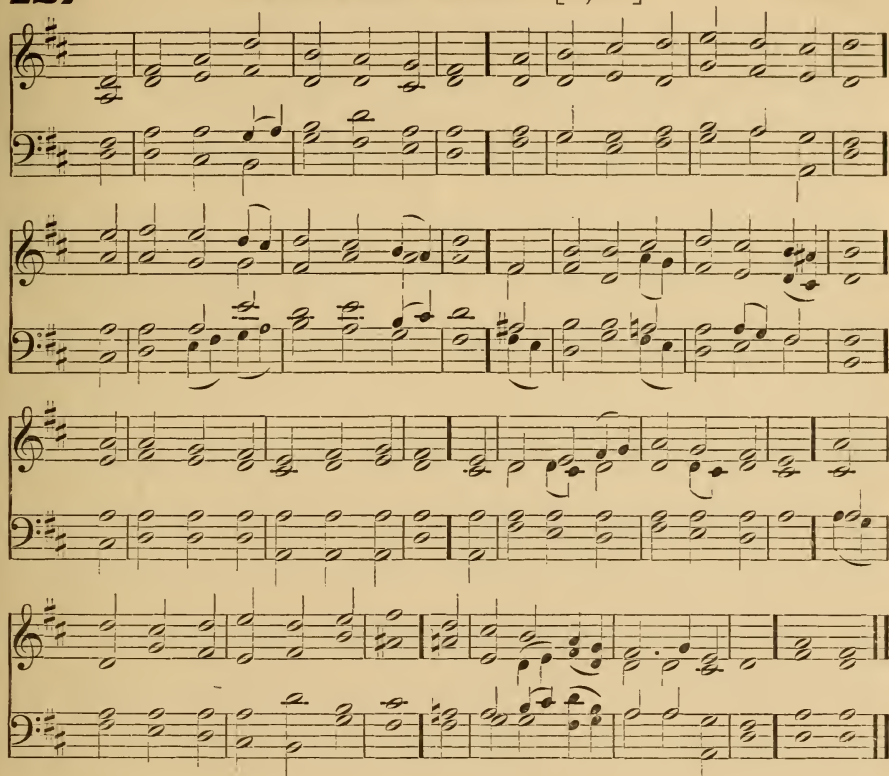
2 Awr weddi hyfryd, felus awr,
Fy ngweddi dwg at Dduw yn awr;
Ei air a roes yn sylfaen gref
Gwrandewir pawb a'i ceisiant ef;
Os ydyw'n galw arna' i'n ddwys,
I gredu ei air—rhoi arno 'mhwys,
Mewn llwyr ymddiried ynddo'n awr,
Disgwyliaf di, hoff felus awr.

[prayer!]
1 SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

[prayer!]
2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And, since He bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!

127

ARABIA. M. 12. [8, 8.]



M. 12.

Crist yn dyfod o Edom.

- 1 Pwy welaf o Edom yn dōd?
 Mil harddach na thoriad y wawr,
 Yn sathru dan wadn ei droed
 Elynon yn lluoedd i'r llawr;
 Ei wisg wedi ei lliwio gan waed,
 Ei saethau a'i gleddyf yn llym,
 A'i harddwch yn llanw'r holl wlad,
 Yn ymdaith yn amllder ei rym.
- 2 Fe gododd i fyny ei law,
 Ymladdodd, enillodd y dydd,
 Ei holl waredigion a ddaw,
 A'r caethion a roddir yn rhydd;
 Enillod fath gonwest trwy waed,
 Mae ganddo lywodraeth mor fawr,
 Hyd eithaf trigfanau ei Dad,
 Mae'n cyraedd o'r nefoedd i'r llawr.
- Amen.

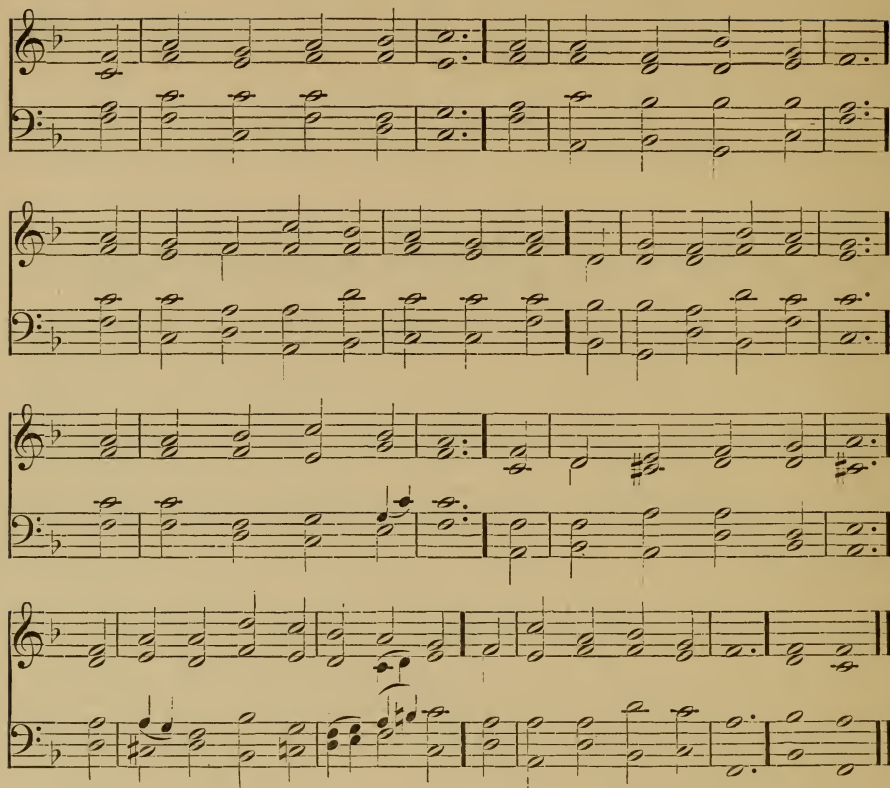
8, 8.

Christ coming from Edom.

- 1 Who is He that comes from Edom,
 With all his raiment stained with blood,
 Mighty Victor, who brings freedom,
 Scattering and bestowing good?
 See the blood his raiment staining;
 It is the blood of many slain;
 Of his foes there's none remaining,
 No, none the contest to maintain.
- 2 The conqueror! see how glorious
 To all the people is the sight!
 Comes the Saviour, now victorious,
 Travelling onward in his might!
 He who gave himself to save us,
 For us the victory has won,
 And of the blood, gift so precious,
 Oh, we will sing what He has done.
- Amen.

128

IONA. M. 13. [S. M. D.]



M. 13.

Hiraeth am y nef.

- 1 Fy ngweddi, dos i'r nef,
Yn union at fy Nuw,
A dywed wrtho ef yn daer,
"Atolwog, Arglwydd, clyw;
Cyflawna'th 'ddewyd wych,
I'm dwyn i'r nefoedd wen;
Yn Salem fry par'to fy lle,
Mewn llys tu fewn i'r llen.
- 2 "Yn nglyn wylofain trist,
Lle bu fy Nghrist 'rwy'n byw;
Ac wrth ryfela a'm gelyn caeth,
Fy nghalon aeth yn friw;
Iacha bob clwyf a brath,
A dail y bywiol bren;
Yn Salem fry par'to fy lle,
Mewn llys tu fewn i'r llen."

Amen.

S. M. D.

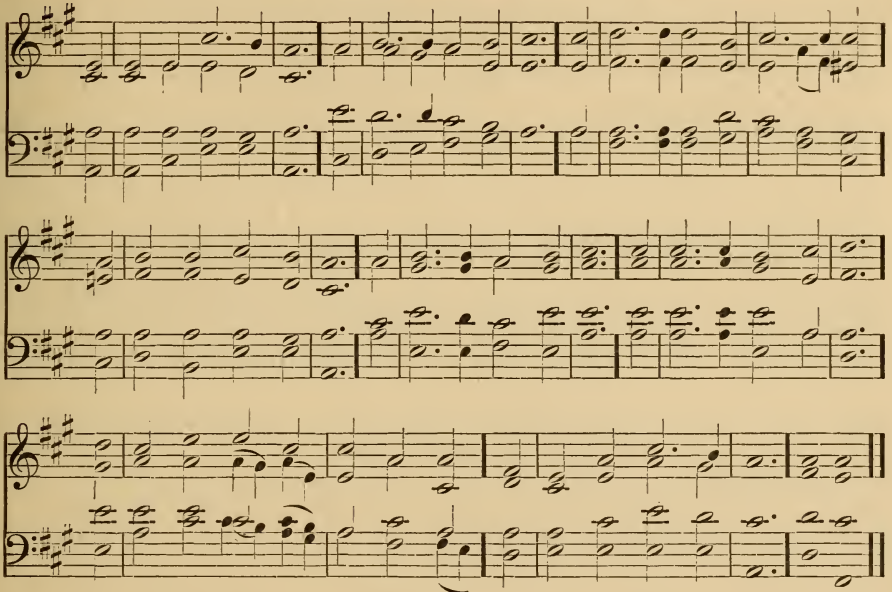
Longing for Heaven.

- 1 DIRECT unto my God,
With speed, my cry ascend;
Present to Him this urgent plea:—
"In mercy, Lord, attend!
Fulfil Thy gracious word,
To bring me to Thy rest;
In Salem soon my place prepare,
And make me ever blest!
- 2 "Down in a vale of tears,
Where dwelt my Christ, I mourn,
And in the conflict with my foes,
My tender heart is torn;
Oh, heal each bleeding wound
With Thy life-giving tree;
In Salem, Lord, above the strife,
A place prepare for me."

Amen.

129

NEARER HOME. M. 13. [S. M. D.]



M. 13.

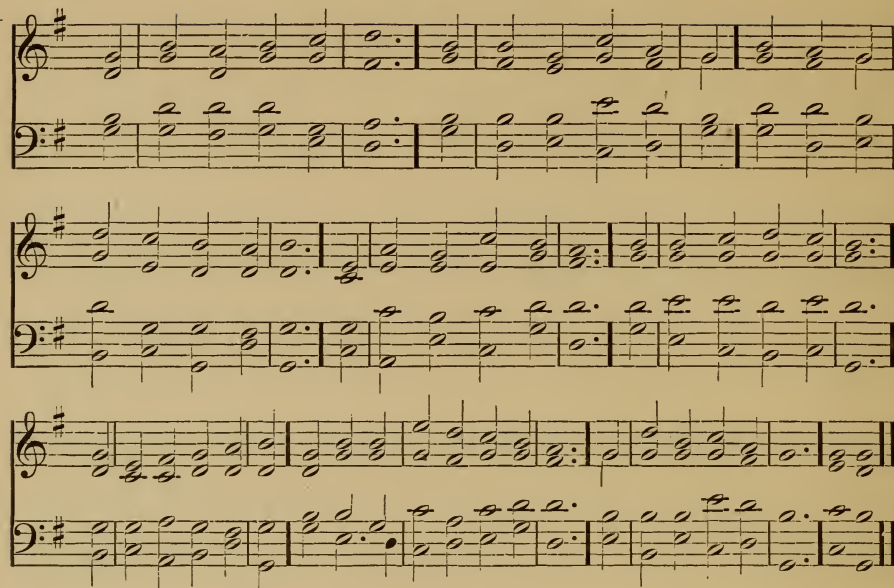
Nesu adref.

- 1 MOR agos ambell waith
I dreiddiol olwg ffydd
Yw tŷ fy Nhad, a phen fy nhaith,
A thoriad nefol ddydd!
Wyf yma heb fy Naf,
Yn mhell o'm nefol wlad,
Er hyn, bob nos, fy mhabell wnaif
Yn nes i dŷ fy Nhad.
- 2 Yn wastad gyd a'm Duw,
Fy Nhad, boed hyn i mi,
A gad im' yma hefyd fyw
Yn agos atat Ti;
Wyf yma heb fy Naf,
Yn mhell o'm nefol wlad,
Er hyn, bob nos, fy mhabell wnaif
Yn nes i dŷ fy Nhad.
- 3 Pan rwygo'r llen yn ddwy,
O dan fy olaf chwyth,
Nid anghwyl fydd fy anghwyl mwy,
Ond bywyd bery byth;
Wyf yma heb fy Naf,
Yn mhell o'm nefol wlad,
Er hyn, bob nos, fy mhabell wnaif
Yn nes i dŷ fy Nhad. Amen.

S. M. D.

Forever.

- 1 "FOREVER with the Lord!"
So; Jesus, let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'T is immortality.
Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam:
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
"Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is Thy will,
The promise of Thy gracious word
Ev'n here to me fulfil.
- 3 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!" Amen.



M. 13

Cefnogaeth i fyned yn mlaen.

- 1 Mi welaf fyrdd dan sel,
Fu 'n ofni fel fy hun,
Oll wedi dringo 'r creigiau serth
I gyd trwy nerth yr Un;
Yn canu 'r ochr draw,
Heb arnynt fraw na phoen,
Ganiadau hyfryd Calfari,
Dyoddefaint addfwyn Oen.
- 2 'Rwyf yn terfynu 'nghred,
'Nol pwysu oll yn nghyd,
Mai cyfnewidiol ydyw dyn,
Ond Duw sy 'r un o hyd:
Ar ei addewid Ef,
Sy 'n noddfa gref i'r gwan,
Mi gredaf do 'i 'mhen gronyn bach,
O'r tonau 'n iach i'r lan.
- 3 Cyflawnir gair fy Nuw,
A deued fel y dël,
Can's holl amcanion nefoedd fry
Bob sillaf sy' dan sel;
Ac ar ei air a'i nerth,
A dwyfol werth ei waed,
Trwy bob gelynyon af yn hy'
I mewn i dy fy Nhad. Amen.

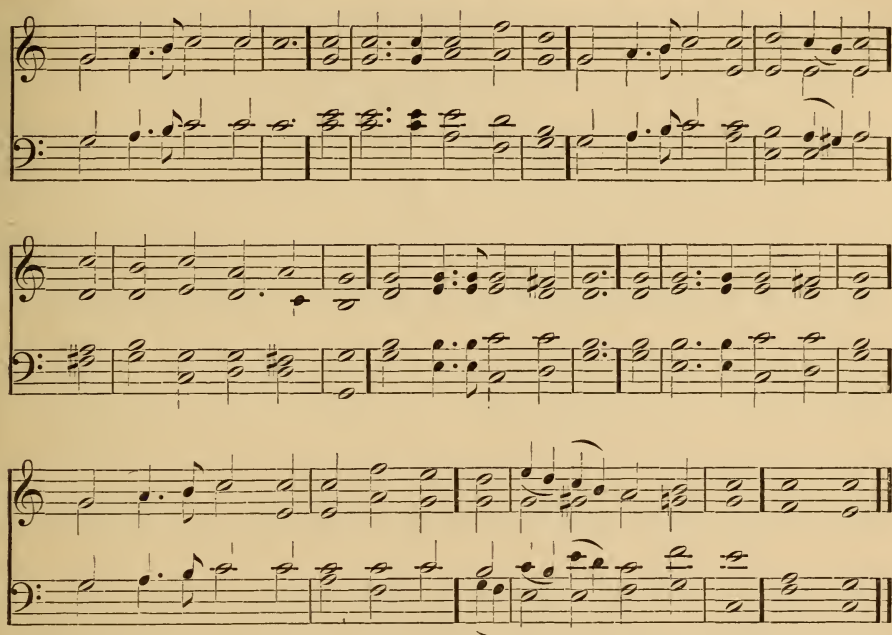
S. M. D.

Who is Gone into Heaven.

- 1 THOU art gone up on high,
To realms beyond the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise:
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.
- 2 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery,
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.
- 3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

131

ST. LLECHID. M. 13. [S. M. D.]



M. 13.

Hyder yn Nuw.

- 1 Fy enaid dos yn mlaen,
 'Dyw 'r bryniau sy' ger llaw
 Un gronyn uwch, un gronyn mwy
 Na hwy a gwrddaist draw;
 Dy anghrediniaeth caeth,
 A'th ofnau maith eu rhi',
 Sy'n peri it' feddwl rhwystrau ddaw
 Yn fwy na rhwystrau fa.

- 2 Yr un yw nerth fy Nuw,
 A'r un yw geiriau 'r nef,
 'R un gras a'r un ffyddlondeb sy'
 'N cartrefu ynddo Ef;
 A thrwy ei air a'i nerth,
 A gwerth y Dwyfol waed,
 Af trwy fy holl elynion hyf
 I mewn i dy fy Nhad.

Amen.

S. M. D.

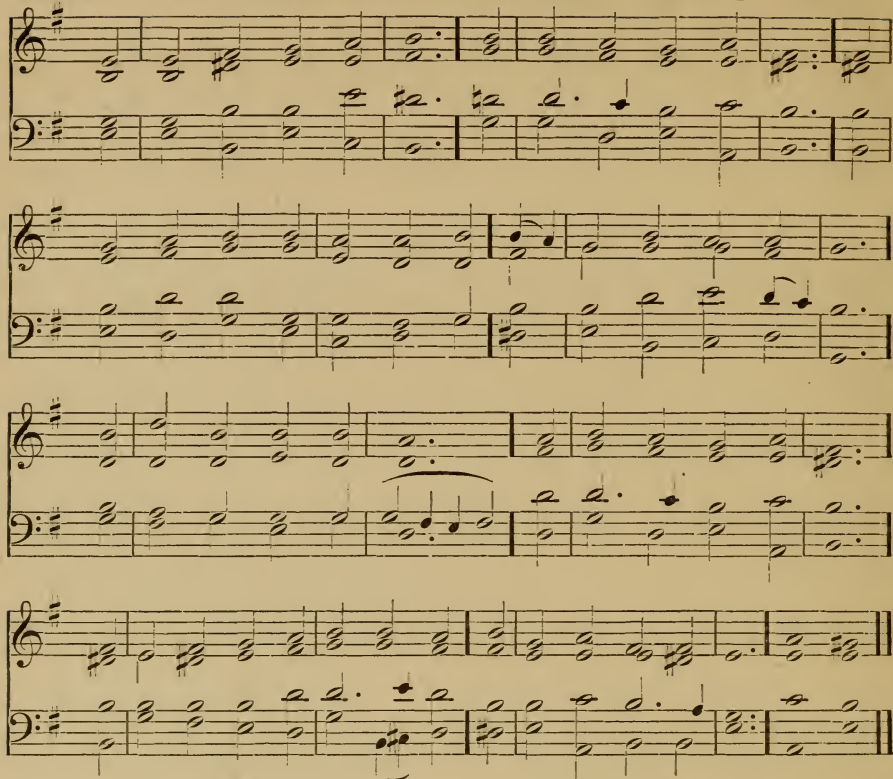
Confidence in God.

- 1 MARCH on, my soul, to rest
 For weary souls designed,
 Where not a care shall stir thy breast;
 There entrance thou shalt find.
 It is thy unbelief
 That makes thee doubt and stand
 And waste away, with pain and grief,
 The time at thy command.
- 2 God is always the same,
 The words of Heaven are true
 To all who trust his faithful name,
 To bring them safely through.
 Then through his strength and word,
 The grace that He has given,
 And by the merits of his blood,
 I'll reach my home in heaven.

Amen.

132

ST. BARNABAS. M. 13. [S. M. D.]



M. 13.

Gras yn gorchfygu.

- 1 O! ARLWYDD tyr'd i lawr,
Mae'n frwydr chwerv iawn
O foreu las-dydd (heb ei hail)
Hyd fachlud haul brydnawn;
Dod râs i nerthu'r gwan,
A dal fi i'r lan yn gryf
Dan demtasiynau, genllif llawn
Sy' a'u tonaau heb ddim rhif.
- 2 Mae'm beiau 'n fawr eu grym,
Megys rhyw fyddin gref
Yn sefyll, fel y creigydd serth,
Yn erbyn nerth y nef;
Tyr'd, anorchfygol râs,
Meddianna'r maes yn awr,
A thôr elynion mawr eu llid
Yn gryno i gyd i'r llawr.

Amen.

S. M. D.

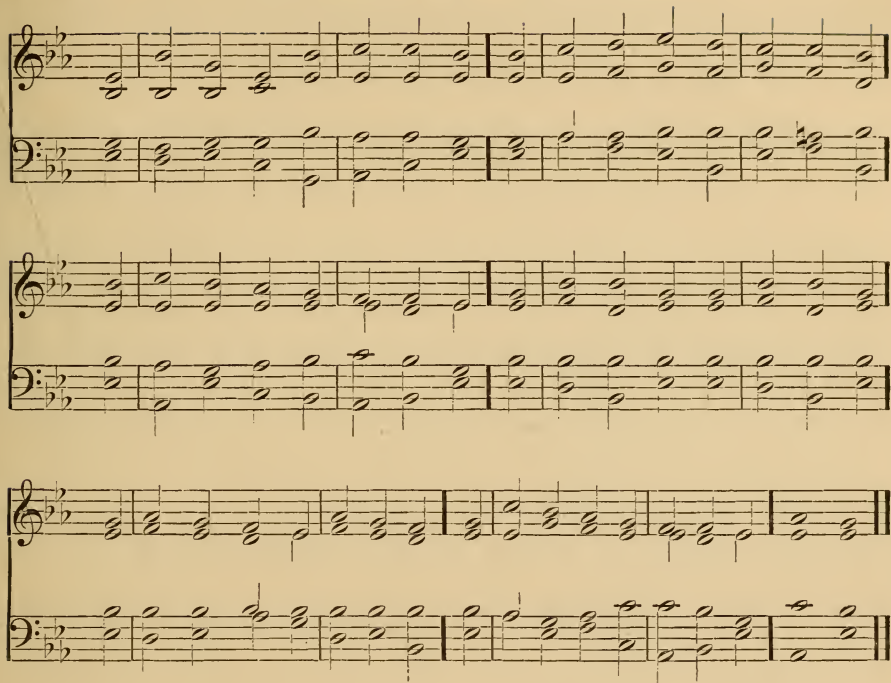
Victorious Grace.

- 1 LORD, oh, now come to me,
For I am sorely pressed;
Fainting, I cry, Jesus, come
And help me to my rest.
Spirit of grace now turn,
My foes from me to flee;
In battle sore my heart do yearn
O Lord, my God, to Thee.
- 2 My sins, like foes, are near,
Heavy and toilsome load, [drear,
They halt my steps through desert
To reach the saints' abode:
Lord, come, and show Thy grace,
The foes with haste outcast,
Give me, all through, Thy shining face,
And bring me home at last.

Amen.

133

KIRBY. M. 13. [8, 8, 8.]



M. 13.

Mawl.

- 1 CHWI weision Duw, molwch yr Ion,
Molwch ei enw â llafar dôn ;
Bendigaid fyddo'i enw Ef ;
O godiad haul hyd fachlud dydd,
Mawr enw'r Ion molianus fydd
Yn y byd hwn ac yn y nef.

- 2 Doed bellach holl dylwythau 'r byd
Or gogledd, dwyrain, de, yn nghyd,
Cânent ei ichawdwriaeth ef.
Dadseinied holl derfynan 'r byd,
Ac aur delynan 'r nef yn nghyd,
No thawont tra b'o nef y nef.

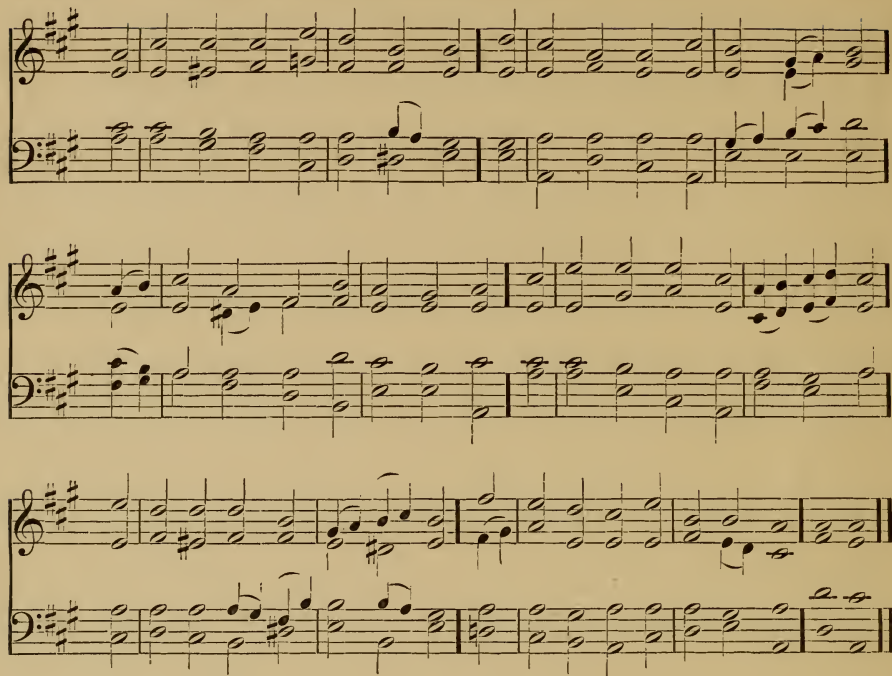
Amen.

8, 8, 8.

Praise.

- 1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His sacred name forever bless ;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.
- 2 Sing out, ye saints of God, and praise
The Lamb who died his flock to raise
From sin and everlasting woe ;
With angels round the throne above,
Oh, tell the wonders of his love,
The joys that from his mercy flow.

Amen.

134 RHOSYN SARON. M. 15. [8, 8, 8.]

M. 15.

Llywodraeth Crist.

- 1 MAE agoriadau nef y nef
Yn crogi wrth ei wregys Ef,
Angau ac uffern fawr yn nghyd;
Yr orsedd fawr—a'r goron wên,
Sy'n awr yn ddysglaer ar ei ben,
Enillodd drwy ei angau drud.
- 2 Am waith ei gariad ar y groes
Molienir Ef o oes i oes,
Tra byddo cyfrif oesau'n bod;
Digrifweh pur y nef a'i gwaith,
Hyd eithaf tragwyddoldeb maith,
Fydd edrych arno a chanu'i glod.

Amen.

8, 8, 8.

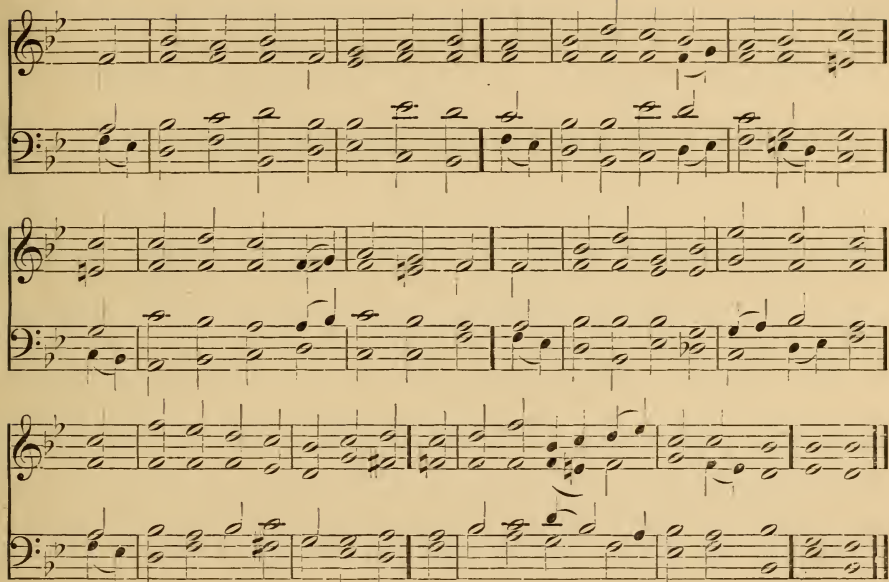
Reign of Jesus.

- 1 THE powers of the highest heaven,
The keys of death and hell, are given
To Him that died on Calvary;
The brightest throne, the crown with
His head bedeck'd with diadems, [gems,
Are laurels of his victory.
- 2 For his great work to save the lost,
Rejoice, ye saints, with God's great hosts,
Till heav'n and earth shall be no more,
And join the praise of this grand throng,
Who with their everlasting song
The Lamb of Calvary adore.

Amen.

135

TALARFON. M. 13. [8, 8, 8.]



M. 13.

Moliant yr Iôn.

- 1 CHWI weision Duw, molwch yr Iôn,
Molwch ei enw â llafar dôn,
Bendigaid fyddo 'i enw Ef;
O godiad haul hyd fachlud dydd,
Mawr enw'r Iôn molianus fydd,
Yn y byd hwn ac yn y nef.
- 2 Dyrchafodd Duw uwch yr holl fyd,
A'i foliant aeth uwch nef i gyd,
Pwy sy' gyffelyb i'n Duw ni?
Yr hwn a breswyl yn y nef,
I'r ddaear ymddarostwng Ef,
Gwêl Ef ein cam, clyw Ef ein cri.
- 3 Trwy'r nef y trysor penaf yw
Anfeidrol rinwedd gwaed fy Nuw,
Holl sylwedd y caniadau i gyd;
A dyna'r gwaed a roddodd Iawn
I eithaf llym gyfiawnder llawn,
Fy hedd a'm cysur yn y byd.
- 4 Trwy rinwedd hwn caf dawl fyw,
Uwch brâd gelynyon o bob rhyw,
O swm pob trafferth a phob gwae;
A threulio tragwyddoldeb mwy
I ganu am ei ddwyfol glwy'.
Mewn anthem fythol i barhau.

Amen.

8, 8, 8.

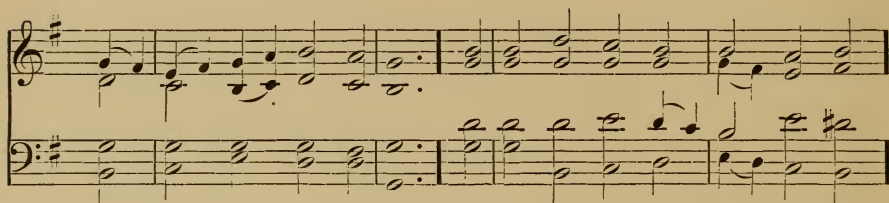
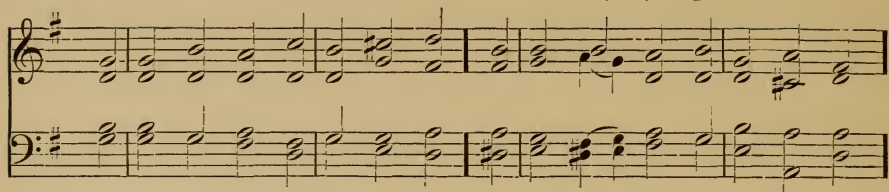
The Gift of Heaven.

- 1 FROM highest heaven th' Eternal Son,
With God the Father ever One,
Came down to suffer and to die;
For love of sinful man He bore
Our human griefs and troubles sore,
Our load of guilt and misery.
- 2 Sing out, ye saints of God, and praise
The Lamb who died his flock to raise
From sin and everlasting woe;
With angels round the throne above,
Oh, tell the wonders of his love,
The joys that from his mercy flow.
- 3 In darkest shades of night we lay,
Without a beam to guide our way,
Or hope of aught beyond the grave:
But He hath brought us life and light,
And opened heaven to our sight,
And lives forever, strong to save.
- 4 Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice;
Sing out, and praise with cheerful voice
The Lamb whom heaven and earth
To Him who gave his only Son, 'adore:
To God the Spirit, with them One,
Be praise and glory evermore.

Amen.

136

ST. ALWEN. M. 16. [8, 8, 6.]



M. 16.

Cyfarfod yn y Nef.

1 Os rhaid gwahanu'n awr am dro,
Mae'n felus iawn cael dwyn i go'
Gyfarfod pur y nef;
Lle cawn gydwledda'n ddiwahan,
Yn nghwmni'r Oen â'r engyl glân,
A chanu "Iddo Ef."

2 Mae yno bawb ar newydd wedd,
Yn llon o hyd a llawn o hedd,
A'u cân am farwol glwy';
Yn dorf ddirif a'u llestri'n llawn
O bur ddedyddwch nefol iawn,
Heb raid ymadael mwy.

3 Cymhwysa ninau, Arglwydd mawr,
I uno â'r dyrfa uwch y llawr
Heb ofni poen a gwae;
A threulio ein tragwyddol oes
Yn nghwmni'r Gŵr fu ar y groes,
A'i weled fel y mae.

Amen.

8, 8, 6.

How Sweet to Meet in Heaven.

1 Oh, we shall now depart in love,
And think how sweet to meet above,
The songs of heaven to sing,
Where's no corroding care nor pain,
And where we ne'er shall part again,
Where Christ his glory brings.

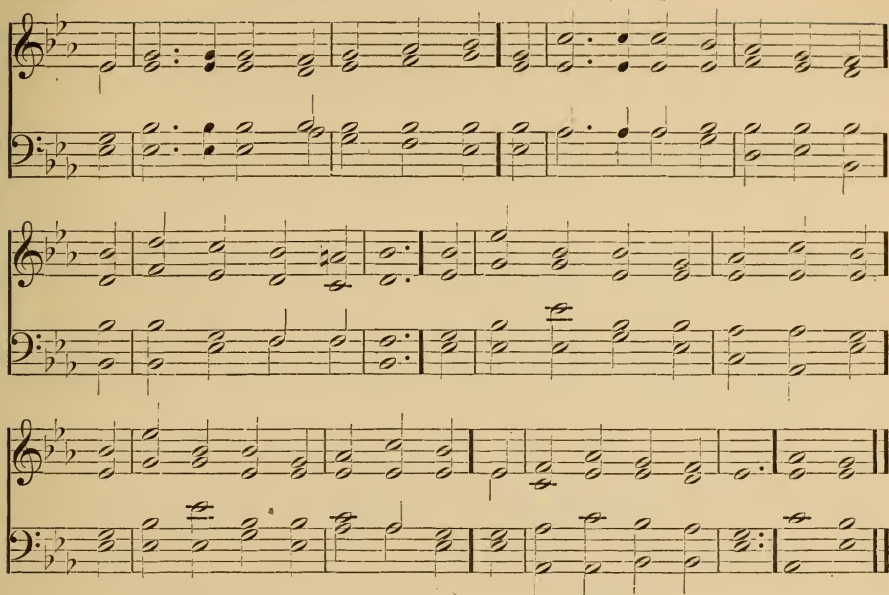
2 There all the saints are dress'd in white,
With brightest joy in heavenly light,
Singing of his great love; [mirth,
Mingling their songs with heav'nly
And drawing life from Jesus's death,
E'er in the world above.

3 Oh, make us ready, Lord, to sing
This song of love, and tributes bring,
And leave this world so gross,
To spend our everlasting days
In the triumphant heavenly lays
Of glory to the cross.

Amen.

137

TADMOR. M. 16. [8, 8, 6.]



M. 16.

"Pwy yw hon,"

- 1 O! Pwy yw hon sy'n dod yn hy',
Yn lew i'r lan, fel rhwng dau lu,
O'r dywell Aiphtaidd wlad,
Gan roddi pwys ei henaid pur,
Ar Iesu gwiw, 'r Messia gwir,
Ei frynd a'i Phrynwyr rhad?
- 2 O'r dyfnder dŷ i'r lan y daeth,
Tua 'r wlad sy'n llofio o fêl a llaeth,
Yr etifeddiaeth fras;
Yn llawn o heddwch mae'n awr mewn hwyl,
Ar nefol gaine yn cadw gwyl,
Am ddod o'r Aipht i maes.
- 3 Fel boreu wawr fe welir hon;
Teg fel y lloer ei gwyneb llon,
Mewn cariad, gras a heddwch:
Fel haul heb un brycheuyn du,
Ofnadwy fel banerog lu:
On'd hyfryd yw ei gwedd?
- 4 Duw sy iddi 'n blaid, hi ga' ddod o'i blaen
Y cwmwl niwl a'r golofn dân,
Eneiniad yr holl saint;
Hi ŵyr y ffôrdd i'r Ganaan draw,
Ni chyfeiliarnu ar un llaw,
Nes cael meddianu 'r fraint.

Amen.

8, 8, 6.

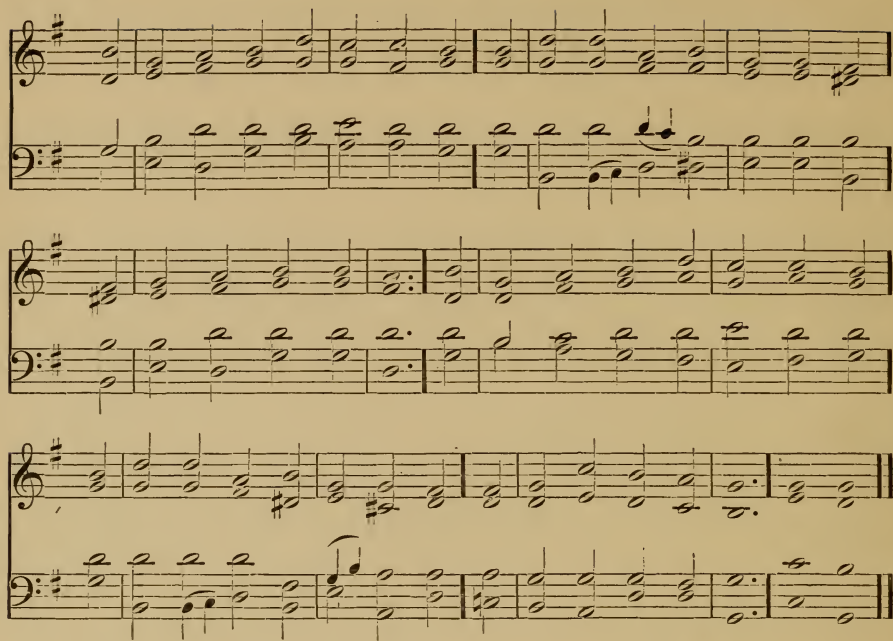
Love Divine,

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.
- 4 Forever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet,
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Amen.

138

INSBRUCK. M. 16. [8, 8, 6.]



M. 16.

Eden a Chalfaria.

8, 8, 6.

Happy in Christ.

- 1 Yn Eden, cofiaf hyny byth,
Bendithion gollais rif y gwllth,
Syrthiodd fy nghoron wiw;
Ond buddugoliaeth Calfari,
Enillodd fwy yn ol i mi,
Mi gânaſ tra b'wyf byw.
- 2 Ar Galfari yn ngwres y dydd,
Y caed y gwystl mawr yn rhydd,
Trwy gollŷ gwaed yn llŷ;
Ac yno talu anfeidrol iawn,
Nes clirio llyfrau 'r nef yn llawn,
Heb ofyn dim i mi.
- 3 Dros f' enaid i bur addfwyn Oen,
Fel hyn yn dyoddef dirfawr boen,
I'm gwneud yn rhydd yn wir;
'Roedd yn ei fryd orphenu 'r gwaith
O eithaf tragwyddoldeb maith,
O f' enaid, cofia 'i gur!

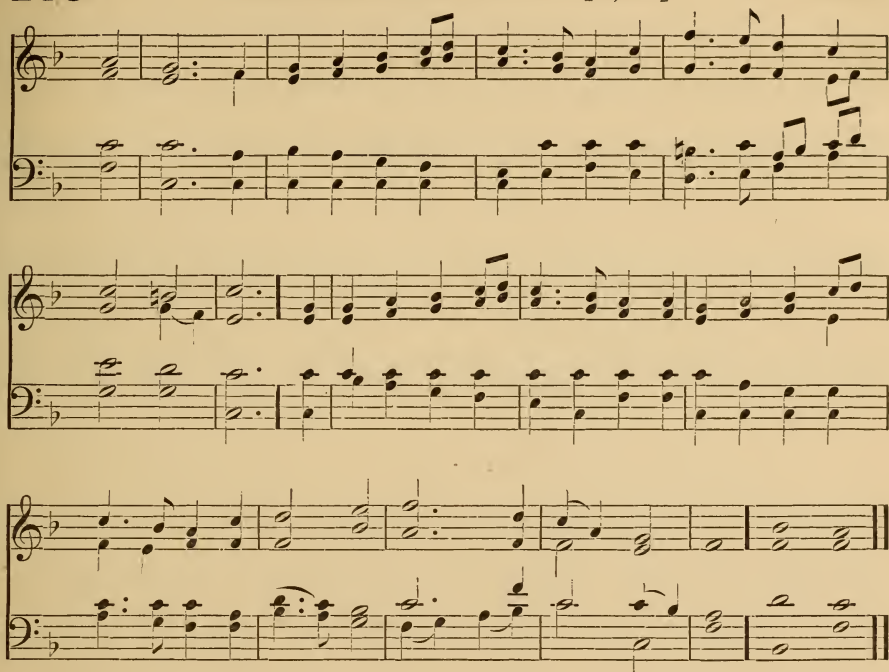
Amen.

- 1 O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.
- 2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!
- 3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

Amen.

139

DANVILLE. M. 17. [2, 8.]



M. 17.

Gorfoledd y Saint.

- 1 BYDD, bydd,
 Rhyw ganu peraid iawn ryw ddydd,
 Pan ddelo'r caethion oll yn rhydd;
 Fe droir eu ffydd yn olwg fry,
 Cydunant byth heb dewi a sôn
 I foli'r Oen fu ar Galfari.

- 2 Ond gwledd
 Sydd eto'n bod tu draw i'r bedd,
 Dros byth i'w chael i'rgwael en gwedd;
 Lle bydd caniadau maith di ri,
 I bara beunydd yn ddi-boen,
 Gan foli'r Oen fu ar Galfari.

Amen.

2, 8.

Glory in the Cross.

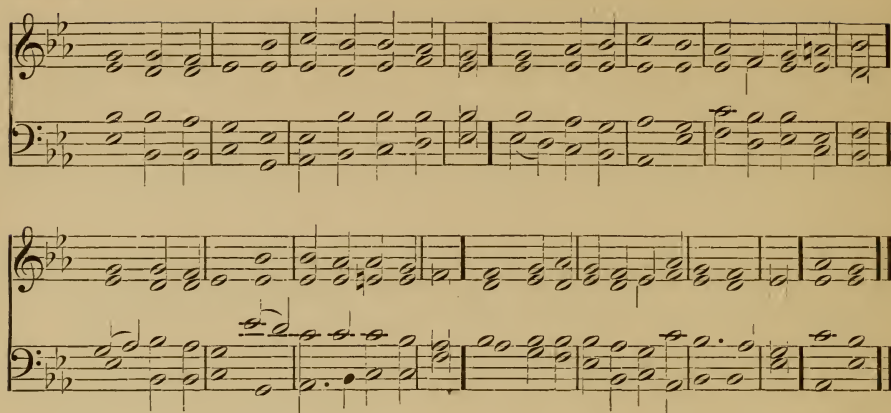
- 1 THERE, there,
 In the celestial realms so fair, [care,
 When slave-bound saints are free from
 And will in heavenly circles move,
 Then in the everlasting throng
 They'll sing the song of Jesus's love.

- 2 Gain, gain,
 Forever free, without a pain,
 In perfect peace they shall remain;
 They once so poor shall come to see
 That they have now an heavenly wealth
 Through Jesus's death on Calvary.

Amen.

140

EVENTIDE. M. 19. [10. 4 lines.]



M. 19.

Aros gyda mi.

- 1 O! AROS gyda mi, y mae 'n hwyrhau,
Tywyllweh, Arglwydd, sydd o'm deutu
'n cau;
Pan gilia pob cynhorthwy, O bydd Di,
Cynhorthwy pawb, yn aros gyda mi.
- 2 Cyflym ymgilia dydd ein bywyd brau,
Llawenydd, mawredd daear sy'n pell-
hau;
Newid a darfod y mae 'r byd a'i fri;
O! 'r Digyfnwid, aros gyda mi.
- 3 Nid fel ymdeithydd Arglwydd, ar ei
daith,
Ond aros gyda mi dros amser maith;
Fel dy ddysgyblion gynt, moes wel'd
dy wedd,
Yn llawn tiriondeb pur a dwyfol
hedd.
- 4 Mae arnaf eisieu'th wyneb ar bob awr,
'Does ond dy ras ddyrysa'r temtiwr
mawr:
Pwy all fy arwain, Arglwydd, fel Tydi?
Bob dydd a nos, O! aros gyda mi.
- 5 Nid ofnaf neb pan fyddi di gerllaw;
Ni theimlaf ddim o ingoedd poen a
braw: [bedd?
Pa le mae colyn aneu? p'le mae 'r
Gorchfygaf hwynt os caf ond gwel'd
dy wedd.

Amen.

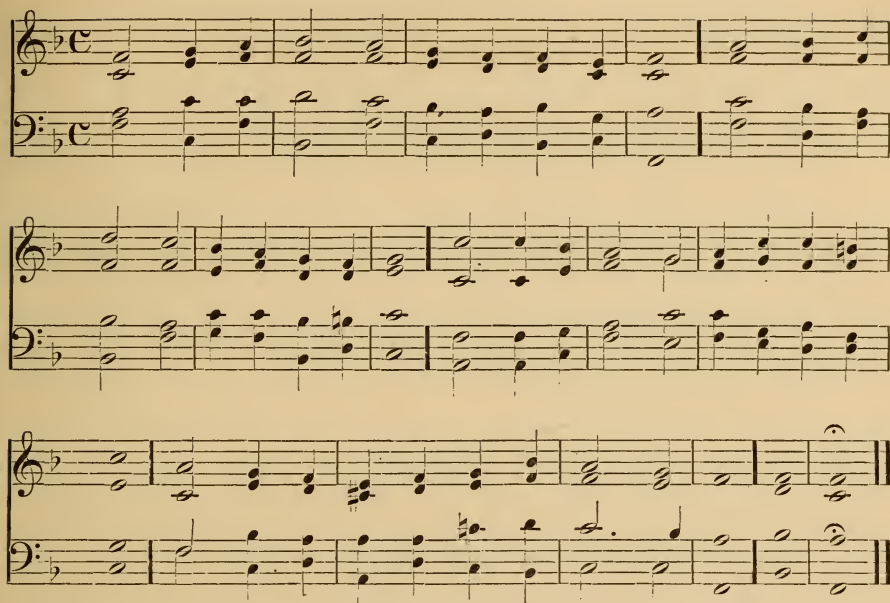
10. 4 lines.

Abide with Me.

- 1 ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me
abide! [flee,
When other helpers fail, and comforts
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour,
What but thy grace can foil the
tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay
can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide
with me!
- 4 Not a brief glance I long, a passing
word; [Lord,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing
eyes; [to the skies;
Shine through the gloom, and point me
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Amen.

141 PILGRIM'S SONG. M. 19. [10. 4 lines.]



M. 19.

Galwad ar y Pererin.

1 FY enaid! c'od, sefydla'th wamal
fryd,

Myn'd heibio mae plerau pena 'r byd;

O! dring i fynu, ac anghofia 'n awr

Bob peth a enw 'r Ddaear yma 'n
fawr.

2 Draw, draw, yn mhell tu hwnt i'r
tywyll fedd,

Mae'th gysur oll, dy bleser a dy hedd;

Mae Iesu yno—ef ei hunan yw

Y cwbl feddaf byth i farw a byw.

3 Ffarwel i'r oll a welaf is y ne',
Ond im' gael Duw yn unig yn eu lle;

Mae fy nymuniad yn terfynu 'n un,
Heb ddim yn eisieu, ynddo Ef ei hun.

Amen.

10. 4 lines.

Pilgrim's Song.

1 WEARY of earth, and laden with my
sin,

I look at heav'n and long to enter in,

But there no evil thing may find a home;

And yet I hear a voice that bids me
"Come."

2 The while I fain would tread the heav-
enly way,

Evil is ever with me, day by day;

Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,

"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed
from all."

3 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, right-
eous Lord; [ward;

Thine all the merits, mine the great re-

Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the

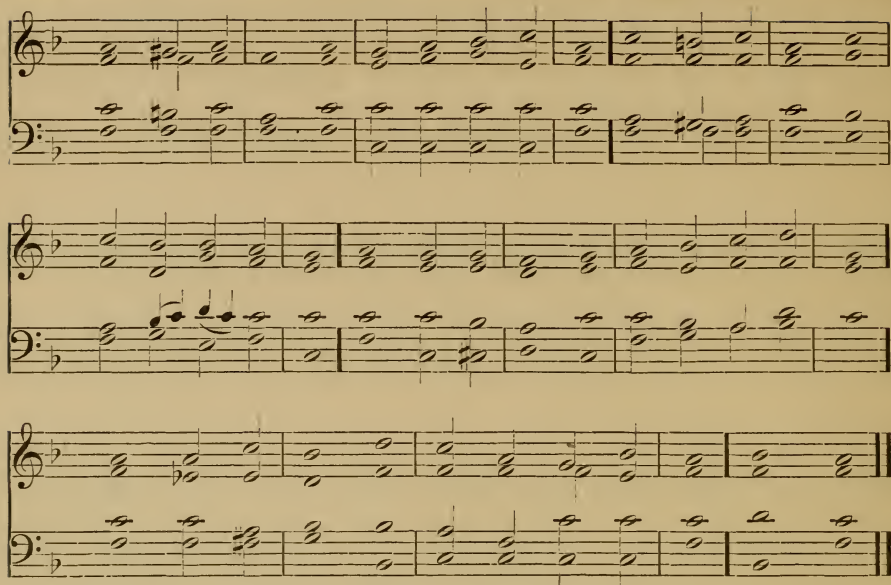
golden crown, [down.

Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid

Amen.

142

BANBURY. M. 19. [10. 4 lines.]



M. 19.

Arfaeth Duw.

1 CYN llunio'r byd, cyn lledu'r nefoedd
wên,
Cyn gosod haul na lloer na sêr uwch ben,
Fe drefnwyd ffordd, yn nghynghor Tri
yn Un,
I achub gwael golledig, euog ddyn.

2 Trysorwyd gras, ryw anherfynol stôr,
Yn Iesu Grist cyn rhoddi deddf i'r
môr;
A rhedeg wnaeth bendithion arfaeth
ddrud,
Fel afon gref lifeiriol dros y byd.

3 Mae'r udgorn mawr yn seinio'n awr
i ni
Olyngdod llawn, trwy'r Iawn ar Gal-
fari;
Mawl yn mhob iaith, trwy'r ddaear faith
a fydd,
Am angu'r groes a'r gwaed a'n rhoes
yn rhydd.

Amen.

10. 4 lines.

Abide with me.

1 ABIDE in me, O Lord, and I in Thee,
From this good hour, oh, leave me
nevermore;
Then shall the discord cease, the wound
be healed, [o'er.
The life-long bleeding of the soul be

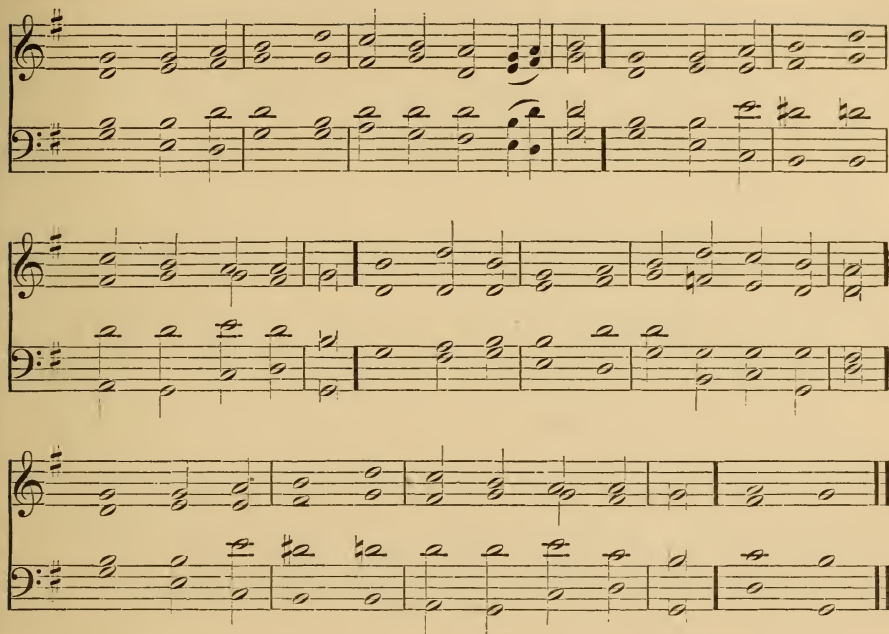
2 Abide in me; o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark
thought of sin;
Quench ere it rise, each selfish, low de-
sire, [and divine.
And keep my soul as Thine,—calm

3 As some rare perfume in a vase of
clay,
Pervades it with a fragrance not its
own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal
soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems
around it thrown.

Amen.

143

CLOD. M. 19. [10. 4 lines.]



M. 19.

Undeb yr Eglwys.

- 1 MAE eglwys Dduw,
Trwy 'r ddaer a'r nef yn un,
Y meirw a'r byw,
A'u cydsain yn gytûn;
"Teilwng yw 'r Oen,"
Medd seintiau yn y nef—
"Teilwng yw 'r Oen,"
Yw 'n llafar ninau a'n llef.

- 2 Darfydded sôn
Am bob ymryson mwy—
Partiôl farn,
A rhagfarn, lawr a hwy;
Doed ysbryd hedd,
Tangnefedd yn eu lle,
A chariad pur,
O'r cariad sy yn y ne'.

Amen.

10. 4 lines.

Unity in the Church.

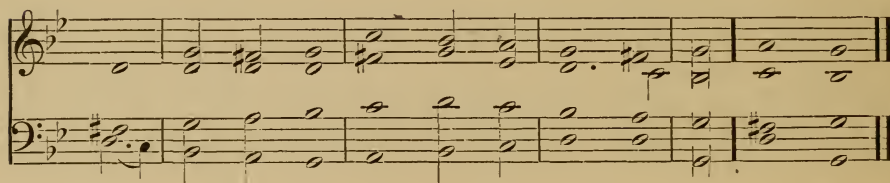
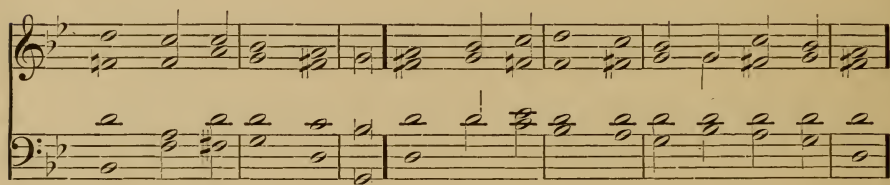
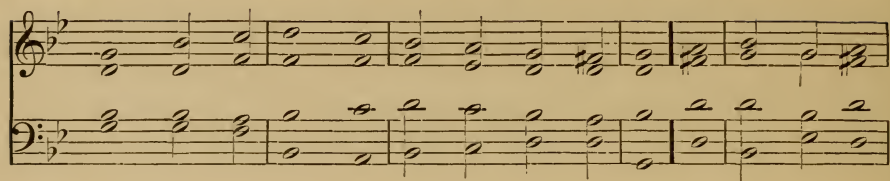
- 1 THROUGH heaven and earth
The church of God will sing,
Living and the dead will
Their tribute bring;
"Worthy the Lamb,"
The highest note above
Should move our hearts
To sing "Worthy his love."

- 2 Party contention and
Dispute and strife
Will all be swept away
By higher life.
The wealth of love
Which our Lord has given,
Shall deluge the earth
With the peace of heaven.

Amen.

144

ERFYNIAD. M. 19. [10. 4 lines.]



M. 19.

Llef am adnewyddiad.

- 1 At orsedd gras mi af i ddweyd fy
nghwyn;
Bydd im', O Dduw, yn Dad a Cheid-
wad mwyn:
O cadw fi o rwydau 'r gelyn câs,
Dan gysgod nawdd dy annherfynol
ras.
- 2 O cofia 'r hedd rai prydiau roist i
lawr,
I'm henaidd trist, mewn cyfyngderau
mawr;
Rho eto nerth, y mae fy enaid gwan,
Gan rym y don, yn methu d'od i'r lan.
- 3 Mi ro'wn y byd, a'r oll sydd ynddo
'n awr, [awr;
Am dy fwynhau un fynydd fach o'r
Mae golwg arnat lawer iawn yn well
Na llawnder holl drysorau 'r gwledydd
pell.

Amen.

10. 4 lines.

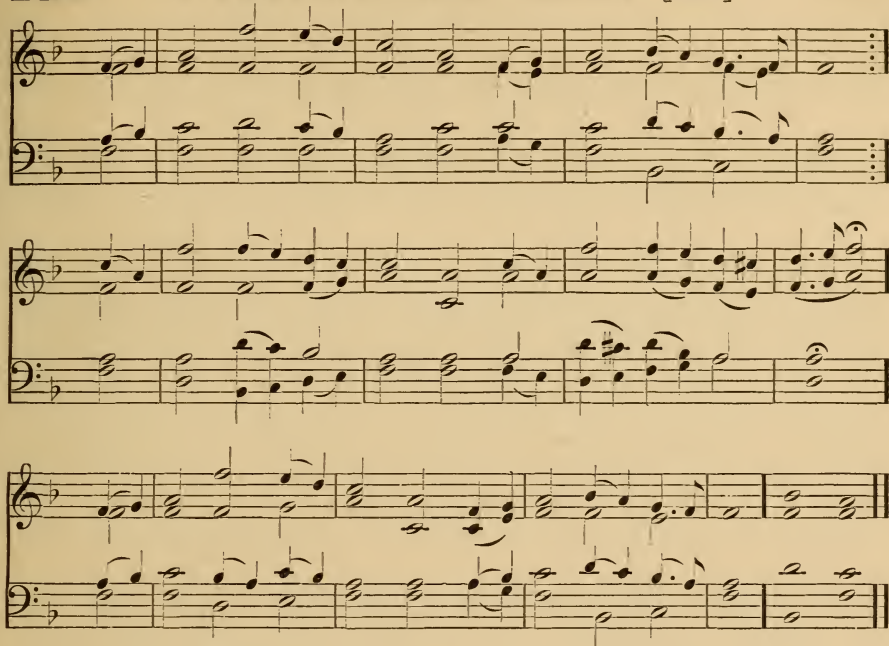
The Throne of Grace.

- 1 THE throne of grace is on our home-
ward way,
To it we'll come, and will in secret
pray;
Be Thou, our God, our Father, Saviour,
dear; [not fear.
And there, beneath Thy wing, we shall
- 2 Grant us 'Thy peace through every
day and night;
For us the darkest hour turn to light;
In harm and danger make Thy chil-
dren brave, [wave.
In wildest tempest let them ride the
- 3 I'd give the world, its honor and its
strife, [only life;
For the sweet balm and joy of heav-
Westand to bless Thee ere our worship
cease,
And lowly wait for Thine eternal peace.

Amen.

145

Y RHOSYN OLAF. M. 20. [11s.]



M. 20.

Dyfynder Doethinel.

- 1 O! ddyfynder diwaelod,
Cyfamod a threfn,
Yr arfaeth dragwyddol
Sydd ddyfynder drachefn;
Rhagoddef, rhagweled
Mai syrthio wnai dyn,
Ac ethol Gwardwr
Tragwyddol ei hun.
- 2 O! ddyfynder, pwy fesur
Ddoethineb y ne' ?
Cyfamod tragwyddol
Ni syflir o'i le;
Gosodwyd y sylfaen,
Mor gadarn yw'r graig,
Ti, Arglwydd y lluoedd,
A dd'rysodd y ddraig.

Amen.

11s.

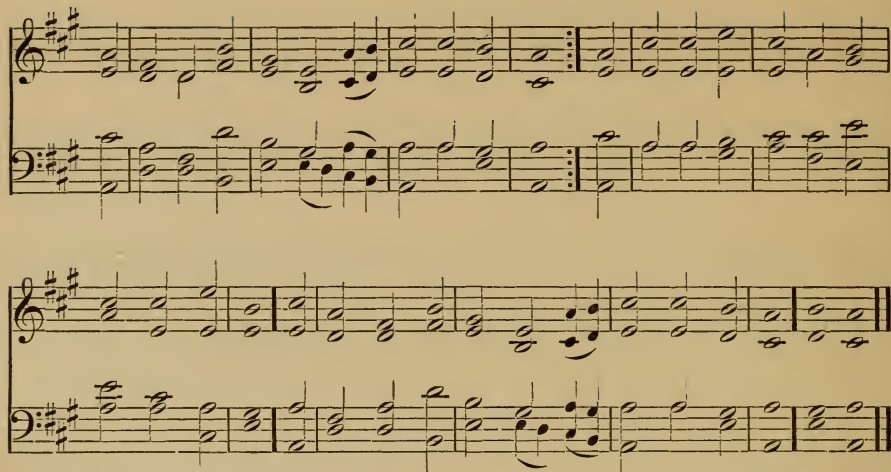
Depth of Wisdom.

- 1 How deep in foundation
The covenant of God!
How wise is the counsel
Of my blessed Lord.
Before the creation,
The fall was foreseen,
And salvation prepared
For sinners unclean.
- 2 Unfathomable deep is
The wisdom of heaven;
To the council eternal
No date can be given.
Like rocks in the ocean,
It never will shake,
He'll never, no, never,
His promise forsake.

Amen.

146

JOANNA. M. 20. [11s.]



M. 20.

Heddwch trwy 'r gwaed.

1 O! GARIAD! O gariad!
Anfeidrol ei faint,
Fod llwch mor annheilwng
Yn cael y fath frain:
Cael heddwch cydwybod
A'i chanu trwy 'r gwaed,
A chorff y farwolaeth,
Sef llygredd, tan draed.

2 Nis gallai 'r holl foroedd
Byth olchi fy mriw,
Na gwaed y cre'duriaid,
Er amled eu rhyw;
Ond gwaed y Messia
A'm gwella 'n ddiobo—
Rhyfeddol yw rhinwedd
Marwolaeth yr Oen.

3 Cydganed y ddaear
A'r nefoedd yn nghyd,
Ogoniant tragwyddol
I Brynwr y byd;
Moliated pob enaid
Yr Arglwydd ar gân,
Am achub anhydyn
Bentewyn o'r tân.

Amen.

11s.

Peace in the Blood.

1 I KNOW not how great is
The love of my God,
That one so unworthy
Was saved by the blood;
I know that my conscience
Is quiet and free,
Through the death of my Saviour,
Who suffered for me.

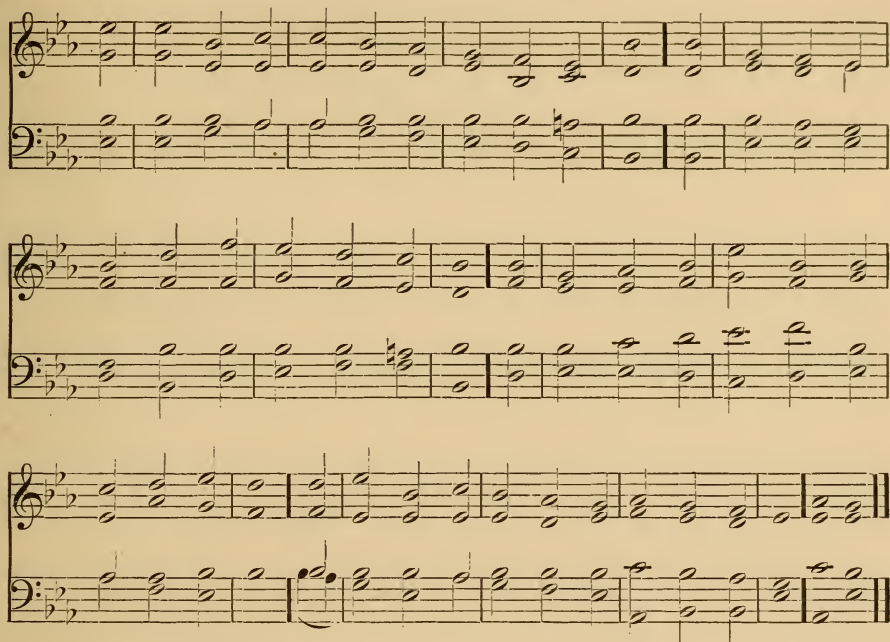
2 The waters of oceans
Could wash not the stain,
Nor blood of all creatures
On earth altars slain;
But the blood of Messiah
From sin will make free;
No refuge, no safety,
Elsewhere can I see.

3 In our Redeemer
Let heaven and earth boast,
For Christ is my Saviour,
I ne'er can be lost;
By Christ will I conquer,
To Him will I sing,
To Jesus, my Saviour,
Jehovah, my King.

Amen.

147

MONTGOMERY. M. 20. [11s.]



M. 20.

Ymhyfrydu yn yr Anwilyd.

- 1 MAE enw f' Anwilyd
Mor anwyl mor fawr ;
Hyfrydwch y nefoedd,
Hyfrydwch y llawr ;
Ni dderfydd ei garu,
Ni dderfydd ei glod,
Tra byddo y nefoedd,
A bydoedd yn bod.
- 2 Wel, bellach mi gredaf
Er nad wyf ond gwan,
Edrychaf o ddyfnder
Y ddaear i'r lan ;
Agorodd o'i gariad
Ffordd newydd a byw,
O ganol tywyllwch
I fynwes fy Nuw.

Amen.

11s.

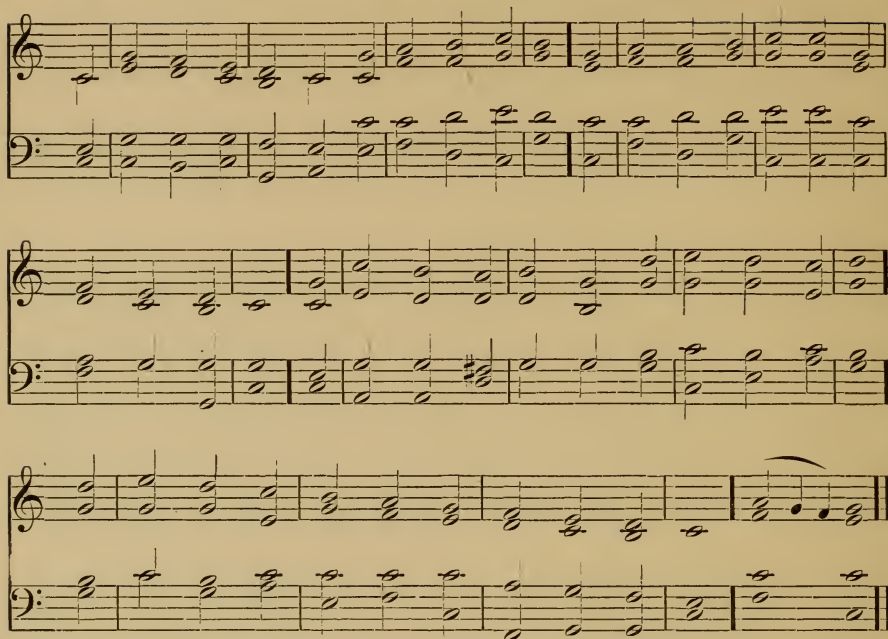
Our Delight.

- 1 O JESUS, we love Thee,
To Thee will we sing ;
Let earth, as the heaven,
Its best tribute bring.
The light of Thy countenance
Shineth so bright,
That now and forever
We need no more light.
- 2 I will no more tremble,
For Thou art so near,
Though the depth where I am
Deprives me of cheer ;
Looking to Jesus,
In his love I can see
A way from this dungeon
To heaven for me.

Amen.

148

OLDENBURG. M. 20. [11s.]



M. 20.

Concwest Iesu.

- 1 HOSANNA i 'n Brenin,
Gorchfygodd ei hun ;
Hosanna am goncwest
Y Duw wnaed yn ddyn :
Deng mil o ganiadau
Roi 'r iddo uwch nen,
A myrdd o goronau
Addurnant ei ben.
- 2 Ei fuddugoliaethau
A'i glodydd ar led,
Trwy 'r ddaear heb ddiwedd
Yn rhyfedd a red :
A chānu dros oesoedd
Tragwyddol a fydd,
Am iddo ar uffern
Lwyr enill y dydd.

Amen.

11s.

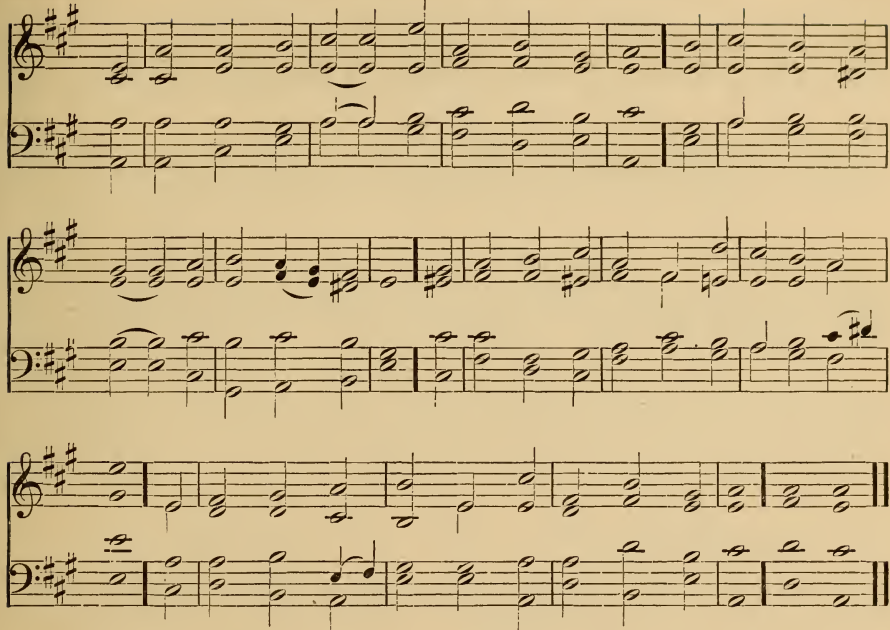
The Conquest of Christ.

- 1 O GLORY to Jesus,
Forever shall be,
His glory shall swell
As the waves of the sea ;
Hosanna to Jesus
The heavens all sing ;
To Him praise and glory
All nations will bring.
- 2 Still looking to Jesus,
Wherever I go,
For power to crush
Under foot every foe.
The arm of the Saviour
The conquest has given,
And life of enjoyment
Eternal in heaven.

Amen.

149

HANOVER. M. 20. [11s.]



M. 20.

Hi a huliodd ei bwrdd.

- 1 CYFLAWNDER didrai
 Sy'n Iesu o hyd,
 Er cymaint ein bai
 A'n hangen i gyd;
 Trysorau digonol,
 O wirfodd y Tad,
 I dlodion ysbrydol,
 Yn rhodd ac yn rhad.
- 2 Mae galwad yn awr,
 Gwahoddiad o hedd,
 Ar waelion y llawr,—
 O, deuwech i'r wledd!
 Gwledd aberth Calfaria,
 Gwledd uchel ei chlod:
 Cawn ynddi oludoedd
 Tra bydoedd yn bod.

Amen.

11s.

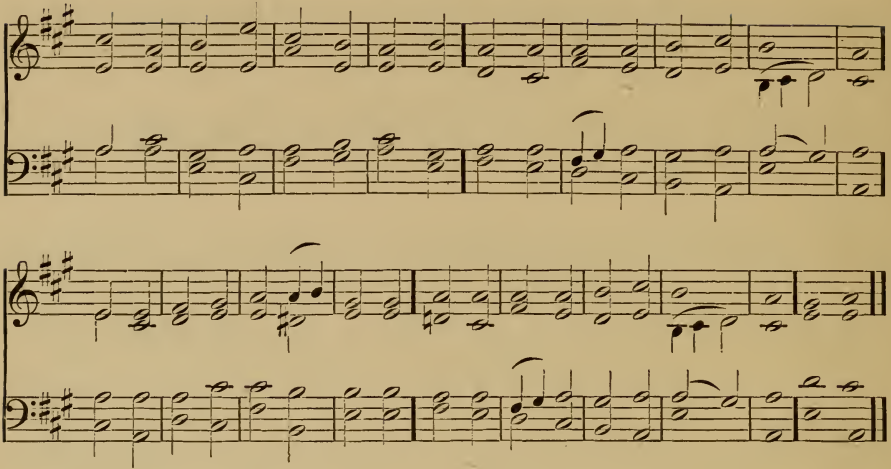
The Banquet-Table.

- 1 THERE is boundless store,
 No want shall we know;
 The treasures of grace
 Like deep waters flow.
 We feed on his mercy,
 In safety we rest,
 The battle is over,
 Oh, come and be blessed.
- 2 The needy and poor,
 Throughout the whole earth,
 Are called to partake
 Of this joy and mirth.
 The banquet is ready,
 The table is spread,
 In midst of affliction,
 We eat and are fed.

Amen.

150

LLANGEITHO. M. 21. [8, 8.]



M. 21.

Gwawrddydd yr Efengyl.

1 AED efengyl, fel y wawrddydd,
 'Nawr i gludo myrdd drwy'r gwledydd;
 Ac aed sain yr udgorn arian
 I ddymchwelyd teyrnas Satan.

2 T'wyned haul ar fyrdd o'r werin
 Sy'n y dwyrain a'r gorllewin:
 Sôn am Iesu lanwo ynysoedd
 Fel mae'r dyfroedd yn toi'r moroedd.

3 Llanwed moroedd iachawdwriaeth
 Gyrau'r byd a gwir wybodaeth:
 Deau, gogledd, a'r holl wledydd
 Fyddo'n dyfod at Fab Dafydd.

4 Llwyddiant i'r cenhaden ffyddlon
 Sy'n cyhoeddi efengyl dirion
 I gael torf ddirif, trwy gredu
 'N berlau heirdd yn nghoron Iesu.

5 Croesaw hyfryd foreu hawddgar
 Pan ddaw lluoedd nef a daear
 I gyd gânu Haleluia
 Byth am haeddiant pen Calfaria.

Amen.

8, 8.

Evening Prayer.

1 GIVER and hearer of prayer,
 Thou Shepherd and Guardian of mine,
 My all to Thy covenant care,
 I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
 The night is no darkness to me;
 And, fast as my minutes roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to Thee.

3 A sovereign protector I have,
 Unseen, yet forever at hand;
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.

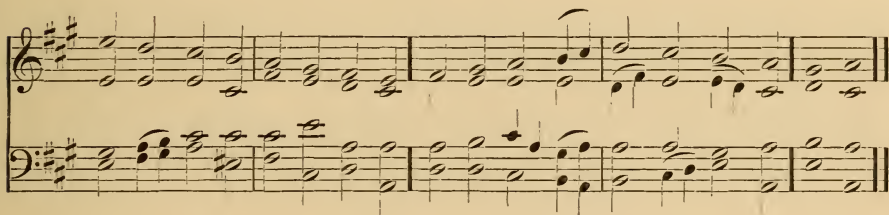
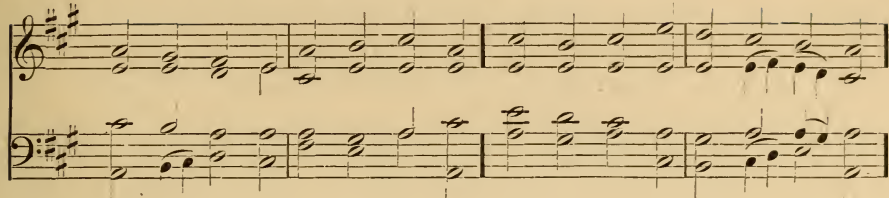
4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
 His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
 And walls of salvation surround
 The soul He delights to defend.

5 All praise to the Father, the Son,
 And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
 Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
 Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

Amen.

151

LLANTRISANT. M. 21. [8, 8.]



M. 21.

Clodforedd y gwaredigion.

1 CANED pechaduriaid mawrion,
Fe gaed noddfa i lofruddion ;
Noddfa glyd rhag llid dialydd,
Noddfa råd yn ngwlad y cystudd.

2 Caned nef a daearolion
Sain hosanna i Frenin Sïon ;
Llawn tosturi yw yn wastad,
Nid oes diwedd ar ei gariad.

3 Canwn mwy am waredigaeth
Heb ei hail, i blant marwolaeth
Talodd Iesu ein dyledion,
A gorchfygodd ein gelynion.

4 Rhyfedd fydd am hyn y cânu,
Pan ddêl Sïon oll i fyny,
At y rhai sy'n awr yn hwylus
Chwareu 'r tanau yn Mharadwys.

Amen.

8, 8.

The Song of the Redeemed.

1 SINNER, come, with sweetest measures,
Sing these great and boundless treasures ;
Here 's a refuge from all dangers,
And a fount of joy for sinners.

2 Come and sing for this salvation ;
Praise the King, ye men of Sion ;
His love and pity will endure,
Give praise to his name forever.

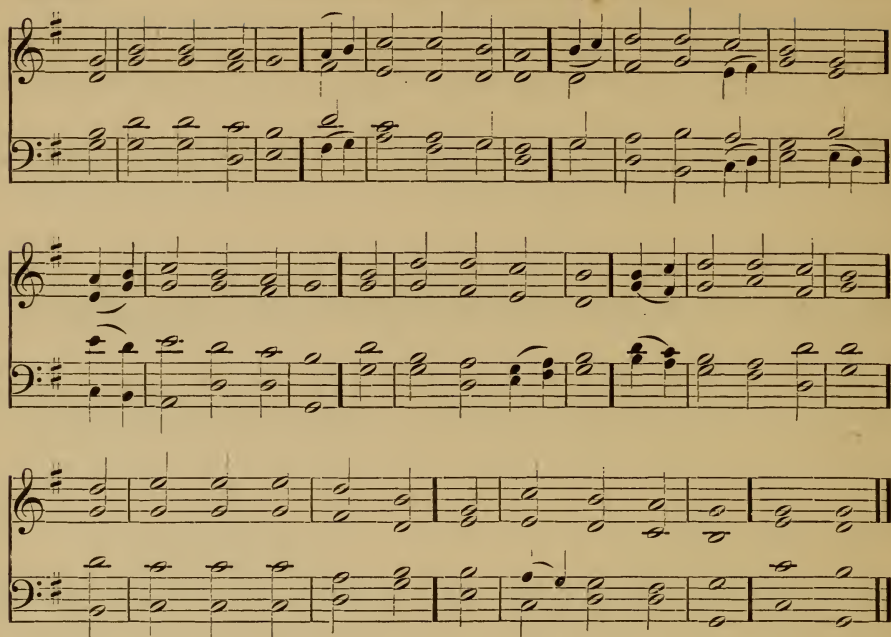
3 Let us praise the King of Sion
For his wonderful salvation ;
All our heavy debt is cancelled,
And our strongest foes are conquered.

4 Great shall be the proclamations,
When comes to Him, from all nations,
Tide of song like many waters,
Joy of Sion's sons and daughters.

Amen.

152

CYSUR. M. 23. [5, 6.]



M. 23.

Trysor y Cristion.

- 1 Y CYSUR i gyd,
Sy'n llanw fy mryd,
Fod genyf drysorau
Uwch gwybod y byd;
Ac er bod hwy 'nghudd,
Nas gwel neb ond ffydd,
Ceir eglur ddatguddiad
O honynt ryw ddydd.
- 2 'Rwy 'n gweled bob dydd,
Mai gwerthfawr yw ffydd,
Pan elwy' i borth angu
Fy angor a fydd;
Mwy gwerthfawr im' yw
Na chyfoeth Peru,
Ei gwrthddrych a'm cynal
Dydd dial ein Duw.

Amen.

5, 6.

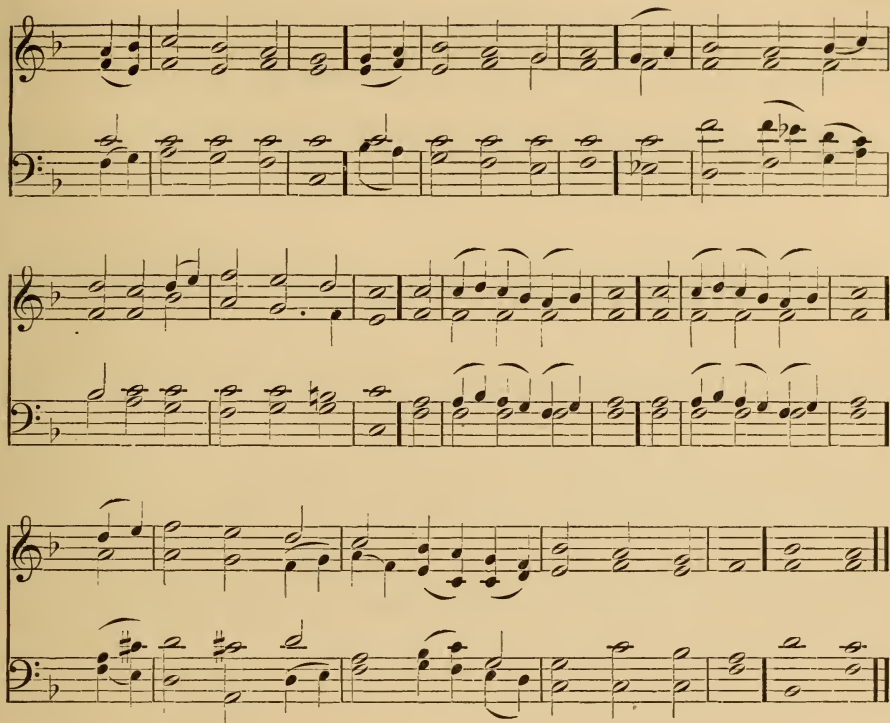
The Christian's Treasures.

- 1 My joy night and day,
My strength all my way,
Are treasures unseen by
The world's sullied eye;
These treasures, although
The world cannot know,
Divine love and mercy
On sinners bestow.
- 2 And these will impart
Their strength to my heart
When from this frail body
My soul must depart;
No other thing may
Help me on that day,
When all earthly glories
Shall vanish away.

Amen.

153

TALIESIN. M. 23. [5, 6, 5.]



M. 23.

Rhinwedd gwaedy groes.

- 1 Fy Iesu mwy fydd
Fy noddfa bob dydd,
O ddyfnder pydewau
Fe'm rhoddodd yn rhydd;
Ni feddaf iachâd
Un dim ond ei waed,—
Fy heddwch a'm haeddiant,
Fy nerth a'm parhâd.

- 2 Rhyw afon a gaed
O ddwfr ac o waed,
O'r orsedd ddysgleirdeg;
Mae'n rhedeg yn rhâd
I wella fy mriw,
Fy meiau o bob rhyw,
A chànu fy enaid
Er dued ei liw.

Amen.

5, 6, 5.

Glory in Christ.

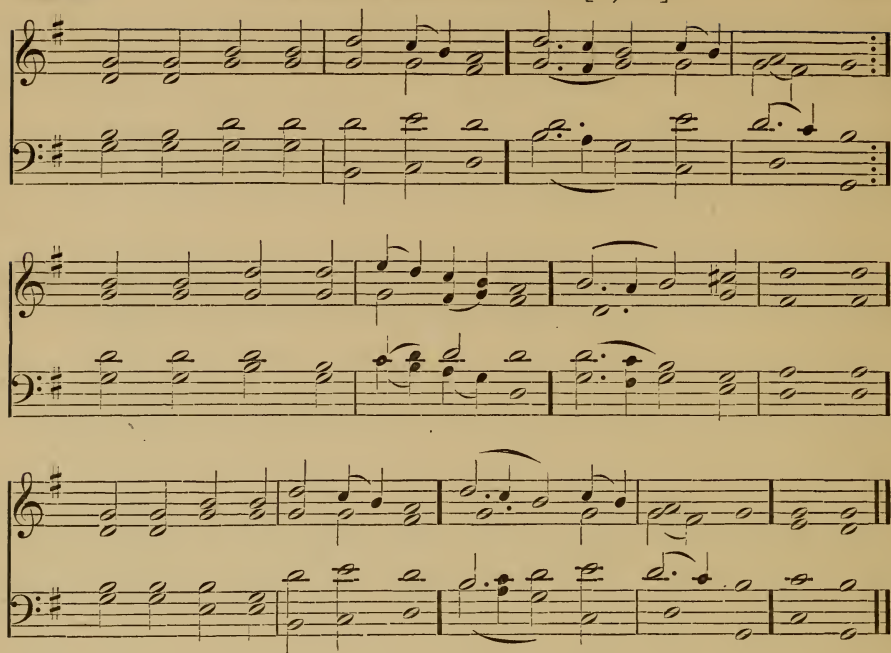
- 1 YE servants of God!
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
He rules over all.

- 2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus, our King.

Amen.

154

LLANFAIR. M. 23. [7, 4.]



M. 23.

Ffynon i beched ac aflendid.

- 1 CÂNED nef a daear lawr,
 Fe gaed ffynon,
 I olchi pechaduriaid mawr,
 Yn glaer wynion;
 Yn y ffynon gyda hwy,
 Minau 'molcha',
 Ac a gânaf byth tra b'wy',
 Haleluia.

- 2 Hedd a chariad, ar y groes,
 Darddodd allan;
 Iesu 'n nyfnder angeu loes,
 Faeddodd Satan;
 Er ei glwyfo dan ei fron,
 Fe orchfygodd;
 Cênir am y frwydr hon
 Yn oes oesoedd.

Amen.

7, 4.

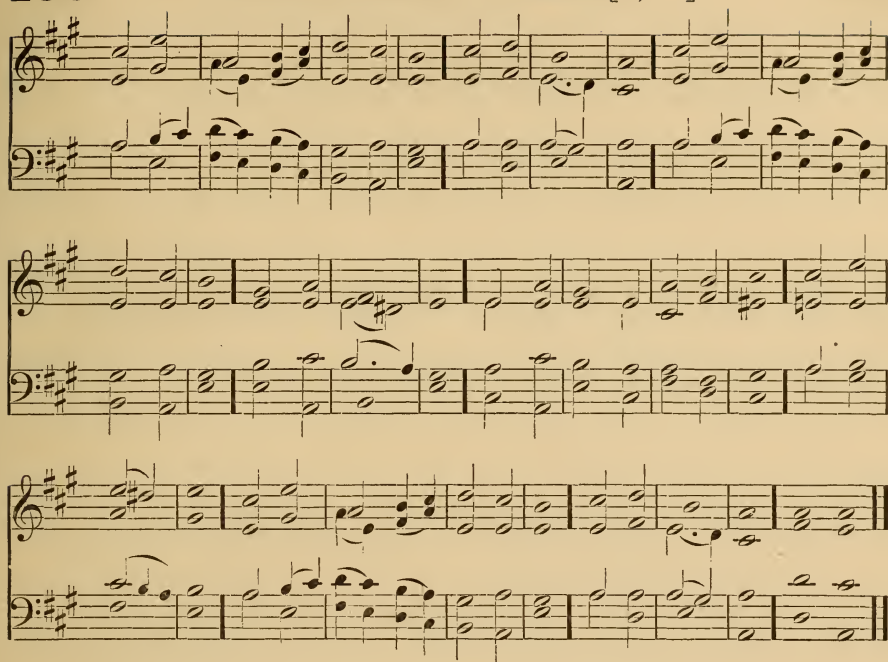
Salvation.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
 He hath saved me;
 Let his glory fill the sky,
 For His mercy;
 Peace and joy He has given,
 Great Jehovah
 Brings to me the joy of heaven,
 Halleluia.
- 2 Peace and love upon the earth,
 Depth of wonder!
 Christ by death redeems from death,
 Without number;
 And though He died, He shall reign,
 Yes, forever;
 For He from death and sad pain
 Will deliver.

Amen.

155

GWALCHMAI. M. 23. [7, 4.]



M. 23.

Calfaria.

- 1 O Galfaria daeth fy hedd,
A fy mywyd;
Ac oddi yno mae fy ngwledd
Nefol, hyfryd:
Tan ei aden dawel wiw,
Byth arosa',
Ac mi ganaf tra b'wyf byw,
Halleluia.
- 2 Buddugoliaeth lân a ddaw,
'Mhen ychydig;
Mi ddysgwiliaf oddi draw,
Wrthi 'n ddiddig:
Yn ei allu mae fy ffydd—
Pwy 'm gorchfyga?
Cânû 'mhleser inau fydd,
Halleluia.

Amen.

7, 4.

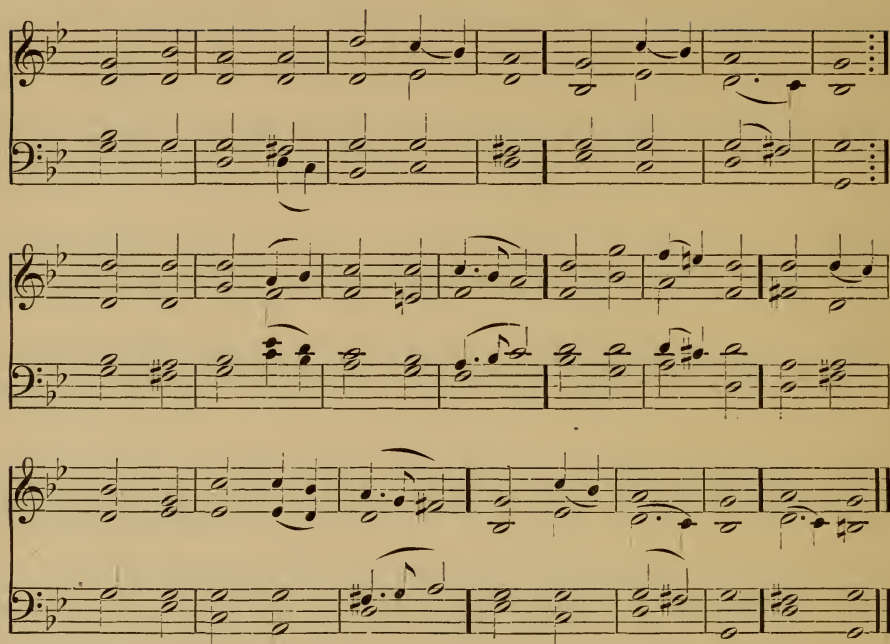
Victorious Cross.

- 1 ON the cross He gave me peace,
And more than life;
To my soul He gave release
From bitter strife;
And beneath the tender wing
Of Jehovah
We may come to rest and sing
Halleluia.
- 2 Shall we ever gain the day?
Yes, right early;
For we'll seek and we will pray
The Almighty
To bring us beneath the wing
Of Jehovah,
There in sweetest strain to sing
Halleluia.

Amen.

156

NEBO. M. 25. [7, 4.]



M. 25

Adeiladu Seion.

- 1 ACHUB Seion, Arglwydd Iôr
 O'i chyfyngder,
 Mae'r dydd nodedig wedi d'od,
 Dyma'r amser;
 Mae dy weision ger dy fron
 Yn gofidio,
 Ac yn hoffi meini hon
 Gan dosturio.

- 2 Pan adeiladir hon drwy lwydd
 Ar y ddaear,
 Bydd Iesu yn ei uchel swydd
 Oll yn hawddgar;
 Pawb a'i gwelant yn ei waith
 Mewn gogoniant,
 A'i eglwys drwy y ddaear faith
 Yn ben moliant.

Amen.

7, 4.

Zion being built,

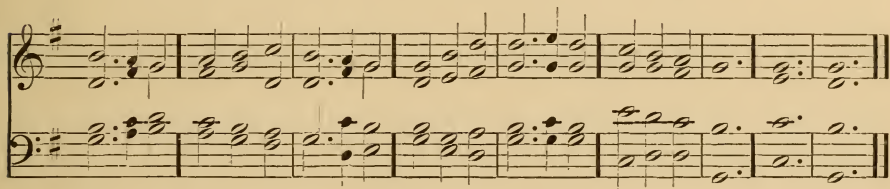
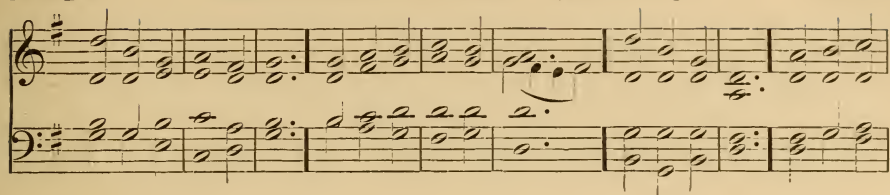
- 1 RESCUE Zion for Thy praise,
 From affliction;
 Are not these the promised days
 Of salvation?
 Lo, Thy servants for her sake
 Weep before Thee,
 And their hearts with longing break,
 Lord, have mercy.

- 2 When Zion is built on high,
 In her glory,
 Then Christ, who is now so nigh,
 Giving mercy,
 Shall above the sky be King,
 And hosanna
 Mingle with the song they sing,
 Halleluia.

Amen.

157

MOSCOW. M. 30. [6, 6, 4.]



M. 30.

Iddo Ef.

1 'DOES destyn gwiw i'm cân
Ond cariad f' Arglwydd glân,
A'i farwol glwy';
Gruddfanau Calfari,
Ac angeu Iesu cu,
Yw ngân a mywyd i,
Hosanna mwy.

2 Caniadau 'r nefol gôr,
Sydd oll i'm Harglwydd Iôr
A'i ddwyfol glwy';
Y frwydr wedi troi,
Gelynyon wedi ffoi,—
Sy'n gwneyd i'r dyrfa roi
Hosanna mwy.

3 Pan ddelo 'r plant ynghyd,
O bedwar cwr y byd,
I'w mangre hwy;
Gobeithiaf yn ddilyth,
Gael telyn yn eu plith,
I gânu heb gwyno byth,
Hosanna mwy.

4 Na ddigied neb o'r plant,
Am i mi gânu ar dant
O'u telyn hwy:
Myfyrio 'r tywydd du
Fu ar ein Iesu cu,
A droes fy ngân mor hy',
Hosanna mwy.

Amen.

6, 6, 4.

Worthy the Lamb!

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name,—
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

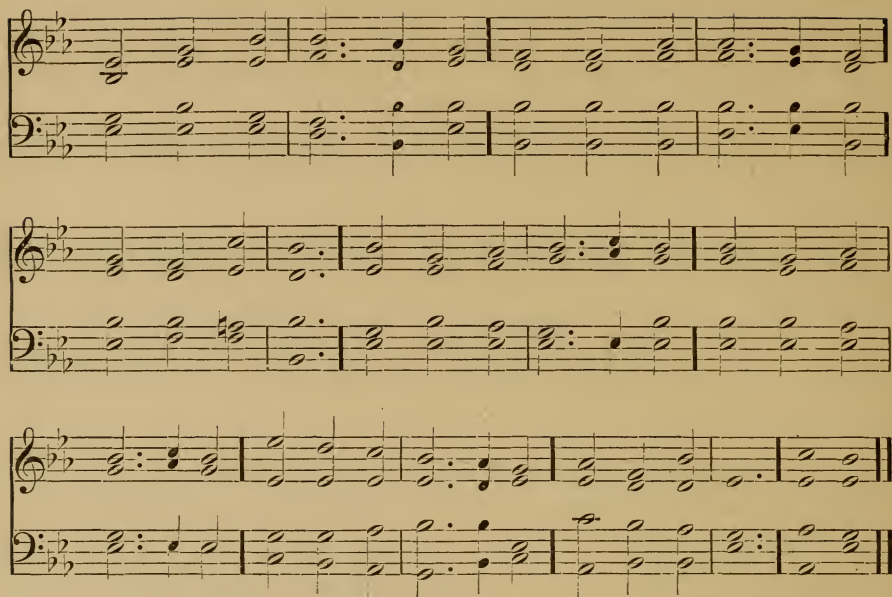
3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name!
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name;
To Him our songs we bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And, through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Amen.

158

OLIVET. M. 30. [3, 6, 4.]



M. 30.

Iesu yr Arweinydd.

- 1 Fy Iesu yw fy Nuw,
Fy Mrawd a'm Prynwr gwiw,
Ffyddlonaf gwir;
Fy enaid arwain wnaeth
O'r gwledydd tywyll caeth,
I wlad o fêl a llaeth
Paradwys bur.
- 2 Mae lluoedd maith y nef
Yn plygu iddo Ef,
Fy Mhrynwr gwiw;
Gan chware 'u tanau clir,
Mewn gwyl dragwyddol bur,
Am waredigaeth wir,
I ddynol ryw.
- 3 Pan ddelo 'r saint yn nghyd,
O derfyn eitha 'r byd,
I'w cartref hwy;
Cânt dreulio bythol oes,
Uwch gofid, cur, a loes,
I gânu am angeu 'r groes,
Heb 'madael mwy.

Amen.

6, 6, 4.

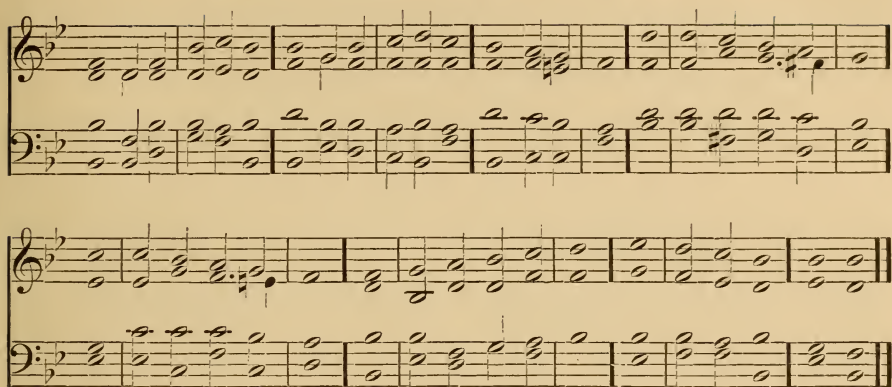
My Faith looks up to Thee.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away:
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide:
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

Amen.

159

MALVERN. M. 30. [6, 6, 4.]



M. 30.

Gweddi am faddenant.

- 1 O, ARGLWYDD, trugarha,
Er dyfied yw fy mhla,
A meiau mawr;
Dilea rhei 'ny 'n rhad,
A maddeu yn y gwaed,
A dyro wir iachad,
I'm clwyfau 'n awr.
- 2 Golch fi oddiwrth fy mai,
Ti elli fy nglanhau,
A'm canu 'n wyn;
Er dyfied yw fy nghlwy',
Anfeidrol ras sydd fwy,
Mae wedi dyfod trwy,
Galfaria fryn.
- 3 Fy unig noddfa'n awr
I'm lloni ar y llawr,
A'm gwir iachau
Yw clwyfau'r Meichiau mawr;
Caf yno lechu yn lân
Yn Iesu cu, a seinio cân
Yn deliw tân.
- 4 Hwn ydyw'r un a ddaeth
I fyny o Edom gaeth
O Bozra dir;
Gorchfygu'n wir a wnaeth;
Yr Hwn fu ar y pren
Yn agor ffordd i'r nef wên,
Rhai'r clod.

Amen.

6, 6, 4.

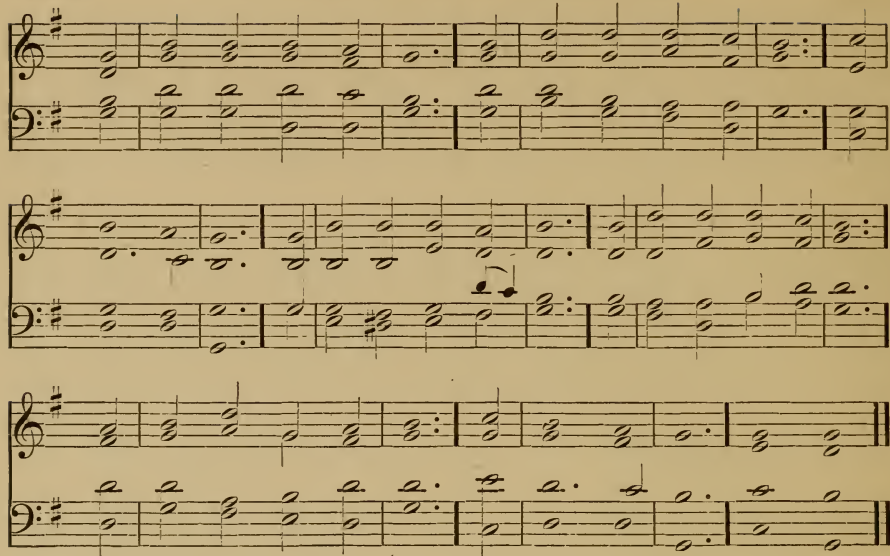
Jesus only.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I look to Thee,
Be not Thou far from me,
Mid storms that lower:
On me Thy care bestow,
Thy loving-kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw,
This trying hour.
- 2 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Feeble as infancy,
Gird up my heart:
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
Thy strength impart.
- 3 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Let me Thy fulness see,
Save me from fear;
While at Thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a free pardon seal,
My soul to cheer.
- 4 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Thine shall the glory be,
Hearer of prayer:
Thou art my only aid,
On Thee my soul is stayed,
Naught can my heart invade
While Thou art near.

Amen.

160

GWALIA. M. 30. [6, 6, 4.]



M. 30.

Rhinwedd aneu y groes.

- 1 IACHAWDWR dynol ryw,
Tydi yn unig yw
Fy Mugail da;
Mae aneu'r groes yn llawn
O bob rhinweddol ddawn,
A ffrwythau melus iawn,
Rhaf a'm iachâ.
- 2 'Does dim a laesa 'mhoen
Ond gwaed yr addfwyn Oen,
Pur waed fy Nuw:
Mae'i hun yn fwy na'r byd
A'i holl drysorau 'nghyd,
A thecach yw ei bryd
Na dynol ryw.
- 3 Fy enaid mwyach cân
Am iachawdwriaeth lân,
Rhyfeddol yw;
I'r hwn sy'n trugarhau
Bo'r enw i barhau,
Am faddeu dy holl fai
A'th gadw'n fyw. Amen.

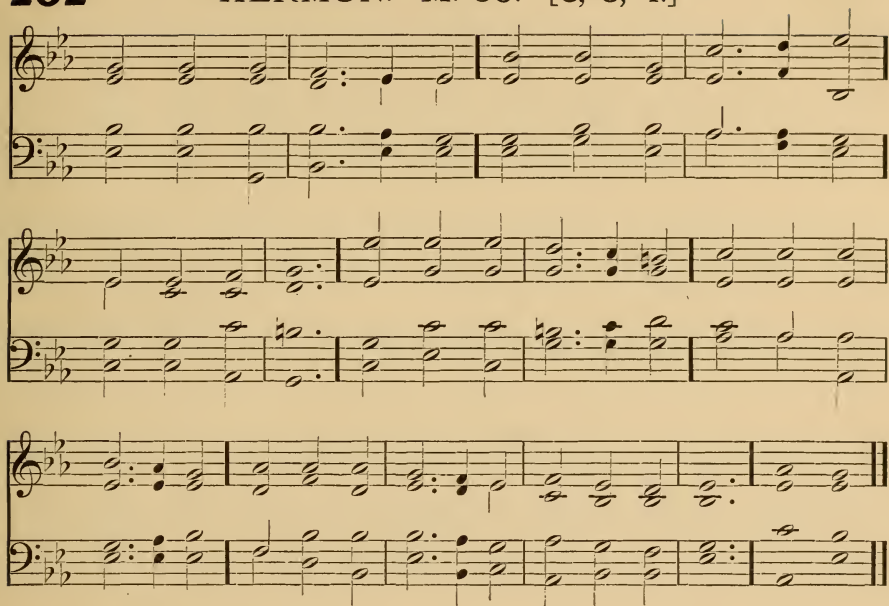
6, 6, 4.

Lion of Judah.

- 1 RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise,
Into Thy native skies,—
Assume Thy right:
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!
- 2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain!
- 3 Enter, incarnate God!—
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down;
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw,
Saviour triumphant, go,
And take Thy crown! Amen.

161

HERMON. M. 30. [6, 6, 4.]



M. 30.

Gweddi am adfywiad.

- 1 O TYRED, Arglwydd mawr,
Dyhidla o'r nef i lawr
Gawodydd pur:
Fel byddo i'r egin grawn,
Foreuddydd a phrydnawn,
I darddu 'n beraidd iawn
O'r anial dir.
- 2 O Brynwr mawr y byd,
Tyr'd bellach, mae 'n llawn bryd,
Mae yn brydnawn;
Gad i ni wel'd dy ras
Ar frys yn tori maes
Dros wyneb daear las,
Yn genllif llawn.
- 3 Arosaf ddydd a nos,
Byth bellach tan dy groes,
I'th lon fwynhau;
Mi wn mai 'r taliad hyn,
Wnaed ar Galfaria fryn,
A'm cana oll yn wyn,
Oddiwrth fy mai.

Amen.

6, 6, 4.

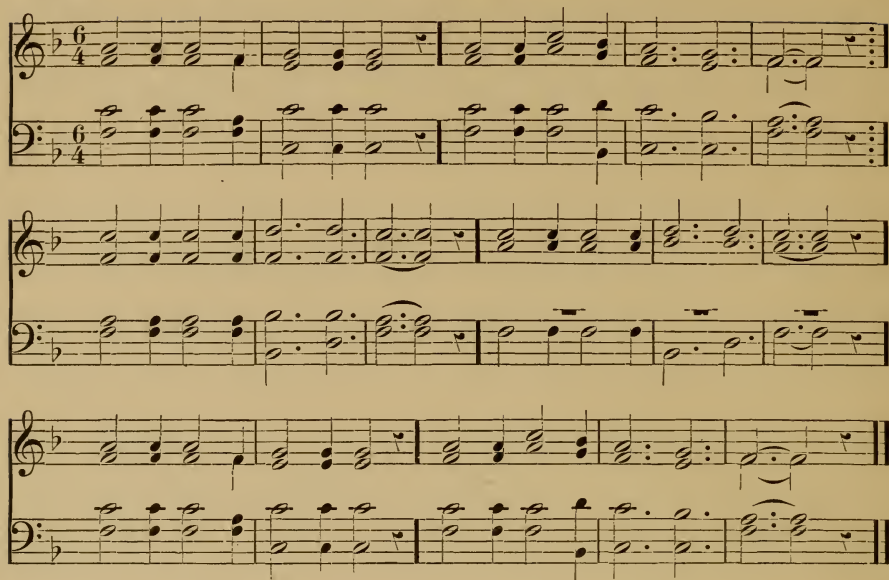
Oh, come to-day.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost! in love,
Shed on us, from above,
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart;
Oh, come to-day!
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest!
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us, this hour!
- 3 Come, Light serene! and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

Amen.

162

MARTYN. M. 39. [7s. Double.]



M. 39.

Crist yn gymhorth ao arweinydd.

- 1 IESU, Cyfaill f' enaid cu,
I dy fynwes gad im' ffôi,
Pan fo 'r dyfroedd o bob tu,
A'r tymhestloedd yn crynhoi:
Cudd fi, O fy Mhrynwr, cudd,
Nes el heibio 'r storom gref;
Yn arweinydd i mi bydd
Nes im' dd'od i deyrnas nef.
- 2 Noddfa arall gwn nid oes,
Ond tydi, i'm henaid gwan;
Ti, fu farw ar y groes,
Yw fy nghymhorth yn-mhob man;
Ynot, O fy Iesu, mae
Holl ymddiried f' enaid byw;
Nerth rho i mi i barhau,
Nes d'od adref at fy Nuw.
- 3 Gras sydd ynot fel y môr,
Gras i faddeu fy holl fai:
Boed i'w ffrydiau, Arglwydd Iôr,
Oddiwrth bechod fy nglanhau
Ffynon bywyd f' enaid gwiw
Rydd im' gysur ar fy nhaith;
Llona f' ysbryd tra b'wyf byw;
Tardd i dragwyddoldeb maith.

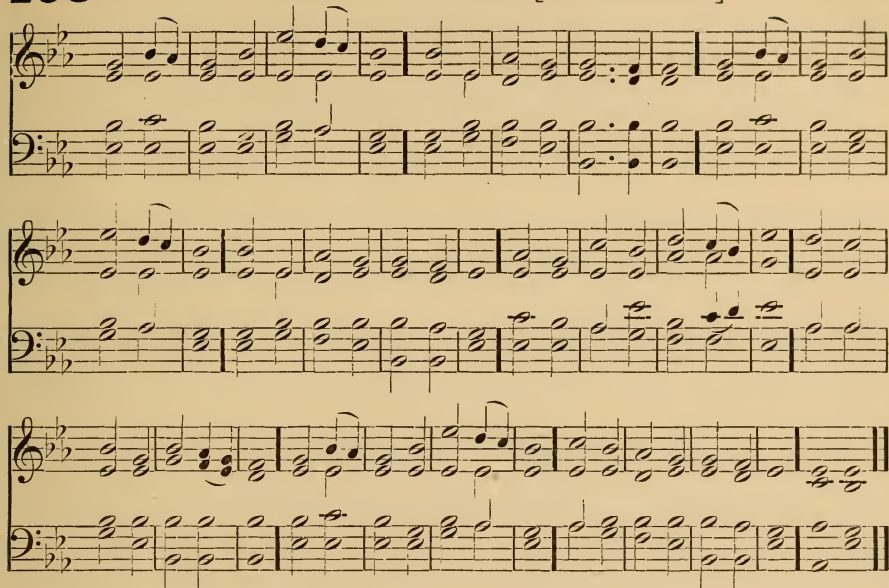
7s. Double.

Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!
- 3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo! on Thee I cast my care!
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

163

LICHFIELD. M. 39. [7s. Double.]



M. 39.

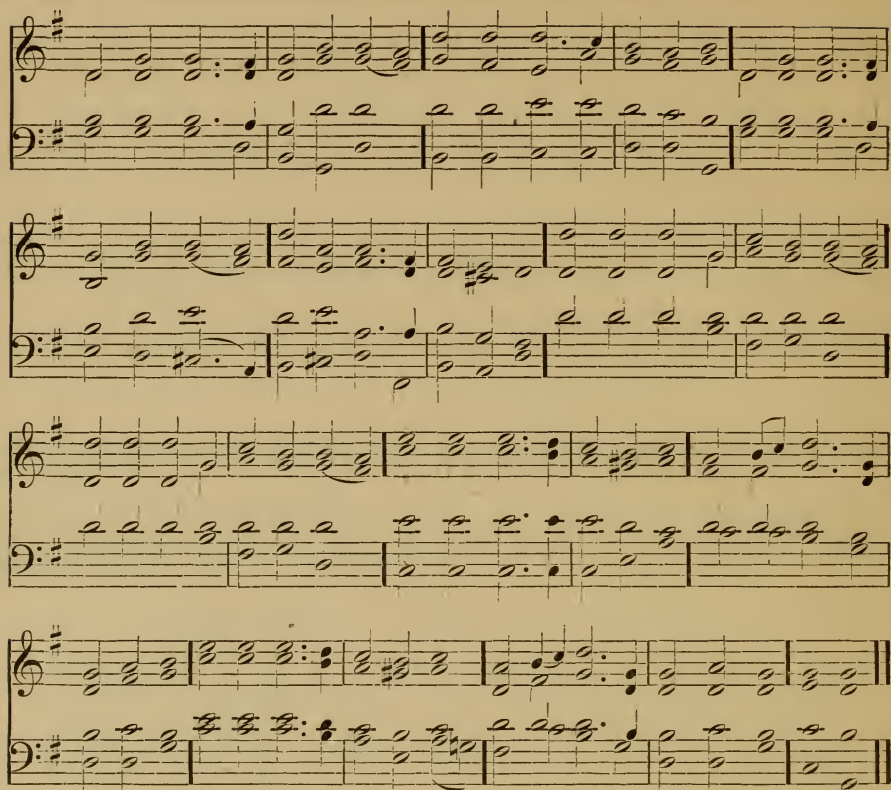
Dyoddefiadan Crist yn sail gweddian y saint.

- 1 Yn y llwch, Waredwr hael,—
Dyna le pechadur gwael,—
Pan y codwn wylaidd lef
Edifeiriol tua 'r nef,
Mewn tosturi Iesu mawr,
Cofia waelion deulu 'r llawr,
Ac oddiar d' orseddfaine fry
Gwrando 'n rasol ar ein cri.
- 2 Er mwyn geni isel, tlawd,
Preseb Bethle'm, pan y cawd
Trysor pena 'r nef ei hun
Wedi gwisgo natur dyn;
Er mwyn llawer llied a chroes
Gafodd Iesu hyd ei oes,
Arglwydd Iôr, tosturia Di,
Gwrando 'n rasol ar ein cri.
- 3 Er mwyn taerni 'r weddi ddrud
A offrymwyd dros y byd,
Er mwyn chwys yr ardd a'r cur,—
Er mwyn clwyfau 'r hoelion dur,—
Er mwyn haeddiant dwyfol loes—
Er mwyn marw mawr y groes,
Edrych, Arglwydd, arnom ni,
Gwrando 'n rasol ar ein cri. Amen.

7s. Double.

Have Mercy upon Us.

- 1 SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to Thee
Low we bend th' adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By Thy birth and early years;
By Thy life of want and tears;
By Thy fasting and distress,
In the lonely wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By Thy triumph o'er the grave;
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy Throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany. Amen.

164 MENDELSSOHN. M. 39. [7s. Double.]**M. 39.**

Genedigaeth Crist.

- 1 CLYWCH lu 'r nef yn seinio 'n un,
 Henffych eni Ceidwad dyn!
 Heddwch sydd rhwng nef a llawr,
 Duw a dyn sy 'n un yn awr:
 Dewch bob cenedl i's y rhôd,
 Unwch â'r angylaid glod;
 Bloeddiwch oll â llawen drem,
 Ganwyd Crist yn Methlehem!
 Clywch! lu 'r nef yn seinio 'n un,
 Henffych eni Ceidwad dyn!
- 2 Crist, Tad tragwyddoldeb yw,
 A dysgleirdeb wyneb Duw;
 Cadarn Iôr a ddaeth ei hun,
 Gwnaeth ei babell gyda dyn!
 Wele Dduwdod yn y cnawd!
 Dwyfol Fab i ddyn yn frawd!
 Duw yn ddyn fy enaid gwel!
 Iesu, ein Immanuel!
- Clywch, &c.

Amen.

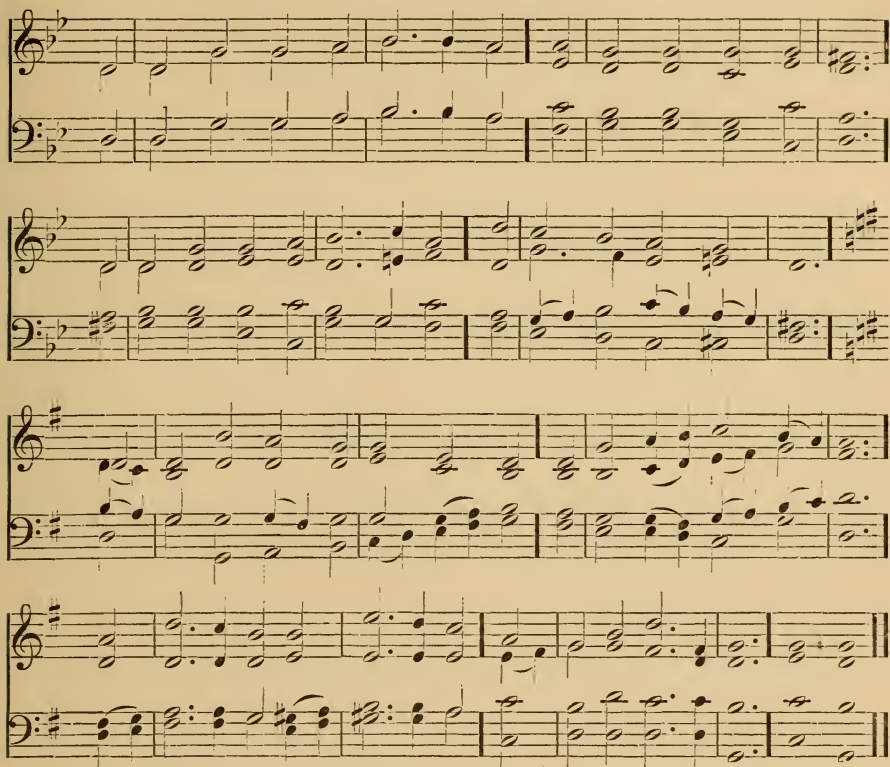
7s. Double.

Glory to God.

- 1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!"
 Joyful all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies,
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."
 Hark! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King!"
- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb:
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail th' incarnate Deity:
 Pleased as man with men to dwell,
 Jesus, our Immanuel.
- Hark, etc.

Amen.

165 YR HYFRYDLAIS. M. 46. [M. C. D.]



M. 46.
Llais y Iesu,

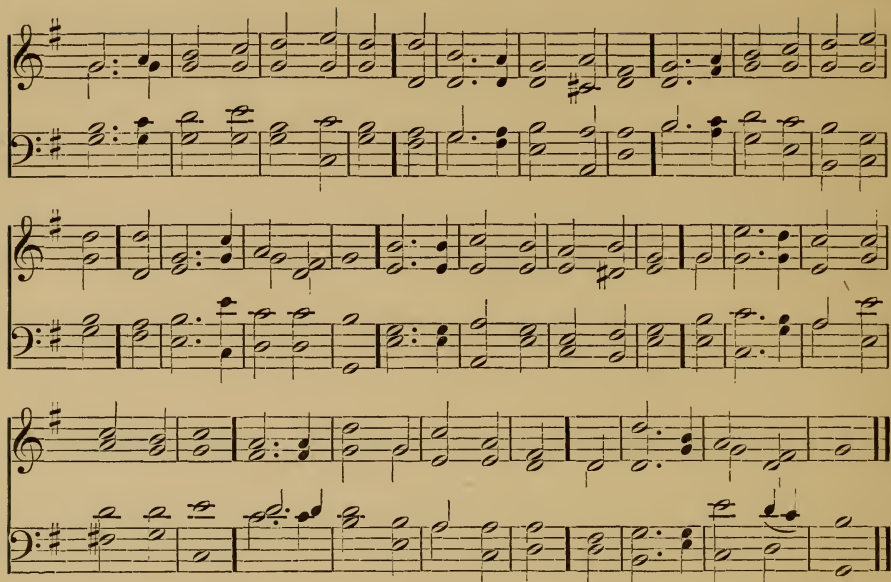
- 1 Mi glywais lais yr Iesu'n dweyd,
 "Tyr'd ataf yr awr hon,
 Gorphwys dy ben, flinderog un,
 Yn esmwyth ar fy mron;"
 Mi ddaethum at yr Iesu cu
 Yn llwythog, blin, a phrudd,
 Gorphwysfa gefais ynddo Ef,
 'Rwy'n llawen nos a dydd.
- 2 Mi glywais lais yr Iesu'n dweyd,
 "Mae'r bywiol ddwfr yn rhâd,
 Plyga i lawr, sychedig un,
 Yf fywyd ac iachâd;"
 Mi ddaethum at yr Iesu cu,
 Yfais o'r dyfroedd gwiw,
 Y syched ffôdd, daeth nerth yn ol,
 Ac ynddo Ef 'rwy'n byw.

Amen.

M. C. D.
Faith in Christ.

- 1 WHILE Thee I seek, protecting power,
 Be my wishes stilled;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,
 To Thee my thoughts would soar:
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
 That mercy I adore.
- 2 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see:
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by Thee.
 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

Amen.

166 RUSSELL PLACE. M. 48. [7, 6, 8.]

M. 48.

Gwedd i y trallodus.

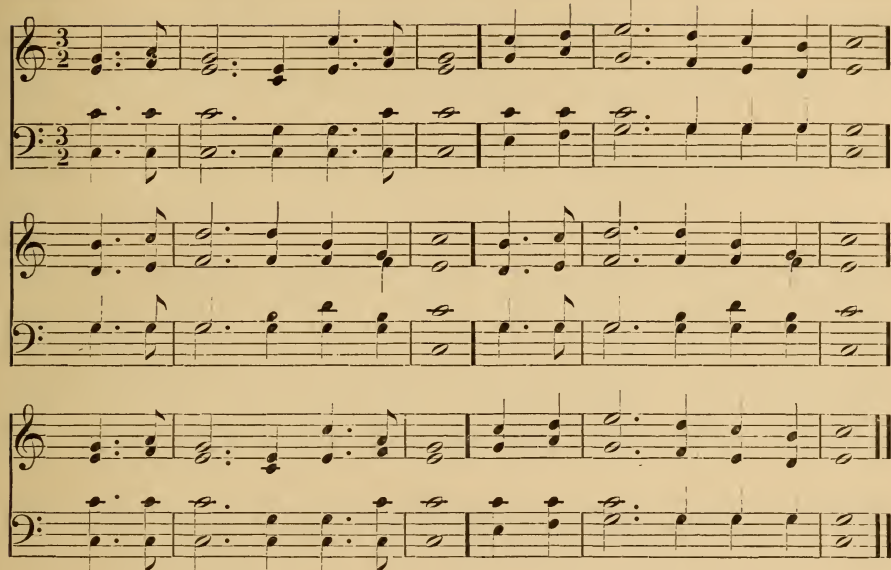
- 1 LLAWN o ofid, llawn o wae,
A llawn euogrwydd du,
Byth a fyddaf i barhau
Heb gael dy gwmni cu :
Golwg unwaith ar dy wedd
A'm cwyd i'r lan o'r pydew mawr;
O, fy Nuw! nac oeda'n hwy,
Rho'r olwg i mi'n awr.
- 2 Gwel y truan, gwel y tlawd,
Yn gorwedd wrth dy draed;
O Samariad! bydd yn frawd—
Adferfa im' iachâd
Dyro olew yn fy mriw,
A chwyd fi ar d' anifail cun;
Nid oes arall all fy nwyn
Ond d' allu di dy hun.
- 3 Iesu'r dirmygedig un
Ddyoddefodd anguen loes,
Gan ryw ddienyddwr llym
Yn dawel ar y groes:
Y gruddfanau rodd i maes
A wna drueiniad fyrdd yn rhydd;
Bellach holl ganiadau'r nef,
Byth am Galfaria fydd.

7, 6, 8.

Prayer.

- 1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us who think on Thee;
Oh, every struggling soul release;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!
- 2 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By Thy passion on the tree,
Oh, let our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!
- 3 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat we pray,—
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst all bonds, and set us free,
Oh, from iniquity release;
And remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

167 ROCK OF AGES. M. 49. [7s. 6 lines.]



M. 49.

Craig yr oesoedd,

- 1 CRAIG yr Oesoedd, gad i mi,
Lechu yn dy agen di;
Gad i'r ffrwd o ddŵr a gwaed,
Allan o dy ystlys gaed,
Fy iachau o'm dyblyg gur,
Lladd fy ofn, a'm gwneyd yn bur.
- 2 Nid llaw brysur llafur lleddf,
All gyflawni'r ddwyfol ddeddf;
Pe na phrofw'n awr o hedd,
Pe yr wylwn hyd fy medd,
Ni wna'r oll fy nghlirio i,
Rhaid fy nghadw genyt ti.
- 3 Taliad yn fy llaw nid oes,
Glynu'r ydwyf wrth dy groes,
Noeth, yn ceisio'th wisg i'th was;
Tlawd, yn gruddfan am dy ras;
Brwnt, yn dod i'th ffynon bur,
Golch fi, Geidwad, gwel fy nghur!
- 4 Tra y pery f' einioes frau,—
Pan wna'm llygaid farwol gau,—
Pan ehedaf i'r nef wen—
A dy weled yno'n Ben,—
Craig yr Oesoedd, gad i mi,
Lechu yn dy agen di!

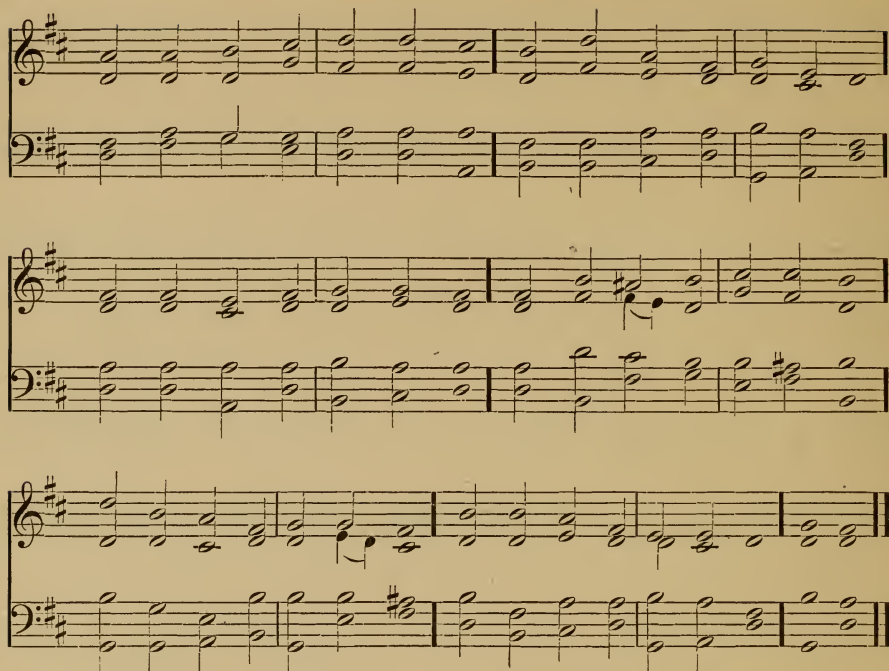
7s. 6 lines.

Rock of Ages.

- 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

168

RATISBON. M. 49. [7s. 6 lines.]



M. 49.

Cyflawnder yr Iachawdwriaeth.

- 1 HYFRYD lais efengyl hedd
Sydd yn galw pawb i'r wledd;
Mae gwahoddiad llawn at Grist,
Oes i'r tlawd, newynog, trist;
Pob cyflawnder ynddo cewch,—
Dewch a chroesaw, dlodion dewch.
- 2 Talodd Crist anfeidrol iawn
Ar y croesbren un prydawn;
Llifodd ar Galfaria fryn,
Ddŵr a gwaed i'n golechi 'n wyn;
Iachawdwriaeth sydd heb drai,
Dewch i'r ffynon aflan rai.

Amen.

7s. 6 lines.

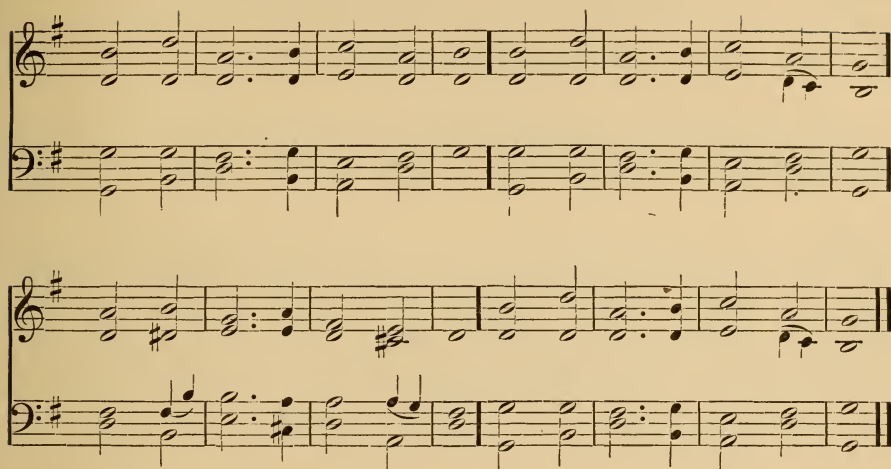
This do in Remembrance of Me.

- 1 BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died.
- 2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

Amen.

169

PLEYEL'S HYMN. M. 31. [7s.]



M. 31.

Gwaith gorphenol Crist.

- 1 GRISTION, "Buddugoliaeth" llef!
Iesu ddaeth ei hun o'r nef;
I'th waredu byth o boen,
Fe fu farw 'r addfwyn Oen!
- 2 C'od dy olwg at y groes,
Gwel yr Iesu 'n dyodde 'r loes;
Yno yn gogwyddo 'i ben,
Pan orphenwyd ar y pren.
- 3 Rhod boddlonrwydd trwy ei waed,
Hyn yw sail ein cyfiawnhâd;
Carcharorion aeth yn rhydd,
Cenir byth wrth gofio 'r dydd.
- 4 Moliant byth i'r Drindod lân,
Tad, a Mab ac Ysbryd Glân;
Câned gwaredigion Duw
Haleluia tra f'ont byw.

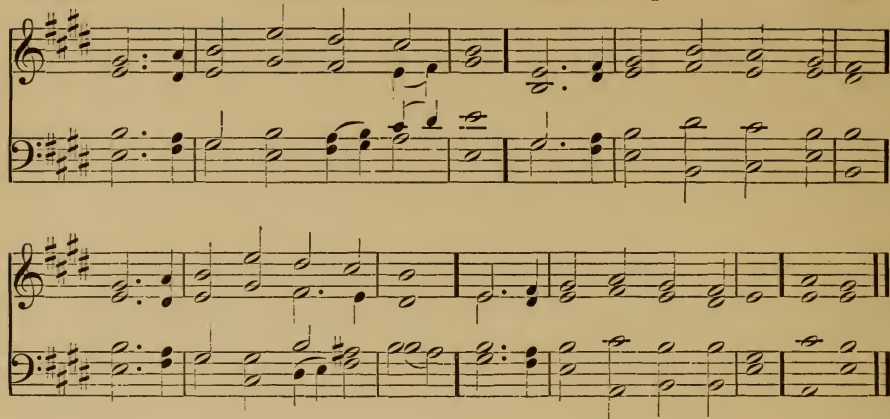
7s.

The Lord is Risen.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply!
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once He died our souls to save;
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?"

170

INNOCENTS. M. 51. [7s.]



M. 51.

Galwad ar bawb i foliann.

- 1 HALELUIA, mawl i Dduw,
Yn y nefoedd lle mae 'n byw;
Trigfan ei santeiddrwydd glân,
Lle deffroir y fythol gân.
- 2 Mawl i Dduw trwy 'r dddear lās,
Moliant rhwydd am wyrthiau 'i ras;
Mae yn gadarn i iachau,
Ac yn caru trugarhau.
- 3 Cānw'n oll a llafar dōn
Haleluia bêr i'r Iōn:
Rhoddod pawb sy'n berchen chwyth
Uchel foliant iddo byth.
- 4 Cenwch oll a llafar lef,
Gān o fawl i Frenin nef;
Canys da yw Duw dilyth—
Pery ei drugaredd byth.
- 5 Uned Israel fawr a mân
Yn yr hyfryd felus gân;
Da i bawb yw Duw dilyth,—
Pery ei drugaredd byth.
- 6 D'wedod pawb sy'n ofni Duw,
O bob llwyth ac iaith a lliw;
Da i bawb yw Duw di-lyth,—
Pery ei drugaredd byth.

Amen.

7s.

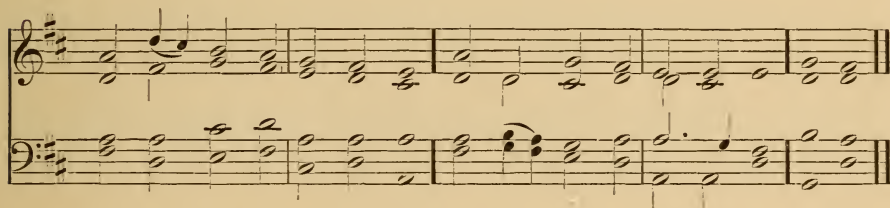
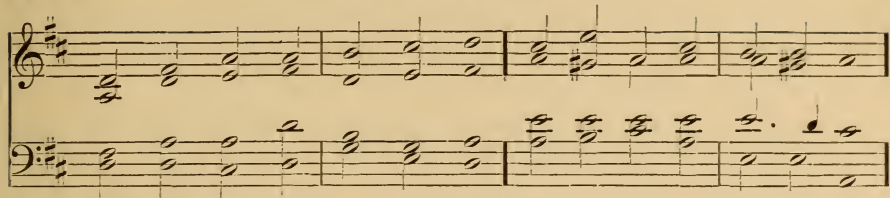
Hallelujah,

- 1 HALLELUJAH! raise, oh, raise,
To our God the song of praise:
All his servants join to sing
God our Saviour and our King.
- 2 Blesséd be for evermore
That dread name which we adore:
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.
- 3 O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens his throne;
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?
- 4 Yet to view the heavens He bends;
Yea, to earth He condescends;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.
- 5 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land;
Wealth upon the needy shower;
Set the meanest high in power.
- 6 He the broken spirit cheers;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonders of his ways;
Praise his name—forever praise.

Amen.

171

CORINTH. M. 31. [7s.]



M. 31.

7s.

Myndd tŷ Dduw.

Restoration.

1 WELE 'r dydd yn gwawrio draw,
Amser hyfryd sydd gerllaw;
Daw 'r cenhedloedd yn gytŷn
I ddychafu Mab y Dyn.

2 Gwelir pobloedd lawer iawn
Yn dylifo ato 'n llawn;
Cyfraith Iesu gadwant hwy,
Ac ni ddysgant ryfel mwy.

3 Eistedd mae 'n Cyfryngwr mawr,
Ar orseddfa 'r nef yn awr;
Yno 'n dadlu 'i angu drud,
Iawn digonol dros y byd.

4 Prynedigaeth dynol ryw
A orphenodd Iesu gwiw;
Pob ymadrodd yn un iaith
Cântent mwy ei foliant maith.

Amen.

1 'Tis for conquering kings to gain
Glory over myriads slain;
Jesus! Thy more glorious strife
Hath restored a world to life.

2 So no other name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can dying souls restore,
And give life for evermore.

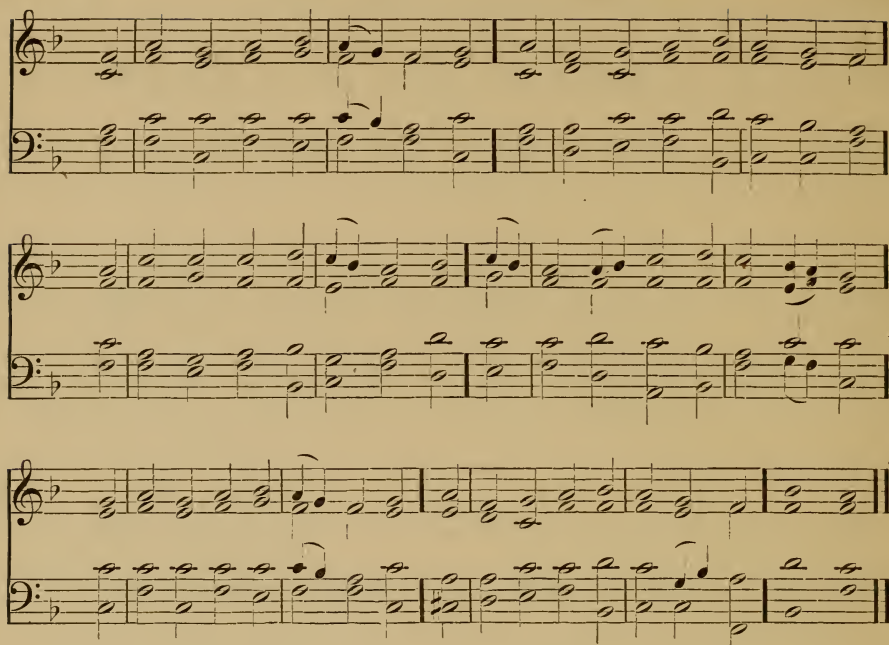
3 Gladly, for that blessed name,
Bear the cross, endure the shame!
Joyfully for Him to die,
Is not death, but victory.

4 Dost Thou, Jesus, condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend?
Ours, then, it shall always be
Thus to make our boast of Thee.

Amen.

172

DRESDEN. M. 52. [8. 6 lines.]



M. 52.

Galluog i gydymdeimlo.

- 1 PAN welaf gymyl yn crynhoi,
Y nen yn duo, fryndiau'n ffoi,
Fy mhws a roddaf ar yr Un
Wyr beth yn chwervder trallod blin,
Fy angen wêl, fy nghlwyf iacha,
A chyfri'm dagrau heilltion wna.
- 2 Os daw rhyw brofedigaeth gref
I dynu'm traed o lwybrau'r nef,
A pheri imi roi fy mryd
Ar wag deganau anial fyd;
Yr Hwn wyr nerth pob gelyn cudd
Rydd gymorth im' yn ol y dydd.
- 3 Neu os caf siomedigaeth flin
Mewn rhai a garaf fel fy hun;
Mae'r Hwn sydd ar yr Orsedd wên
Yn abl i gynnal pwys fy mhen;
Oblegid gwyr pa beth yw cael
Ei siomi gan abwydyn gwael.

Amen.

8. 6 lines.

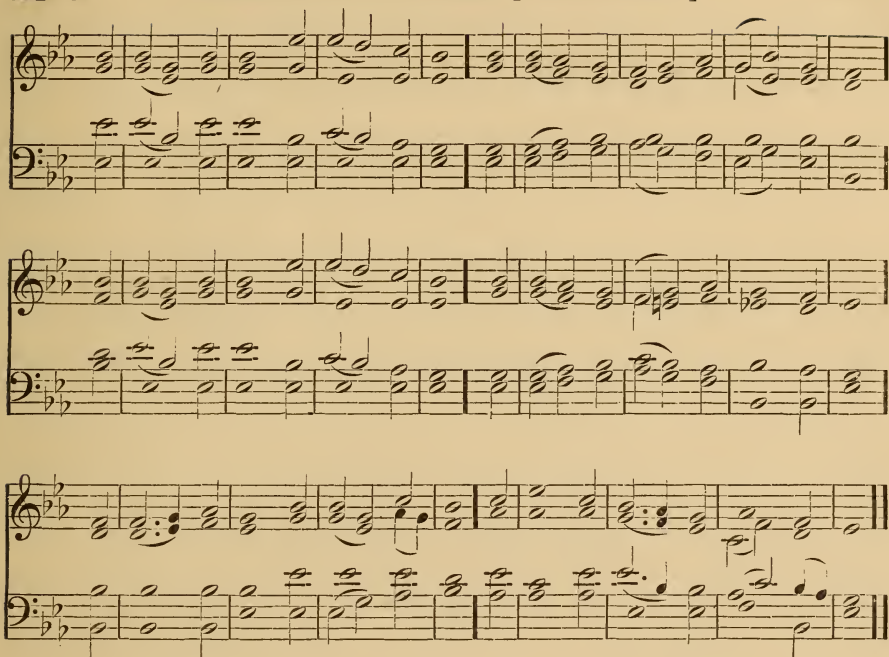
"All Power is given to Me."

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prize too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

Amen.

173

STELLA. M. 52. [8. 6 lines.]



M. 52.

Cariad at Iesu.

- 1 IESU, fy Nuw, fy Ngheidwad cu,
Clyw fi pan lefwyf arnat Ti,
Clyw fi oddiar dy uchel sedd,
A moes im' brawf o'th nefol hedd;
Iesu, fy Nuw, Iachawdwr byd,
Rho im' dy garu'n fwy o hyd.
- 2 Nid ydyw'm hoes ond cysgod gwan,
Diffana ymaith yn y man:
Tebyg i darth y glyn islaw,
Pan yr ymedy 'nol ni ddaw;
Iesu, fy Nuw, &c.
- 3 Yn y disgleirdeb tanbaid fry,
Yn mhell uwchlaw ein golwg ni,
Mewn mawredd ar ei ddisglaer sedd,
Byth y teyrnasa Brenin hedd.
Iesu, fy Nuw, &c.
- 4 Iesu, am danat bydd fy ngân,
Mor felus yw dy eiriau glân,
Fy oll i gyd sydd eiddot Ti,
A thithau yw fy eiddo i;
Iesu, fy Nuw, &c.

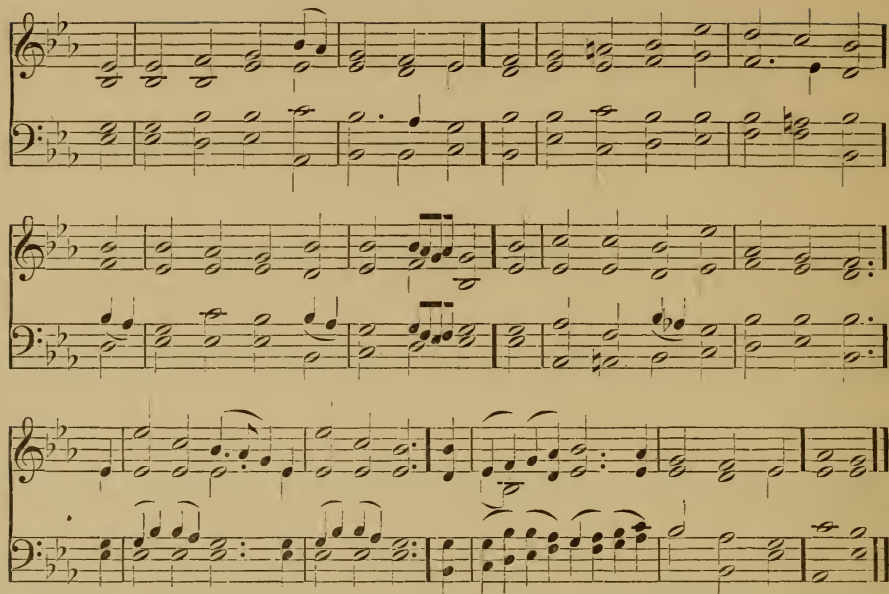
8. 6 lines.

The Day is Gone.

- 1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go:
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark
Oh, gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,
- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, etc.
- 3 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, etc.
- 4 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day, etc.

174

EATON. M. 32. [8. 6 lines.]



M. 32.

Duw yn madden.

- 1 Duw mawr y rhyfeddodau maith,
Rhyfeddol yw pob rhan o'th waith;
Ond dwyfol râs mwy rhyfedd yw
Na'th holl weithredoedd o bob rhyw;
Pa Dduw sy'n maddeu fel Tydi
Yn rhâd ein holl bechodau ni?
- 2 O! maddeu'm holl gamweddau mawr,
Ac arbed waelaidd lweh y llawr;
Hyn yw dy nefol oruwch nôd,
Ac ni chaiff arall ran o'r clod;
Pan Dduw sy'n, &c.
- 3 Rhyfeddol yw'th drugaredd hael,
A'th gariad pur i'n natur wael;
Yn agor ffynon i'n glanhau,
A'n golchi'n bur oddiwrth ein bai;
Pan Dduw sy'n, &c.
- 4 O! boed i'r grâs anfeidrol gwiw,
A'r gwyρθiauw mawr o gariad Duw,
Orlenwi'r ddaear faith â'th glod,
Hyd nefoedd fry tra'r byd yn bod;
Pan Dduw sy'n, &c.

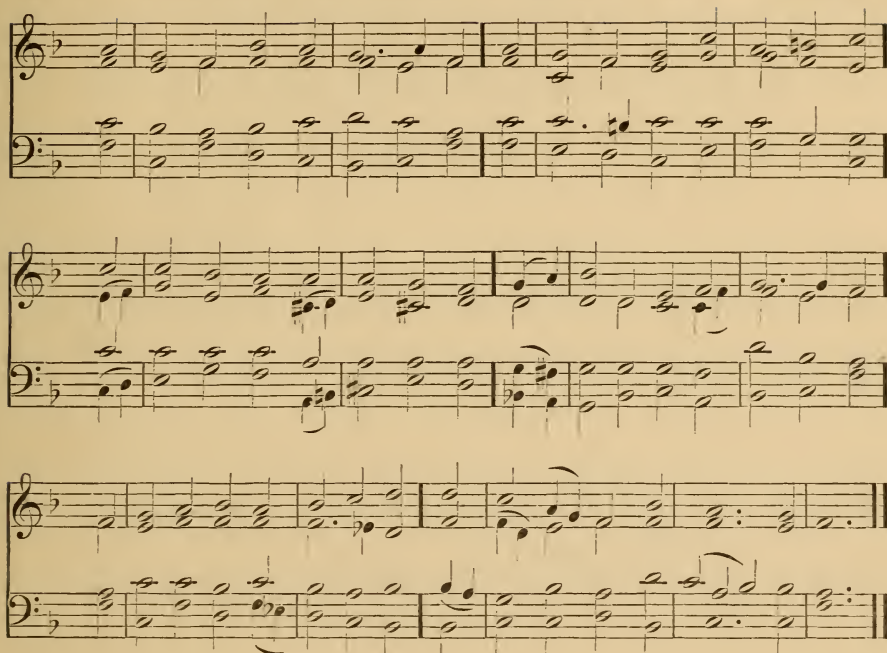
Amen.

8. 6 lines.

God's dispensing Mercy.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders! whom we
praise,
How great and tender are Thy ways!
To bring the ruined from the fall,
It does and will outshine them all.
Who is among the gods like Thee,
Granting pardon so full and free?
- 2 Our many sins, oh, do forgive;
Oh, let such daring worms now live.
Such grace! the poor from sin to raise,
We'll give to Thee the highest praise.
Who is among, &c.
- 3 How wonderful Thy work of grace;
This love so rich to fallen race!
To pardon sins of deepest dye,
And bring the distant sinner nigh,
Who is among, &c.
- 4 Oh, may Thy grace, a boundless store,
Oh, love of God, forevermore
O'errun the earth with storms of praise,
Till praise from earth to heaven will rise.
Who is among the gods like Thee,
Giving grace, oh, so rich and free. Amen.

175 CHRIST CHURCH. M. 32. [L. M. 6 lines.]



M. 32.

Y Pererinion,

- 1 ARWEINYDD pererinion blin
 Sy'n teithio tua 'r nefoedd fry,
 O'th le dysglaerwych tyr'd i lawr,
 A gwna dy drigfan gyda ni;
 Cynal ni ar ein taith o hyd,
 Nes dyfod i'th orphwysfa glyd.
- 2 Nid dan yr haul mae 'n cartref ni,
 Mae 'n anweledig uwch y ser;
 Caersalem newydd gelwir hi,
 Ei hadeiladydd yw Duw Nêr:
 Gorphwysfa dawl pawb o'r saint,
 Bar tow'd gan Iesu—mawr yw'r fraint.
- 3 Dyeithriaid ar y ddaear hon,
 Nid yma mae 'n trigianol le;
 Brysiwn trwy 'r anial fyd i'r lan,
 I'n hyfryd gartref yn y ne':
 Caersalem newydd,—teyrnas ne',
 O ddedwydd ogoneddus le!

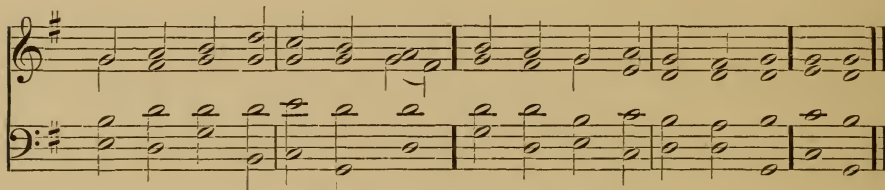
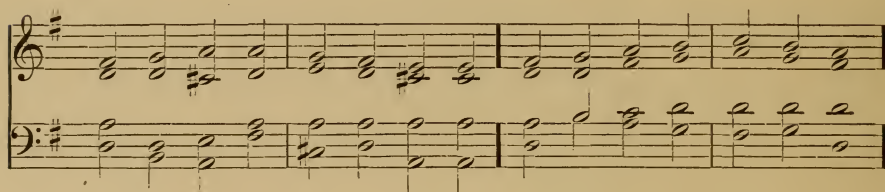
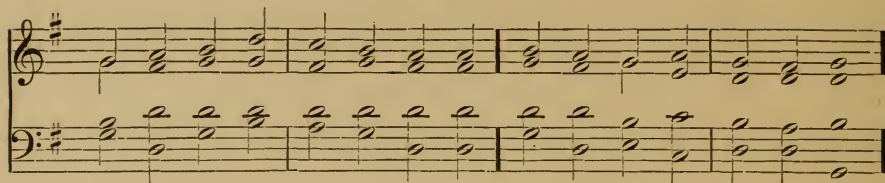
L. M. 6 lines.

Thirsting for God.

- 1 As, panting in the sultry beam,
 The hart desires the cooling stream,
 So to Thy presence, Lord, I flee,
 So longs my soul, O God, for Thee;
 Athirst to taste Thy living grace,
 And see Thy glory face to face.
- 2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
 And tears on tears successive roll;
 For many an evil voice is near
 To chide my woe and mock my fear;
 And silent memory weeps alone
 O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.
- 3 Forth from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly;
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Father, we seek Thy shelter here;
 Weary and weak Thy grace we pray;
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

176

CASSEL. M. 34. [8, 7, 7.]



M. 34.

Y Cyfaill goren.

- 1 Y MAE Un uwchlaw pawb eraill
Drwy'r greadigaeth fawr i gyd,
Sydd yn haeddu ei alw 'n Gyfaill,
Ac a bery 'r un o hyd:
Brawd a anwyd i ni yw,
Erbyn c'ledi o bob rhyw.
- 2 Nis gall meithder ffordd nac amser
Oeri dim o'i gariad Ef;
Mae ei fynwes byth yn dyner,
A'i gymdeithas byth yn gref:
Nis gall dyfroedd angeu llym
Ddiffodd ei angerddol rym.
- 3 Yn mha le y ceir, er chwilio,
Neb yn caru fel Efe?
P'le mae 'r cyfaill, er ein hachub
A ro'i fywyd yn ein lle?
Nid oes debyg iddo Ef,
Drwy y ddaear faith a'r nef.

Amen.

8, 7, 7.

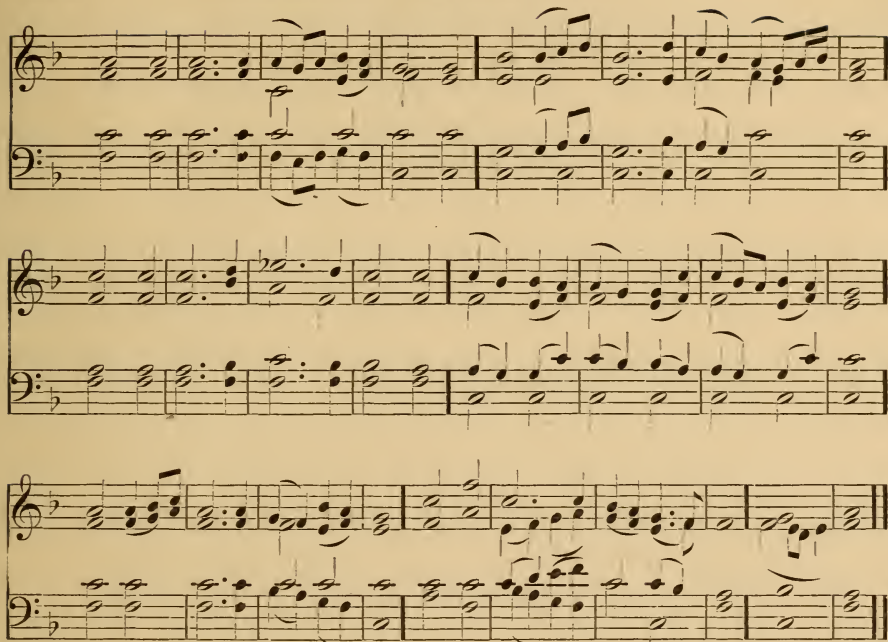
A Fountain Opened.

- 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,—
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.
- 2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind!
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.
- 3 He that drinks shall live forever;
'T is a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

Amen.

177

HANDEL. M. 54. [8, 7, 7.]



M. 54.

Gwynfyd anherfynol.

- 1 Nid yw'n hoes ond megys cysgod,
Ebrwydd iawn y cilia draw,
Tebyg yw i darth yn darfod,
Pan ymedy, 'n ol ni ddaw;
O fy enaid! esgyn fry,
I'r tragwyddol fywyd cu.
- 2 Gwel ddysgleirdeb mor danbeidol,
Pell uwchlaw dychymyg dyn,
Yno mewn mawrhydi Dwyfol
Y teyrnasa'r Iesu ei hun;
O fy enaid! esgyn fry,
I'r tragwyddol fywyd cu.
- 3 Lluoedd maith o gylch ei orsedd
A'i molianant yn ddidaw,
Mil o filoedd â'u clodforedd
Sy'n dadseinio'r nefoedd draw;
O fy enaid! esgyn fry,
I'r tragwyddol fywyd cu.

Amen.

8, 7, 7.

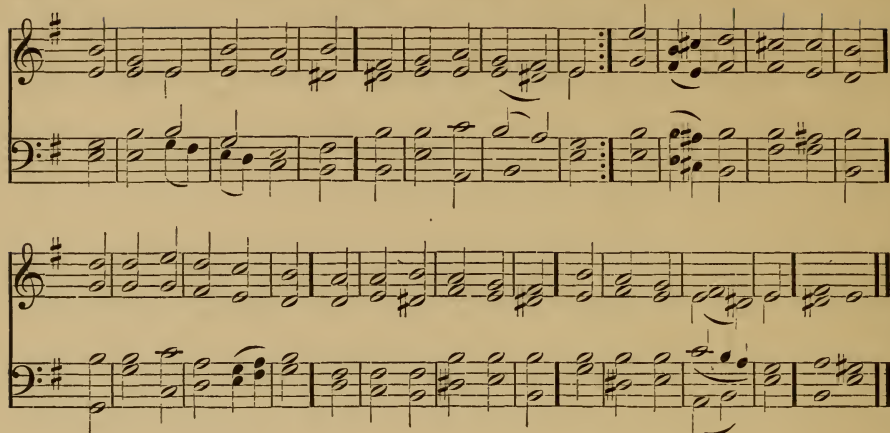
Christ's Return to Heaven.

- 1 JESUS comes, his conflict over,—
Comes to claim his great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown Him everlasting King.
- 2 Yonder throne for Him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown Him everlasting King.
- 3 Day and night they cry before Him,—
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore Him,
All obey his sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown Him everlasting King.

Amen.

178

IORDDONEN. M. 38. [6, 5, 6.]



M. 38.

Glan yr Iorddonen.

1 AR lan Iorddonen ddofn
 'Rwy'n oedi 'n nychlyd,
 Mewn blys myn'd trwy—ac ofn
 Ei 'ystormydd enbyd;
 O! na b'ai modd i mi
 Ysgoi ei hymchwylld hi,
 A hedeg uwch ei lli,
 I'r Ganaan hyfryd.

2 Wrth gofio grym y dŵr,
 A 'i thonog genlli',
 A'r mynych rymus ŵr
 A suddodd ynddi—
 Mae braw trwy f' enaid gwan
 Mai boddi fydd fy rhan,
 Cyn cyrhaedd tawel lan
 Bro y goleuni.

3 Ond pan y gwelwyf draw
 Ar fynydd Sion,
 Yn iach heb boen na braw,
 Fy hen gyfeillion—
 Paham yr ofnaf mwy?
 Y Duw a'u daliodd hwy,
 A'm dyga inau drwy
 Ei dyfroedd dyfnion. Amen.

6, 5, 6.

Deep Jordan's banks I tread,

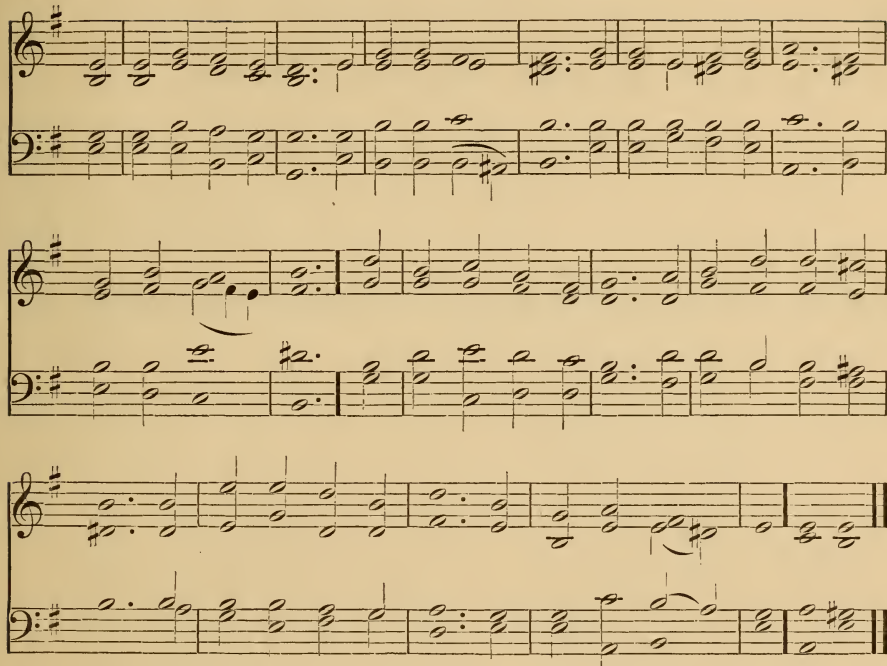
1 DEEP Jordan's banks I tread,
 And trembling waver;
 I long to cross, but dread
 The stormy river.
 Oh, would 't were given that I
 Might shun these swellings high,
 And o'er the flood might fly
 To rest forever.

2 The stream in might along
 Its waters urges,
 And many are the strong
 The wave submerges;
 I fear the land of light
 Will never greet my sight,
 And I shall sink, to-night,
 Beneath these surges.

3 But who are these I see
 In crowds appearing?
 Old friends from peril free,
 My spirit cheering.
 I'll linger here no more,
 But trust to God that bore
 Them safe to yonder shore,
 No danger fearing. Amen.

179

MOAB. M. 58. [6, 5, 6.]



M. 58.

Hiraeth am y Nef.

- 1 O ! NA chawn fyned fry
 I'r Ganaan hyfryd,
 I blith y dyrfa sy'
 Mor fawr eu gwynfyd ;
 Molianant oll ar dân
 Mewn rhyw ardderchog gân,
 Byth, byth eu Hiesu Glân
 Yn nhir y bywyd.

- 2 Caf yno balmwydd gwyrrdd
 Y fuddugoliaeth,
 Yn mhlith cyfeillion fyrdd
 Heb ofn marwolaeth ;
 Caf orsedd ddydd a ddaw,
 Teyrnwialen yn fy llaw,
 O gyraedd briw a braw
 A phob rhyw alaeth. Amen.

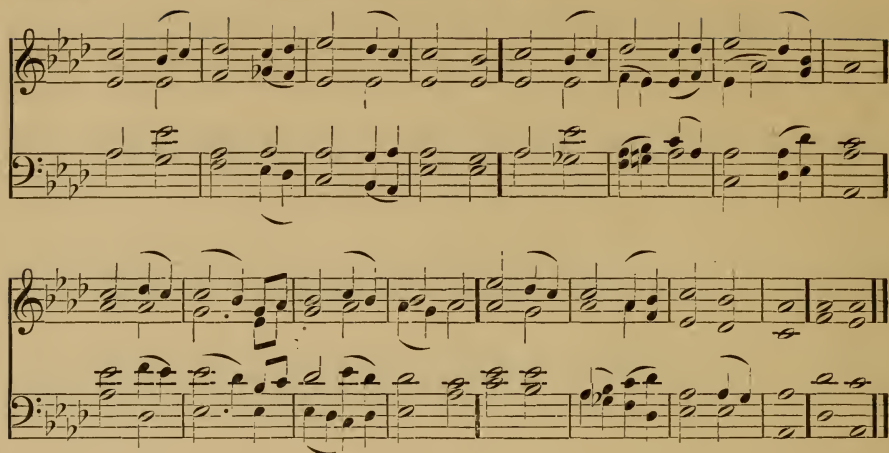
6, 5, 6.

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 BRING me home to glory,
 Free from bitter pains,
 To the saints so happy,
 In heav'n's joyful plains ;
 Where their praise will flourish,
 Nor joy ever languish
 With these things that perish,
 But they will remain.
- 2 There I the palm shall bear,
 Ensign of vict'ry,
 Among the saints so fair,
 All safe and happy ;
 There a bright throne to find,
 Sweet pleasure to the mind,
 Where heaven's love will bind
 All forever free. Amen.

180

LAUSANNE. M. 64. [8, 7.]



M. 64.

Dedwyddwch y Nef.

8, 7.

Awake out of Sleep.

1 DAETH yr awr i'm ddianc adre'
Draw o gyraedd pob rhyw gur,
Gwelaf dorf o'm hen gyfeillion
Draw ar lân y Ganaan bur.

2 Daew'r delyn, daew'r palmwydd,
Daew 'ninas yn y ne',
Ffarwel bellach bob rhyw ofid,
Henffych wynfyd yn ei le.

3 Yno caf fi weled Iesu
Fyth i'm lloni heb un llên,
A chaf yno ei glodfôri
Byth heb dewi mwy, amen.

4 Cofia'th hen dosturi, Arglwydd,
Cofia'th drugareddau mâd,
Maent erioed o fewn dy fynwes,
Nac anghofia'th gariad rhâd.

5 O! na chofia fy mhechodau,
Llwyr ddilëa hwy yn awr,
Meddwl yn dy räs am danaf
Er daioni, Arglwydd mawr.

Amen.

1 HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding;
"Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all ill dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven;

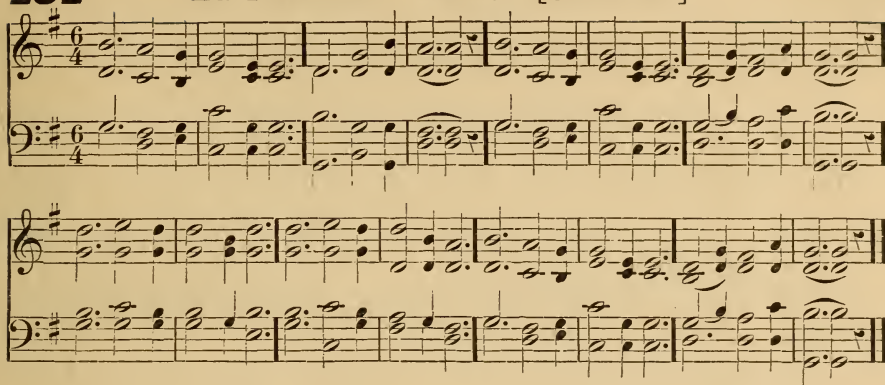
4 That when next He comes with glory,
And the world is wrapped in fear,
With his mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

5 Honor, glory, might, and blessing,
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

Amen.

181

BETHANY. M. 66. [6s & 4s.]



M. 66.

Yn nes i Dduw.

- 1 DIOLCHAF am y groes
Er trymed hi
A'm cyfyd, O! fy Nuw
Yn nes i Ti;
Hyn yw fy ngân a'm cri,
Yn nes fy Nuw i Ti
Yn nes i Ti.
- 2 Er bod fel teithiwr blin
A'm bron yn brudd,
Yn huno ar gareg oer
Heb oleu dydd;
Mewn breuddwyd hedwn i
Yn nes fy Nuw i Ti,
Yn nes i Ti.
- 3 Rho yno wel'd fy ffordd
Yn risiau i'r Nef,
Ac engyl ar bob gris
Yn llon eu llef,
Yn gwa'dd fy ysbryd i
Yn nes fy Nuw i Ti,
Yn nes i Ti.
- 4 Os yn y byd deffrown,
Cyfodwn i
O'm holl ofidiau i gyd
"Fethel," i Ti;
O'r dyfnder galw fi
Yn nes fy Nuw i Ti,
Yn nes i Ti.
- 5 Neu os ehedeg wnawn
Trwy'r wybren fry,
Uwchlaw yr haul a'r sêr
At nefol lu,
Hyn fydd fy ngân a'm cri
Yn nes fy Nuw i Ti,
Yn nes i Ti.

6s & 4s.

Nearer to God.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

182

THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

1st
TREBLE.

Gan eistedd wrth ddyfroedd Ba-bi-lon, Wyl-as-om wrth gofio y dydd
We sat down and wept by the wa-ters Of Ba-bel, and thought of the day

2d
TREBLE.

ACCOMP.

Y sath-rai y gel-yn uch-el-ion, A thyr-au heirdd Salem heb ludd;
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters, Made Sa-lem's high places his prey;

A chwith-au am - ddi - fad wyr-yf - on! Wasger-id yn lleith - ion eich grudd.
And ye, oh, her des - o-late daughters! Were scatter'd all weeping a-way.

- 2 Tra syllem yn brudd ar yr afon
A lifai mewn rhyddid is-law,
Gofynent am gân; ond i'r estron
Hyn byth o orfoledd ni ddaw!
Cyn chwareu telynau pŕ Seion
I'r gelyn, byth gwywedd fy llaw!
- 3 Y delyn ar helyg ganghenau,
O Salem! a grog uwch y lli!
Nis gad'wyd o ddydd dy wychderau
I mi un cofarwydd ond hi;
A byth ni chymysgir ei seiniau
A llais yr ysbeilydd gan i!

- 2 While sadly we gazed on the river
Which roll'd on in freedom below,
They demanded a song; but, oh, never
That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be wither'd forever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!
- 3 On the willow the harp is suspended,
Oh, Salem! its sounds should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee;
And ne'er shall its soft tunes be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me!

Tune TALIESIN, p. 157.

M. 23.

Cyfeithiad o.

- 1 CHWI wawdwyr di-foes,
Neshewch at y Groes,
I weled y Ceidwad
Yn nyfnder ei loes;
Mae'n rhoddi i lawr
Ei fwyd yn awr,
Yn lle ei elynion
Er hylled eu gwawr.
- 2 Am feiau di-ri'
Rhaf euog fel chwi
Y mae y dieuog
A'i ruddwaed yn lli;
Yr Arglwyd, yn nydd
Dialedd, y sydd
Yn taro'i anwylfab,
I'ch gollwng chwi'n rhydd.
- 3 Ar groesbren prydawn,
E dalod Ef iawn
Digonol dros feiau
Y ddaear yn llawn;
Dros rai fel chwychedi,—
Dros un fel myfi,
Y gwaeddodd; "O maddeu."
Gyrandawyd ei gri.
- 4 "Gorphenwyd;" medd Ef,
"Boddlonwyd;" o'r Nef
Ddisgynai fel adsain
Berseiniol ei lef;
Er dyfied fy mriw,
Mae gobaith caf fyw,
'Rwyn gorphwys yn hollol
Ar Iesu, fy Nuw.

3, 6, or 10, 11, 10, 11.

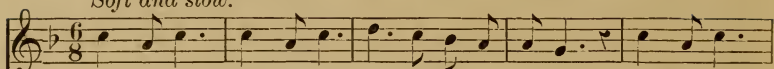
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

- 1 ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing
Your Saviour should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is:
Come, see if there ever
Was sorrow like his.
- 2 For what you have done,
His blood must atone:
The Father hath given
For you his dear Son:
The Lord, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and
He bore them away.
- 3 He answered for all:
Oh, come at his call,
And low at his feet in
Astonishment fall:
For you and for me
He prayed on the tree:
The prayer is accepted,
The sinner is free.
- 4 Oh, lift up your eyes,
"T is finished," he cries:
Impassive, He suffers;
Immortal, He dies.
My pardon I claim;
A sinner I am,
A sinner believing
In Jesus' great name.

183 WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

Soft and slow.

SOPRANO.



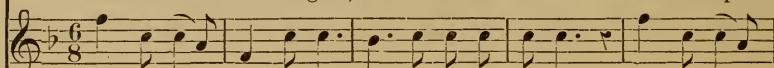
O pa bryd y cawn ni Gwrdd byth i wa-han-u, Heddwch llon
When shall we meet a-gain, Meet never to sev-er? Where shall peace

ALTO.



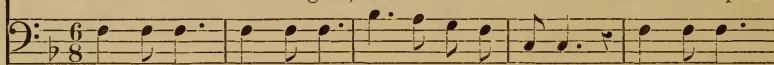
O pa bryd y cawn ni Gwrdd byth i wa-han-u, Heddwch llon
When shall we meet a-gain, Meet never to sev-er? Where shall peace

TENOR.
(8ve. lower.)

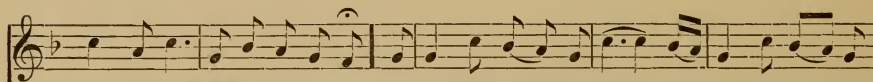


O pa bryd y cawn ni Gwrdd byth i wa-han-u, Heddwch llon
When shall we meet a-gain, Meet never to sev-er? Where shall peace

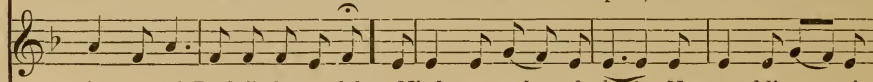
BASS.



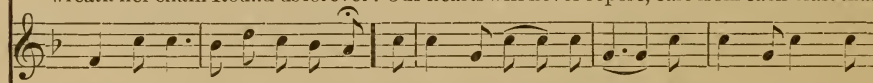
ACCOMP.



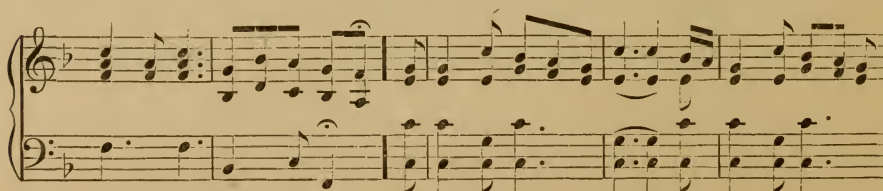
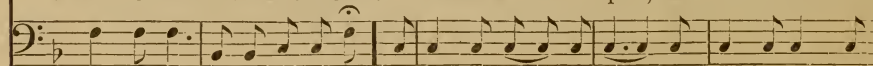
fel y lli' Byth i'n hamgylchu? Ni chawn orphwysfa byth, Nac un ddi - og - el
wreath her chain Round us forever? Our hearts will never repose, Safe from each blast that



fel y lli' Byth i'n hamgylchu? Ni chawn orphwysfa byth, Nac un ddi - og - el
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fel y lli' Byth i'n hamgylchu? Ni chawn orphwysfa byth, Nac un ddi-og - el
wreath her chain Round us forever? Our hearts will never repose, Safe from each blast that



WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

nyth, Tra yn ys-torm-ydd syth, Dy-ffryn ga-lar-u:
 blows, In this dark vale of woes, Ne-ver; no, ne-ver.

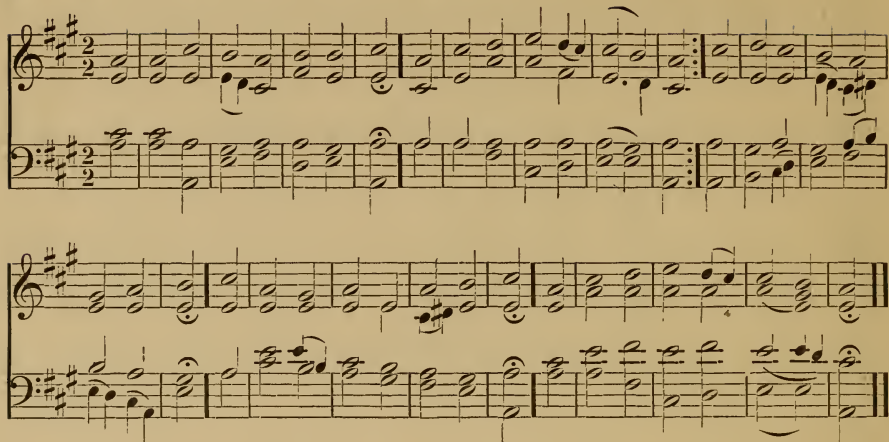
nyth, Tra yn ys-torm-ydd syth, Dy-ffryn ga-lar-u:
 blows, In this dark vale of woes, Ne-ver; no, ne-ver.

nyth, Tra yn ys-torm-ydd syth, Dy-ffryn ga-lar-u:
 blows, In this dark vale of woes, Ne-ver; no, ne-ver.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 'Bryd y rhed cariad pur, Fel afon
 lifeiriol,
 Pan na chawn boen na chur, Ingau
 mynwesol?
 Pan draid y nefoedd drwy
 Bob calon'n wynfyd nwy,
 Heb ofni 'madael mwy,
 Oesau tragwyddol.</p> | <p>2 When shall love freely flow, Pure as
 life's river,
 When shall sweet friendship glow,
 Changeless forever?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill,
 Never; no, never.</p> |
| <p>3 Draw i fro gwlad y gwawl, Dwg ni
 ein Gwaredydd;
 Yno i fwyn seinio'th fawl, Byth yn
 dragywydd;
 Lle trig y saint uwch ser,
 Boed sain ein halaw bêr,
 Hyfrydu'n ngwedd ein Ner
 Fyddo'n llawenydd.</p> | <p>3 Up to that world of light, Oh, take
 us, dear Saviour!
 May we there all unite, Happy for-
 ever;
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel,
 Never; no, never.</p> |
| <p>4 Buan cawn gwrdd ynghyd, Cwrdd
 byth i wahanu;—
 Cario'n braint—Coron brÿd—byth i'n
 mawrygu.
 Cawn orphwys yn y nef
 A chanu'n llon ein llef,
 Yr anthem, "Iddo ef,"
 Bythol heb dewi.</p> | <p>4 Soon shall we meet again, Meet never
 to sever,
 Soon shall peace wreath her chain,
 Round us forever:
 Our hearts will then repose,
 Secure from worldly woes;
 Our songs of praise shall close,
 Never; no, never.</p> |

184

TREDEGAR. M. 68. [87, 88, 7.]



M. 68.

Y dydd diweddaf.

1 Duw mawr! pa beth a welaf draw?
 Diwedd a braw i'r hollfyd;
 Mi wela 'r Barnwr yn nesáu
 Ar glaer gymylau tanlyd:
 Yr udgorn mawr yn seinio sydd
 A'r beddau 'n rhoddi eu meirw'n rhydd,
 I wae neu ddydd o wynfyd.

2 Ac wrth y floedd y meirw'n Nghrist
 Yn gyntaf a gyfodant;
 I gwrdd eu Harglwydd fry uwchben,
 Yn llawen yr esgynant;
 Ei bresenoldeb dwyfol sydd,
 Yn troi eu nos yn fythol ddydd
 A'u gobaith prudd yn fwyniant.

3 O'r beddau daw 'r annuwiol rai
 I ing a gwae tragwyddol;
 Eu dagrau a'u gweddïau dwys
 Sy'n awr yn aneffeithiol;
 Er ofnau fyrdd rhaid myn'd yn mlaen
 I gwrdd â'r Duw sy'n ysol dân
 O flaen yr orsedd farnol.

4 O Farnwr Cyfiawn! gwrando 'n cri,
 Sydd mewn trueni 'n gorwedd,
 O'th nefol ras tosturia Di,
 A dod i ni drugaredd!
 O fewn y noddfa caffer ni,
 Agorwyd gynt ar Galfari,
 Cyn delo dydd dialedd.

87, 88, 7.

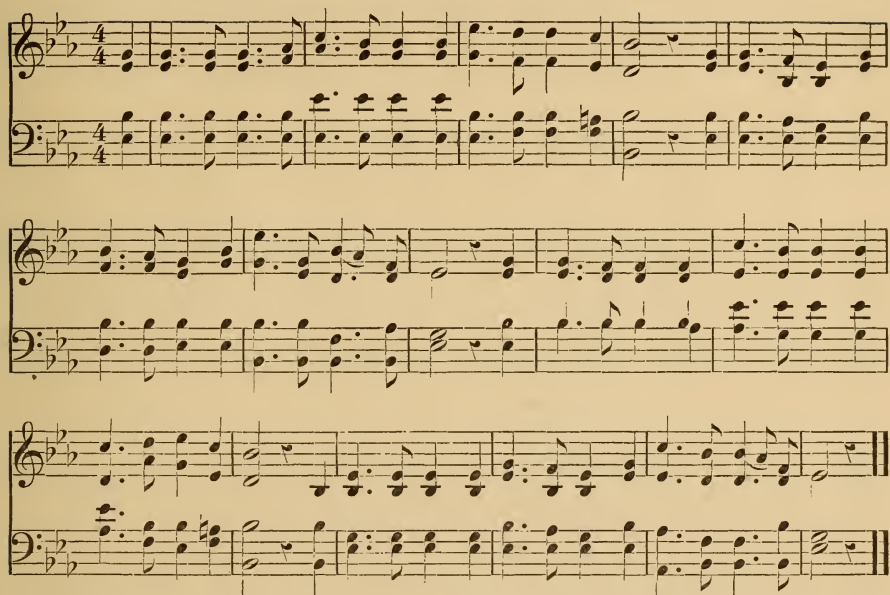
Judgment Hymn.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated:
 The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing:
 The day of grace is past and gone;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated:
 Beneath his cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.



1 Hwn ydyw'r oll adawyd i'm,
Mewn hiraeth 'rwyf o'r bron,
Mewn teimlad dwys, a dagrau'n llu,
Mi'i gwasgaf at fy mron:
Mae llawer oes o'n teulu'n myn'd,
Ond hwn yw'n BEIBL NI!
Bu'n llaw fy mam ar lawer tro,—
Wrth farw—rho'dd i mi.

2 Ac O! mor dda y cofiaf am
Yr enwau sy' ynddo'n, llwyr,
O amgylch yr hen aelwyd doent,
Ar ol pob gweddi'r hwyr,
Gan adrodd peth o'i gynwys mawr,
Nes toddi'm calon i;
Ar ol ei rhoddi yn y bedd—
Maent eto gyda ni.

3 Fy nhad ddarllenodd lawer gwaith
I'm brodyr, anwyl ryw,
O! olwg dawel f'anwyl fam,
Wrth wrando Gair ei Duw;
Dychmygaf wel'd ei santaidd wedd;—
'Rwy'n meddwl, lawer tro,
Cawn gydgyfarfod, oll yn llon,
O fewn y nefol fro.

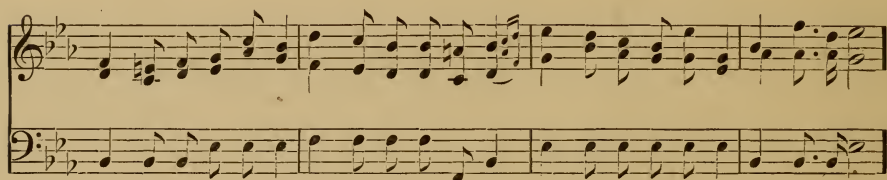
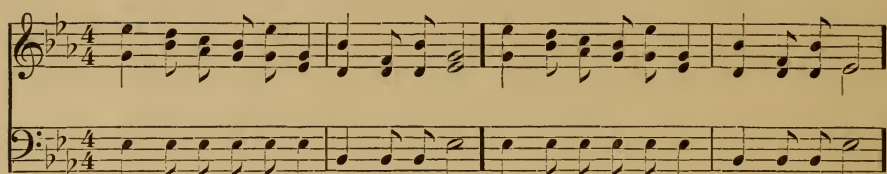
1 This book is all that's left me now,
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart:
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

2 Ah! well do I remember those,
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearthstone use to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
Its tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

3 My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear,
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear:
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home.

186

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.



CHORUS.



- 1 GAIR mwyn, ni farw byth,
 Llawenydd gawn,
 Duw wyr lle mae ei nyth
 Mewn mynwes lawn;
 Fel chwedl plentyn bydd,
 Yn byblu nos a dydd,
 Ar bob tymorau sydd,
 Yn lloni'r fron.
 Gair mwyn, ni farw byth,
 Farw byth, farw byth;
 Gair mwyn, ni farw byth,
 Ni farw byth.

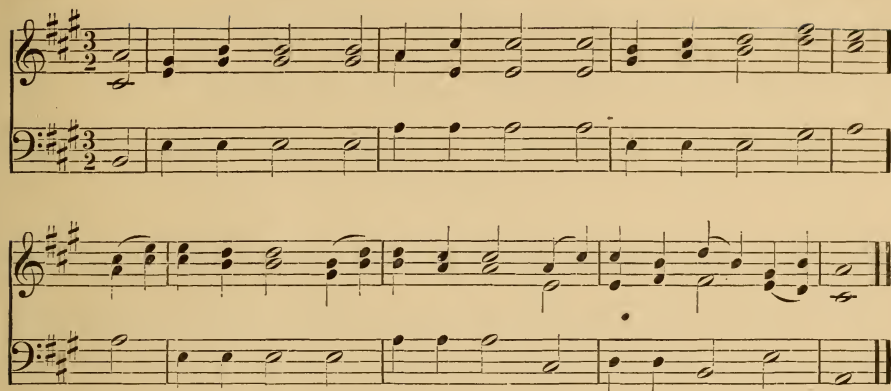
- 2 Meddyliau anwyl, fu,
 Ni farw byth,
 Er fel blodeuyn cu
 Yn colli'i wlith;
 Pan ddelo'r gwllith i lawr,
 Dysgleiria fel y wawr,
 Mewn adnewyddiad mawr,
 Blodeuant hwy.
 Meddyliau anwyl, fu,
 Anwyl, fu, anwyl, fu;
 Meddyliau anwyl, fu,
 Do, anwyl, fu.

- 1 KIND words can never die,
 Cherished and blest,
 God knows how deep they lie,
 Stored in the breast;
 Like childhood's simple rhymes,
 Said o'er a thousand times,
 Go through all years and climes,
 The heart to cheer.
 Kind words can never die,
 Never die, never die;
 Kind words can never die,
 No, never die.

- 2 Sweet thoughts can never die,
 Though like the flowers,
 Their brightest hues may fly
 In wintry hours;
 But when the gentle dew
 Gives them their charms anew,
 With many an added hue,
 They bloom again.
 Sweet thoughts can never die,
 Never die, never die;
 Sweet thoughts can never die,
 No, never die.

187

THE ORPHAN'S SONG.



1 Bu Iesu farw ar y groes,
Dyoddefodd dros fy mai;
Ac adgyfodi wnaeth mewn hedd
O'r bedd i'm cyfiawnhau.
Ond credu'r wyf, a chredu wnaf.

2 Ymbwyso wnaf, er maint fy mai,
Ar eiriau f' Arglwydd cu;
Y dw'r a'r gwaed ddaeth dan ei fron,
A bura 'nghalon i.

3 Gwel ffydd yr hen addewid gref,
O eiddo'r Nef i ni; [wir,
A chwadd ar bob rhyw rwystrau'n
Gan dd'weyd, "Cyflawnir hi!"

4 O doed ar frys y ddedydd awr,
Bydd Iesu mawr ei hun
Wedi adferu f' enaid oll,
Yn ddigoll ar ei lun.

5 O Arglwydd Dduw, bydd imi'n rhan,
'Dwy'n chwenych ond tydi;
Cyn myned i'm tragwyddol fan,
Datguddia'th hun i mi.

6 Fy enaid yn hiraethu sydd
Bob dydd am gael y frain;
Cael byw yn ngwedd dy wyneb cu,
A'th garu fel dy saint.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love He gives,—
A pledge of liberty.
I do believe, I will believe.

2 I find Him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be!
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word,
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess'd,
I taste an unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

6 Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone.

188

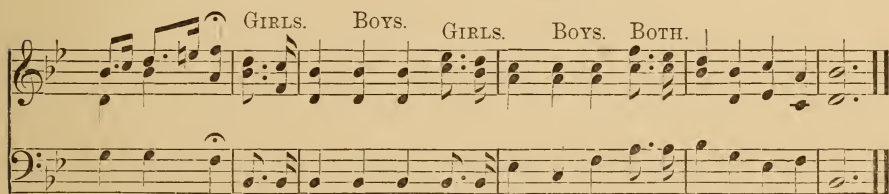
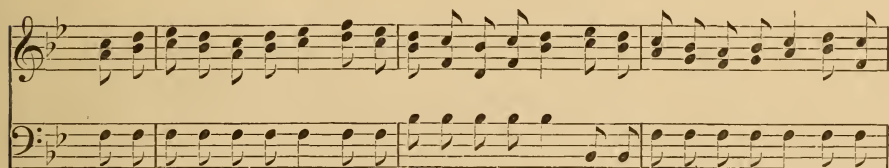
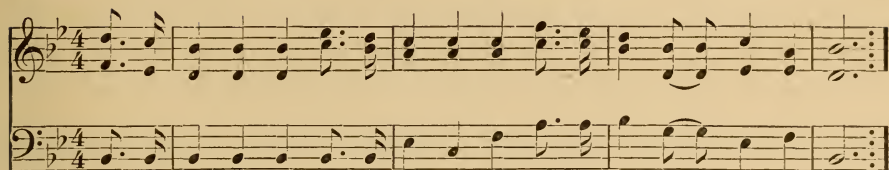
I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.



- 1 DYMUWYN fod yn angel,
Gyda'r angelion draw,
Ac ar fy mhen y goron,
A'r delyn yn fy llaw;
Yn ymyl fy Iachawdwr,
Mor ogoneddus sydd,
I gyffro fy mheroriaeth
Felusaf, nos a dydd.
- 2 Ni flinaf byth fod yno,
Ni chollaf ddagrau'n hwy,
Gofidus byth ni byddaf,
Ni theinlaf arswyd mwy;
Ond gwynfyd pur a santaidd,
Caf gyda'r Iesu fod,
A chyda mil o filoedd
Yn seinio byth ei glod.
- 3 Wyf wan a gwael bechadur,
Ond Iesu faddeu'n wiw,
Can's lluwys o blant bychain
A aeth i'r nef i fyw;
O anwyl, anwyl Iesu,
Pan marw byddaf fi,
O anfon di dy angel
I'm dwyn i'r nefoedd fry.
- 4 Ac yno byddaf angel,
Caf sefyll yn eu plith,
Ac ar fy mhen y goron,
Chwar'af y delyn byth;
Ac yno ger bron Iesu,
Mor ogoneddus fydd,
Mi unaf i gerddori,
A'i foli, nos a dydd.

- 1 I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.
- 2 I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever feel a sorrow,
Nor ever know a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise Him both day and night.
- 3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live;
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.
- 4 Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night.

189 I'LL AWAY TO THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.



1 PAN ddaw gwawr y dydd
 Ffoa'r t'willwch prudd,
 O flaen haul a'i b'lydrau fil;
 Pan yr amser ddaw,
 Yn agos i'r awr naw,
 Ni a awn i'r Ysgol Sul;
 Am mai yno 'rym yn nghyd,
 A'n calonau o unfryd,
 'Rwyf yn caru bod mewn pryd,
 Yn yr Ysgol Sul.
 Ni a awn, ni awn, ni a awn, ni awn.
 Ni a awn i'r Ysgol Sul.

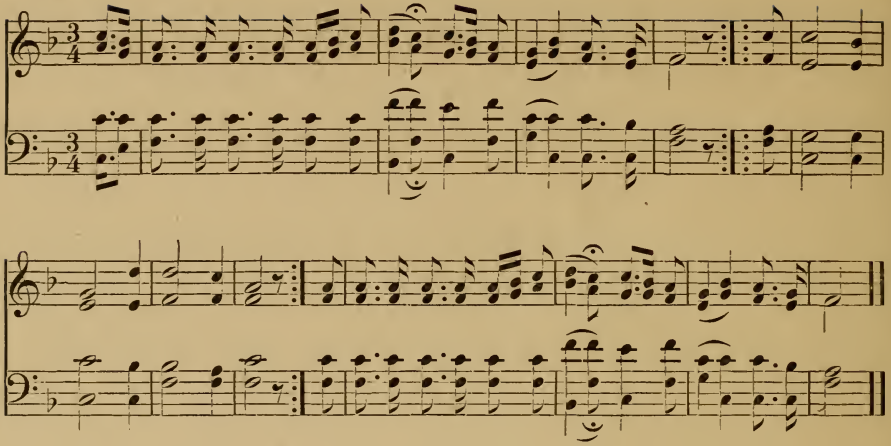
2 Yno y caf fi,
 Weled brodyr lu,
 Yn cyd-foli ar yr awr;
 Yno'm calon fydd,
 'N llawn ar hyd y dydd,
 Gan y pleser sddd mor fawr;
 Yn y Gyfrol Sentaidd Air,
 Llawn o gyngor ynddo ceir,
 Tywys i'enctyd ganddo wneir,
 Tua'r Ysgol Sul.
 Ni a awn, ni awn, &c.

1 WHEN the morning light
 Drives away the night,
 With the sun so bright and full,
 And it draws the line
 Near the hour of nine,
 I'll away to the Sabbath-school;
 For 't is there we all agree,
 All with happy hearts and free,
 And I love to early be
 At the Sabbath-school.
 I'll away, away, I'll away, away!
 I'll away to the Sabbath-school.

2 In the class I meet
 With the friends I greet,
 At the time of morning prayer;
 And our hearts we raise
 In a hymn of praise,
 For 't is always pleasant there:
 In the Book of holy truth,
 Full of counsel and reproof,
 We behold the guide of youth,
 At the Sabbath-school.
 I'll away, away, etc.

190

ON THE CROSS.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O WELE, wele, 'chwi Oen Duw,
 Ar y groes, ar y groes,
 Tywalltodd drosom ei waed gwiw,
 Ar y groes, ar y groes ;
 Gwrandewch ei holl bwysfawredd gri,
 "Eloi lama sabaethani!"
 Nesewch i wel'd ein Ceidwad eu,
 Ar y groes, ar y groes.</p> | <p>1 BEHOLD! behold, the Lamb of God
 On the cross, on the cross ;
 For you He shed his precious blood
 On the cross, on the cross ;
 Now hear his all-important cry,
 "Eloi lama sabaethani!"
 Draw near and see your Saviour die
 On the cross, on the cross.</p> |
| <p>2 P'le bynag af, ymfrostiaf fi,
 Am y groes, am y groes,
 Mewn arall, dim gogoniant sy'
 Ond y groes, ond y groes ;
 Gaiff fod fy unig destun, trwy
 Fy oes, a thragwyddoldeb mwy,
 Am Iesu Grist a'i farwol glwy',
 Ar y groes, ar y groes.</p> | <p>2 Where'er I go, I'll tell the story
 Of the cross, of the cross,
 In nothing else my soul shall glory
 Save the cross, save the cross ;
 Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
 Through time and in eternity,
 That Jesus suffered death for me
 On the cross, on the cross.</p> |
| <p>3 Doed pob gofidus, doed yn mla'n,
 At y groes, at y groes ;
 A doed pob Cristion, seinied gân,
 Am y groes, am y groes ;
 Doed pob pregethwr, yma 'thraw,
 Gan dd'weyd, a'r Beibl yn ei law,
 Trugaredd râd i bawb a ddaw,
 At y groes, at y groes.</p> | <p>3 Let every mourner come and cling
 To the cross, to the cross,
 Let every Christian come and sing
 Round the cross, round the cross ;
 Here let the preacher take his stand,
 And with the Bible in his hand
 Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb
 On the cross, on the cross.</p> |

191

OH! I WANT TO CROSS OVER.

Lively.

1 A DDARFU i chwi glywed am gysur
mor fawr,
I'r hwn mae ein Ceidwad yn gwahodd
yn awr,
Mae wedi ei bennodi i'r pur ac heb
haint,
Mae dros yr Iorddonen, lle gorphwys y
saint.

CYDGAN.

Ac O am fyn'd drosodd, ddowch chwi?
lle mae'n bod,
I uno â'r angelion dderchafu ei glod,
Mae arnaf chwant uno, â achubwyd
trwy ffydd,
Iē, dros yr hen afon, fy etifeddiaeth i
sydd.

2 Cawn donau ewynog yr angeu, gwir
yw,
Ond yno'r gogoniant na welwyd ei ryw,
Caniadau na chlywyd eu bath gan un
dyn,
A'r Iesu a'n dyga trwy'r afon ei hun.
Ac O am fyn'd trosodd, &c.

1 Oh, have you not heard of that realm
of delight,
To which the blessed Saviour doth each
one invite;
'Tis prepared for the good, and the pure,
and the blessed;
'Tis o'er the river, where the weary find
rest.

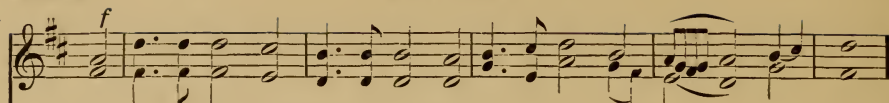
CHORUS.

Oh! I want to cross over, don't you?
where He reigns, [plains;
And join the glad angels on Eden's fair
I want to be gathered with all the re-
deemed;
Yes, over the river, where the fields are
all green.

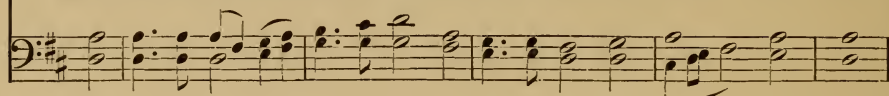
2 True, death's foaming billows are roll-
ing between, [not seen;
But glories are there such as eye hath
And songs are there such as ear hath
not caught; [hath taught.
And the way o'er the river the Saviour
Oh! I want to cross over, etc.

192

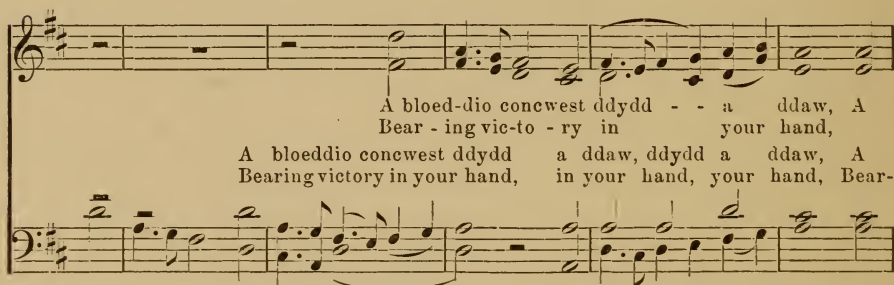
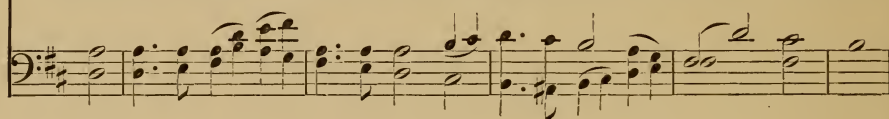
VICTORY.



Yn mlaen, yn mlaen chwi filwyr Duw, O'ch blaen mae buddug - ol - iaeth wiw;
 March on, march on, sol - diers of God, The foe un - der foot must be trod;

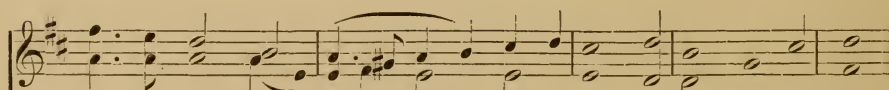


Cewch ddwyn eich palmwydd yn eich llaw, A gwisgo hy - fryd gor - on draw.
 Oh, come, you shall with vig-or stand, And march with joy to the prom - ised land,

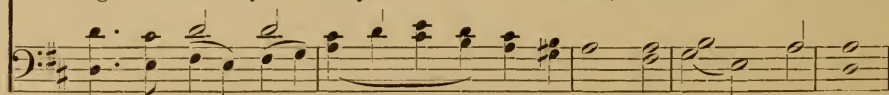


A bloeddio concwest ddydd a ddaw,
 Bearing victory in your hand,

A bloeddio concwest ddydd a ddaw, A
 Bearing victory in your hand, Bear-



bloeddio con - ewest ddydd - - a ddaw yn nheyrn - as nef.
 ing vic - to - ry in your hand, In heaven a - bove.



SOLDIERS OF GOD.

Ha - le - lû - ia, ha - le - lû - ia, ha - le - lû - ia, A - men.
Hal - le - lu - ia, hal - le - lu - ia, hal - le - lu - ia, A - men.

p

Ha - le - lû - ia, ha - le - lû - ia, ha - le - lû - ia, ha - le -
Hal - le - lu - ia, hal - le - lu - ia, hal - le - lu - ia, hal - le -

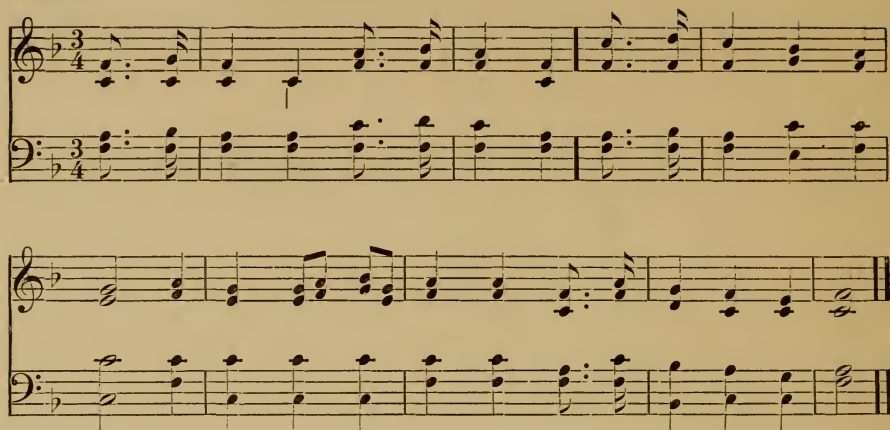
f

lû - ia, ha - le - lû - ia, ha - le - lû - ia, ha - le -
lu - ia, hal - le - lu - ia, hal - le - lu - ia, hal - le -

lû - ia, ha - le - lû - ia, ha - le - lû - ia, A - men.
lu - ia, hal - le - lu - ia, hal - le - lu - ia, A - men.

193

COME TO JESUS.

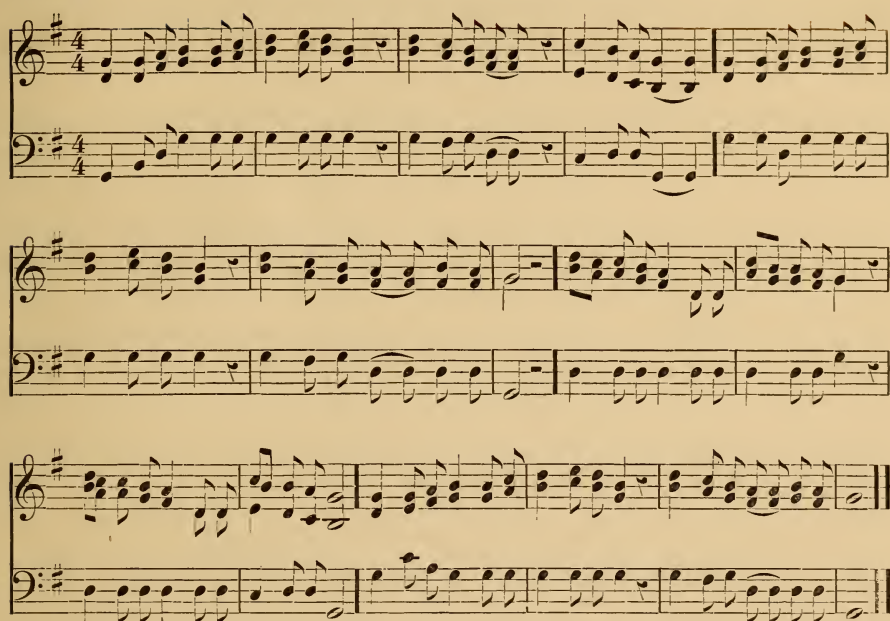


Dowch at Iesu.

- 1 Dowch at Iesu, dowch at Iesu,
Dowch at Iesu 'r awrhon;
'R awrhon, dowch at Iesu,
Dowch at Iesu 'r awrhon.
- 2 Ef a'ch ceidw, 'r awrhon, &c.
ACT. xvi. 31.
- 3 Credwch ynddo, 'r awrhon, &c.
IOAN iii. 16.
- 4 Mae'n alluog, 'r awrhon.
HEB. vii. 25.
- 5 'Fe 'ch derbynia, 'r awrhon.
IOAN vi. 37.
- 6 Rhedwch ato, 'r awrhon.
MAT. iii. 7.
- 7 Gelwch arno, 'r awrhon.
ACT. ii. 21.
- 8 'Fe 'ch gwrandawa, 'r awrhon.
MARC x. 52.
- 9 Ef a'ch pura, 'r awrhon.
1 IOAN i. 9.
- 10 'Fe 'ch dillada, 'r awrhon.
RHUF. iii. 5.
- 11 Mae'n eich caru, 'r awrhon.
IOAN xv. 13.

Invitation to Christ.

- 1 COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.
- 2 He will save you, just now, etc.
ACTS xvi. 31.
- 3 Oh, believe Him just now, etc.
JOHN iii. 16.
- 4 He is able.
HEB. vii. 25.
- 5 He 'll receive you.
JOHN vi. 37.
- 6 Then flee to Jesus.
MATT. iii. 7.
- 7 Call unto Him.
ACTS ii. 21.
- 8 He will hear you.
MARK x. 52.
- 9 He will cleanse you.
1 JOHN i. 7.
- 10 He will clothe you.
REV. iii. 5.
- 11 Jesus loves you.
JOHN xv. 13.



1 Gochel y cwpan, mae'n farwol i ti,
 Gochel y cwpan, gochel y cwpan.
 Llawer a adwaen a yfodd yn hy,
 Gochel y cwpan, gochel o.
 'N dawel eu bryd nad oedd niwed yn
 bod,
 Nes iddynt gael yn y delm fod eu
 troed.
 Ffo, y mae twyll yn ei waelod erioed,
 Gochel y cwpan, gochel o.

2 Gochel y cwpan a llewyrch y gwin,
 Gochel y cwpan, gochel y cwpan:
 Er iddo 'mddangos yn dëg i dy fin,
 Gochel y cwpan, gochel o.
 Colyn y sarff yn ei waelod o sydd,
 'N ddwfn ei fâr yn dy enaid a rydd,
 Ie, dy boen yn dragywydd a fydd,
 Gochel y cwpan, gochel o.

1 TOUCH not the cup, it is death to thy
 soul;
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
 Many I know who have quaffed from
 the bowl,
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Little they thought that the demon was
 there,
 Blindly they drank, and were caught in
 the snare; [ware!
 Then of that death-dealing bowl, oh, be-
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

2 TOUCH not the cup when the wine
 glistens bright,
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
 Though like the ruby it shines in the
 light,
 Touch not the cup, touch it not. [bowl,
 The fangs of the serpent are hid in the
 Deeply the poison will enter thy soul;
 Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy
 control,
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

195

BEAUTIFUL CITY.

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass). The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a mezzo-piano (*mp*) section. The third system features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The fourth system is marked 'Repeat *pp*' (pianissimo). The score includes various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and repeat signs.

Prydferth yw Seion.

Beautiful Zion.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 PRYDFERTH yw Seion, adeilad fry,
 Prydferth yw'r ddinas,—caraf hi!
 Prydferth yw'r pyrth o berlaidd liw
 Prydferth yw'r deml—llawn o Dduw.
 Ef a fu farw ar Galfari,
 Egyr y perlaidd byrth i ni.
 Seion, Seion, hawddgar Seion,
 Prydferth yw Seion, dinas ddegin Duw.</p> | <p>1 BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,
 Beautiful city that I love!
 Beautiful gates of pearly white,
 Beautiful temple—God its light!
 He who was slain on Calvary
 Opens those pearly gates to me.
 Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
 Beautiful Zion, city of our God.</p> |
| <p>2 Prydferth yw'r nefoedd—nos ni bydd,
 Prydferth yw'r engyl glân y sydd;
 Prydferth yw'r ceinciau sy'n y 'stôr,
 Prydferth delynau drwy'r holl gôr;
 Yno caf uno'r gydgan fyw
 Addoli wrth draed fy Iesu gwiw.
 Seion, Seion, &c.</p> | <p>2 Beautiful heav'n where all is light,
 Beautiful angels clothed in white;
 Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps through all the choir.
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.
 Zion, Zion, lovely Zion, etc.</p> |

196

MOUNT VERNON.



Marwolaeth.

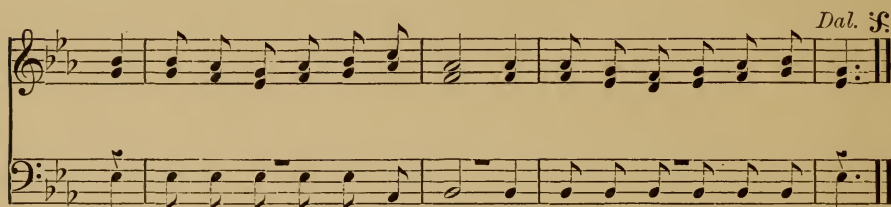
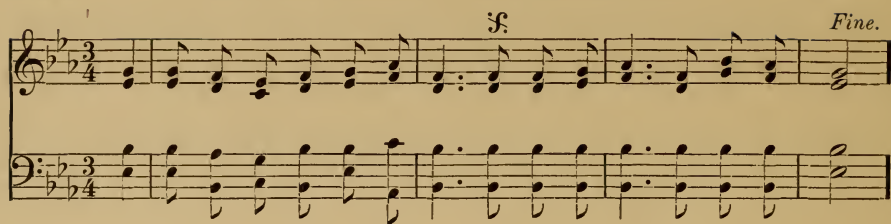
- 1 GRISTION hawddgar daeth yr adeg
I' ehedeg at dy Dad.
Gad dy lesgedd, hwyliat' edyn,
Cyfod, cychwyn tua'th wlad.
- 2 Sych dy ddagrau, dechreu ganu,
Darfu'th bechu, darfu'th boen;
Ti gei bellach dawel orphwys
Yn mharadwys gyda'r oen.
- 3 Er fod afon angu'n dônog,
A llen niwlog dros y glyn,
Gwel dy briod cu yn dyfod
I'th gyfarfod y pryd hyn.
- 4 Dacw'r gelyn wrth ei gadwyn,
Heb ei gelyn, dan ei glwy';
Dacw uffern wedi'i maeddu!
Gristion, pa'm yr ofni mwyl?

Death.

- 1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer's breeze;
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in thy grave so low,
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shall know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
How thy loss we deeply feel;
But it's God that hath bereaved us,
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled, [thee,
When in heaven with joy we'll greet
Where no farewell tear is shed.

197

THE LITTLE WANDERER.



Dewch blant at Iesu.

The Little Wanderer.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O DEWCH blant bychain dewch, O
dewch,
At Iesu Grist, llawn groesaw gewch,
Mae'n awr yn galw, clywch ei gri,
"Gadewch i blant ddod ataf fi,"
"Gadewch i blant ddod ataf fi."</p> | <p>1 JESUS, to Thy dear arms I flee,
I have no other help but Thee;
For Thou dost suffer me to come,
Oh, take a little wand'rer home,
Oh, take a little wand'rer home.</p> |
| <p>2 Ei freichiau tyner sydd ar led,
O, blentyn bychan iddynt rhed:
Fe'th goledd yn ei fynwes glyd,
Fe'th geidw'n ddyogel ar bob pryd.</p> | <p>2 Jesus, I'll try my cross to bear,
I'll follow Thee and never fear;
From Thy dear fold I would not roam;
Oh, take a little wand'rer home.</p> |
| <p>3 Mae' i serch yn fwy nag eiddo mam,
Gwareda'i blant rhag pob rhyw gam;
Fe'u ceidw rhag gelynion lu,
Fe'u cymer yn ei fynwes fry.</p> | <p>3 Jesus, I cannot see Thee here,
Yet still I know Thou'rt very near;
Oh, say my sins are all forgiven,
And I shall dwell with Thee in heaven.</p> |
| <p>4 Cant fythol wleda ger ei fron
O fewn trigfanau'r Wynfa lon;
Gwel'd ei ogoniant yn ddi-len,
A'i wir goroni Ef yn ben.</p> | <p>4 And now, dear Jesus, I am Thine,
Oh, be Thou ever, ever mine,
And let me never, never roam
From Thee, the little wand'rer's home.</p> |

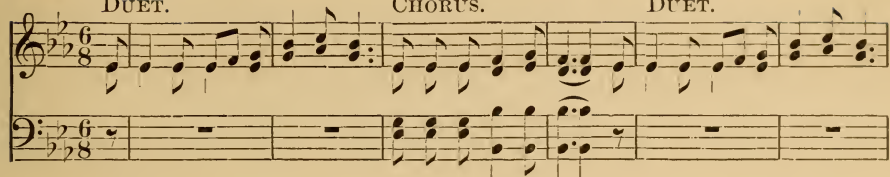
198

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

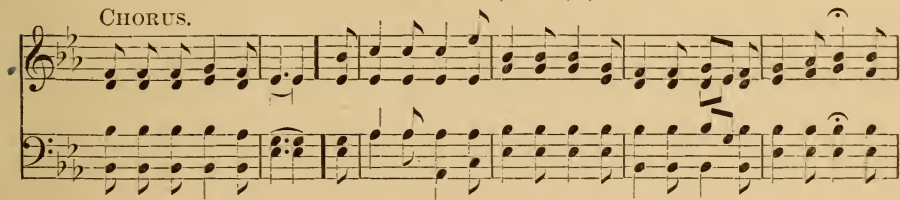
DUET.

CHORUS.

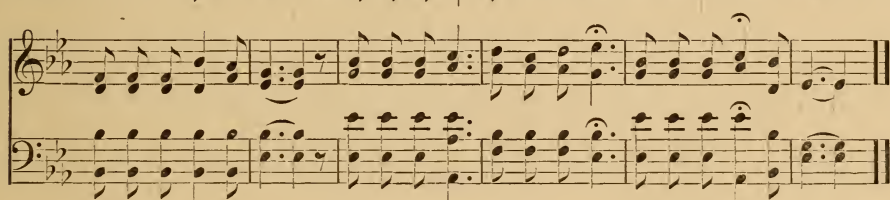
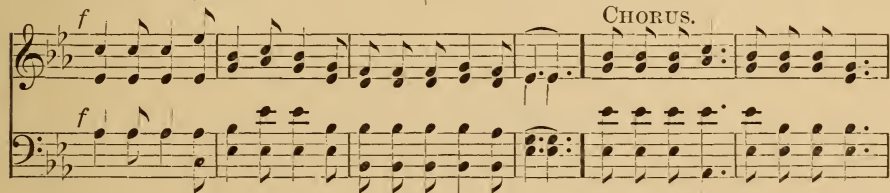
DUET.



CHORUS.



CHORUS.



Yn ddyethr yma.

- 1 JERUSALEM, O gartref clyd,
 Hyfryd yw'r fro i fyw;
 Yn mhell o swm ystormaldd byd,
 Hyfryd yw'r fro i fyw.
 Ni welir cwmwl uwch y lle,
 Disglaerdeb pur sydd yny ne',
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 Mor hyfryd yw'r fro i fyw.
 Hyfryd yw'r fro, hyfryd yw'r fro,
 Hyfryd yw'r fro i fyw,
 Hyfryd yw'r fro, &c.

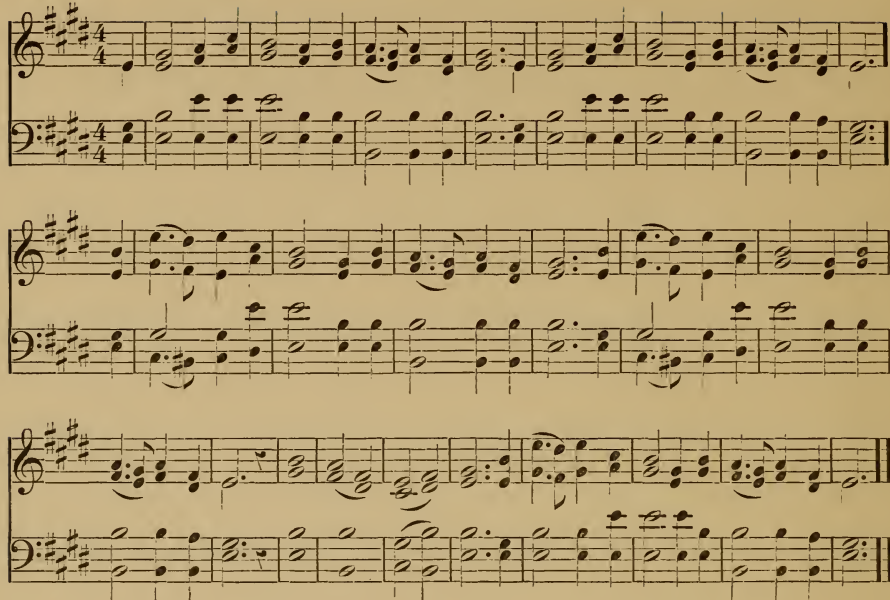
- 2 Jerusalem, gwlad rhyddid llawn,
 Hyfryd yw'r fro i fyw,
 Gorphwysfa lonydd yno gawn,
 Hyfryd yw'r fro i fyw.
 Mor beraidd yno fydd ein cân,
 "A'n holl gadwynau 'n chwilfriw
 Jerusalem, &c. [mân.]

A Stranger here.

- 1 JERUSALEM, forever bright,
 Beautiful land of rest;
 No winter there, nor chill of night,
 Beautiful land of rest!
 The dripping cloud is chas'd away,
 The sun breaks forth in endless day,
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 The beautiful land of rest.
 Beautiful land, beautiful land,
 Beautiful land of rest,
 Beautiful land, etc.
- 2 Jerusalem, forever free,
 Beautiful land of rest!
 The soul's sweet home of Liberty,
 Beautiful land of rest!
 The gyves of sin, the chains of woe,
 The ransomed there will never know.
 Jerusalem, etc.

199

SWEET HOME.



My Mam.

1 PAN oeddwyn ni yn faban tyner a
gwiw,
Fel cwch ar y cefnfor heb angor na llyw,
A myrdd o beryglon yn bygwth bob nam,
Fy unig amddiffyn oedd cysgod fy mam.
Mam, mam, hoff fam,
'Does neb fel fy mam,
O does neb fel fy mam.

2 Pan dyfais yn fachgen gwyllt, ofer fy
myrd,
A dechreu ymddirwyn yn nrhoion y byd,
Mynychu tafarndai, a rhoi a chael cam,
Fe'm cadwyd rhag medd'dod trwy ofal
fy mam.
Mam, mam, hoff, &c.

3 Am Bethle'm, a'r preseb, hi soniai
mor syn,
Am ardd Gethsemane, a Chalfari fryn;
Fy arwain i gwmni yr Iesu dinam,
Byth bythoed mid fyddaf yn nyled fy
mam,
Mam, mam, hoff, &c.

The Saviour.

1 THY heart to the Saviour, O sinner,
now give, [and live;
Why linger and perish? come to Him
One look to my Jesus dispels all thy
gloom; [thee safe home.
He will save thee from hell, and bring
Home, home, sweet home,
He'll save thee from hell, and He'll
bring thee safe home.

2 To Jesus, my Saviour, I live every
hour; [power;
I live by his grace and I trust in his
His guidance I'll seek wherever I shall
roam; [me safe home.
He'll guide me on earth, and He'll bring
Home, home, sweet home, etc.

3 Our home is not here, 't is above, where
the poor, [no more,
The tempted, and tried ones will suffer
Where sorrow and sighing, where pain
cannot come; [is our home.
On earth we are strangers, but heaven
Home, etc.

200 SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

CHORUS.

ad lib.

1 DYFAL gasglwn haulbelydrau,
 Britho'n llwybrau mae y rhai'n;
 Cadw nwnwn y grawn a'r blodau,
 Taffwn heibio'r us a'r drain:
 Yfwn beunydd o'r melusion,
 Sydd o'n hamgylch ar bob llaw;
 Gyda thawel law amynedd,
 Trown y drysni heibio draw.
 Gwasgarwn had tiriondeb,
 Gwasgarwn had tiriondeb,
 Gwasgarwn had tiriondeb,
 Cawn ei fedi yn y man.

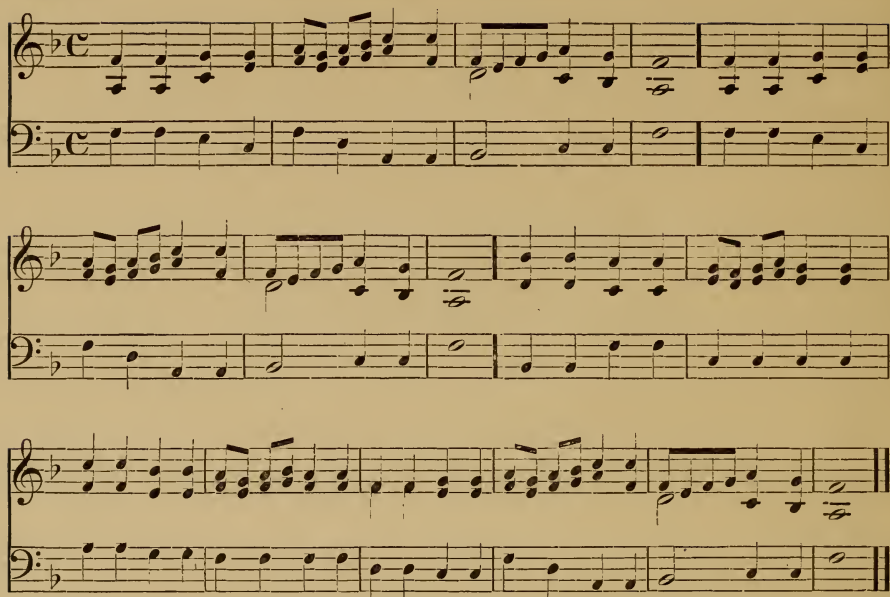
2 Pan y peidia'r adar ganu,
 Gwerthfawrogi swyn eu can;
 Mwy yw gwerth pereidd-dra'r rhosyn
 Ar ol gwywo'i ddalen lan;
 Llauer tecach—mwy dymunol,
 Ydyw'r haf, a'i hyfryd wawr,
 Pan ysgydw'r gauaf gerwin
 Gwdd o eira dros y llawr.—CYD.

1 LET us gather up the sunbeams
 Lying all around our path;
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,
 Casting out the thorns and chaff.
 Let us find our sweetest comfort
 In the blessings of to-day,
 With a patient hand removing
 All the briars from the way.
 Then scatter seeds of kindness,
 Then scatter seeds of kindness,
 Then scatter seeds of kindness,
 For our reaping by and by.

2 Strange we never prize the music
 Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown!
 Strange that we should slight the violets
 Till the lovely flowers are gone!
 Strange that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one-half so fair
 As when winter's snowy pinions
 Shake the white down in the air.—CHO.

201

OH, HOW HE LOVES.



1 UN a gefais i mi'n gyfaill,
 Pwy fel Efe!
 Hwn a gâr yn hwy nag eraill,
 Pwy fel Efe!
 Cyfnewidiol ydyw dynion,
 A siomedig yw cyfeillion:
 Hwn a bery byth yn ffyddlon;
 Pwy fel Efe!

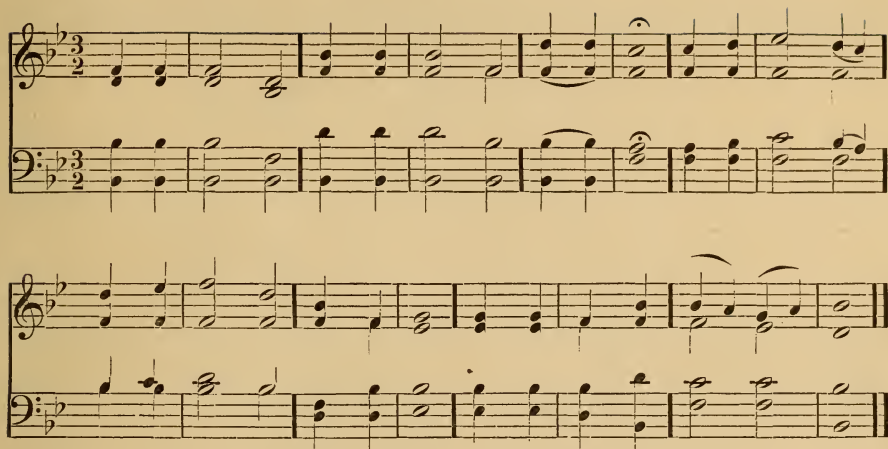
2 F'enaid glên wrth Grist mewn cyni,
 Pwy fel Efe!
 Ffyddlawn yw yn mhob caledi,
 Pwy fel Efe!
 Os yw pechod yn dy dd'rysu,
 Anghrediniaeth am dy lethu,
 Hwn a ddichon dy waredu,
 Pwy fel Efe!

3 Dy gamweddau a ddilea,
 Pwy fel Efe!
 Dy elynion oll fe'u maedda,
 Pwy fel Efe!
 Cai bob bendith i dy feddiant,
 Hedd a chariad a'th ddilynant;
 Crist a'th arwain i ogoniant,
 Pwy fel Efe!

1 ONE there is above all others,
 Oh, how He loves!
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Oh, how He loves!
 Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
 Oh, how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
 Oh, how He loves!
 Think, oh, think how much we owe
 Oh, how He loves! [Him,
 With his precious blood He bought us,
 In the wilderness He sought us,
 To his fold He safely brought us,
 Oh, how He loves!

3 Blessed Jesus! would you know Him,
 Oh, how He loves!
 Give yourselves entirely to Him,
 Oh, how He loves!
 Think no longer of the morrow,
 From the past new courage borrow,
 Jesus carries all your sorrow,
 Oh, how He loves!



Duw yn agos.

- 1 MAE Duw 'n agos,
Drwy bob dunos
Dyga di,
Er dy groesau,
I ororau
Nefoedd fry.

- 2 Mewn llawenydd,
Edrych beunydd
Tua 'r nef;
Cyfaill ffyddlon
Pererinion
Ydyw ef.

- 3 Yr aderyn
Gwan sy'n esgyn
Uwch y don,
Pan y llefa,
Duw a nertha'i
Unig fron.

Thou art near.

- 1 GOD is near thee,
Therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul!
He'll defend thee,
When around thee
Billows roll.

- 2 Calm thy sadness,
Look in gladness
On high!
Faint and weary,
Pilgrim, cheer thee!
Help is nigh!

- 3 Hark the sea-bird,
Wildly wheeling
Through the skies;
God defends him,
God attends him,
When he cries!

ANTHEMAU CYNNULLEIDFAOL.

CONGREGATIONAL ANTHEMS.

Op. 30. No. 1.

AR LAN IORDDONEN DDOFN.

Deep Jordan's Banks I Tread.

Moderato.

Ar lan Ior-ddonen ddofn 'Rwy'n oed-i'n nych - lyd, Mewn
 Deep Jordan's banks I tread, And trembling wa - ver; I
 Ar lan Ior-ddon - en ddofn 'Rwy'n oed-i'n nych-
 Deep Jordan's banks I tread, And trembling wa-

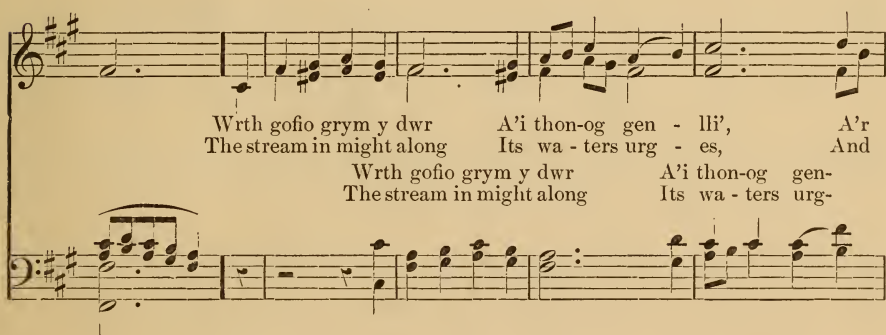
blys myn'd trwy, ac ofn . . . Ei stormydd en - byd: O!
 long to cross, but dread . . . The storm-y riv - er. O!
 lyd, Mewn blys myn'd trwy, ac ofn O! na bai modd i
 ver; I long to cross, but dread O! would'twere given that

na bai modd i mi Ysgoi ei hymchwydd hi, A hed-fan uwch ei lli' Pr
 would'twere given that I Might shun thes swellings high, And o'er the flood might fly To
 mi Ys - goi ei hymchwydd hi, A hed - fan uwch ei lli' Pr
 I Might shun thes swellings high, And o'er the flood might fly To

DEEP JORDAN'S BANKS I TREAD.

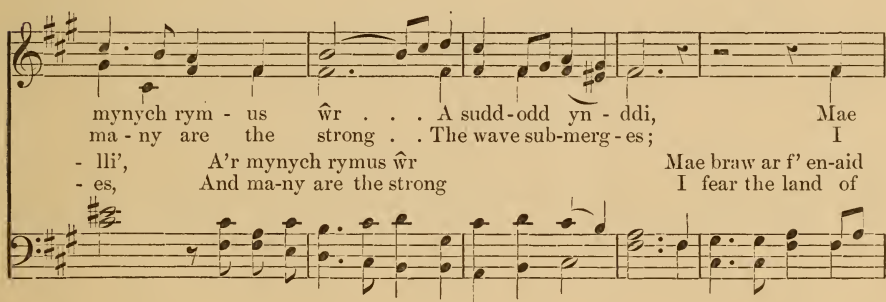


Gan-aan hyf - ryd.
rest for ev - er.



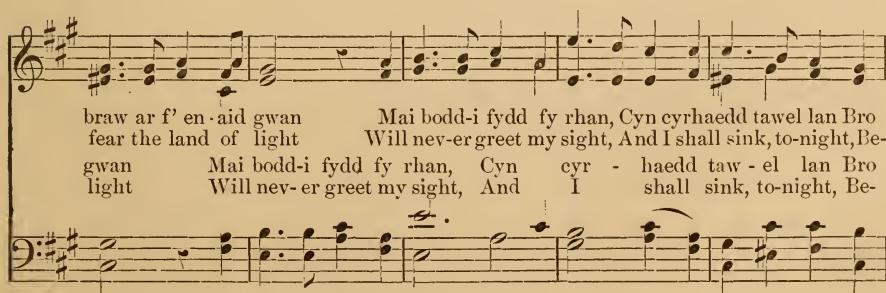
Wrth gofio grym y dwr A'i thon-og gen - lli', A'r
The stream in might along Its wa - ters urg - es, And

Wrth gofio grym y dwr A'i thon-og gen-
The stream in might along Its wa - ters urg-



mynych rym - us ŵr . . . A sudd-odd yn - ddi, Mae
ma - ny are the strong . . . The wave sub-merg-es; I

- lli', A'r mynych rymus ŵr Mae braw ar f' en-aid
- es, And ma-ny are the strong I fear the land of



braw ar f' en-aid gwan Mai bodd-i fydd fy rhan, Cyn cyrhaedd tawel lan Bro
fear the land of light Will nev-er greet my sight, And I shall sink, to-night, Be-

gwan Mai bodd-i fydd fy rhan, Cyn cyr - haedd taw - el lan Bro
light Will nev-er greet my sight, And I shall sink, to-night, Be-

AR LAN IORDDONEN DDOFN.

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#).

y go - leu - ni.
neath these surg - es.

f Allegro moderato.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#).

Ond pan y gwel - wyf draw Ar fyn - ydd Sei - on, Yn
But who are these I see In crowds ap - pear - ing? Old

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#).

iach, heb boen na braw, Fy hen gy - feill - ion. Pa
friends from per - il free, My spir - it cheer - ing. I'll

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#).

ham, pa ham yr ofn - af, yr ofn - af mwy? Y Duw a'u dal - iodd
lin - ger, lin - ger here, lin - ger here no more, But trust to God that

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#).

hwy A'm dyg - a in - au drwy Ei dyf - roedd dyfn - ion; Y
bore Them safe to yon - der shore, No dan - ger fear - ing; But

DEEP JORDAN'S BANKS I TREAD.

Duw a'u dal - iodd hwy A'm dyg - a in - au drwy Ei dyf - roedd
trust to God that bore Them safe to yon - der shore, No dan - ger

dyfn - ion; Y Duw a'u dal - iodd hwy A'm dyg - a in - au
fear - ing; But trust to God that bore Them safe to yon - der

drwy Ei dyf-roedd dyfn - ion, A'm dyg - a in - au drwy Ei dyf-roedd
shore, No dan-ger fear - ing, Bore them safe to yon - der shore, No dan-ger

dim.
dyfn - - ion
fear - - ing
Ei dyf - roedd dyfn - ion.
No dan - ger fear - ing.

dim.

No. 2.

Wele! r'wyf yn Sefyll wrth y drws, ac yn curo.

Behold! I Stand at the Door and Knock.

Andante.

We - le! we - le! r'wyf yn sefyll wrth y drws,
Be - hold! be - hold! I stand at the door, Be -

p *pp*

We - le! r'wyf yn sef - yll, yn sef - yll wrth y drws, ac yn cur - o, yn
hold! I stand, I stand at the door and knock, and

1st time.

cur - o: r'wyf yn sef - yll wrth y drws, ac yn cur - o.
knock, I stand at the door, I stand and knock. Be -

2d time. *p* *f*

o. Os clyw neb fy llais i, ac a - gor - yd y drws, mi a
knock. If an - y hear my voice, and o - pen the door, I will

BEHOLD! I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK.

ddeu-af i mewn, i mewn at - to ef, ac a swp - per - af gyd âg
come, will come in, come in to to him, and will sup with

ef, ac yn - tau gyd â min-au, mi a ddeu-af i mewn, i
him, and he, and he with me, I will come in to him, will

mewn at - to ef, at - to ef . . . We - le! we - le! r'wyf yn
come in to him, in to him . . . Be - hold! be - hold! I

sef-yll wrth y drws, We - le! r'wyf yn sef-yll, yn sef-yll wrth y drws, ac yn
stand at the door, Be - hold! I stand, I stand at the door and

cur - o, yn cur - o, r'wyf yn sef-yll wrth y drws, ac yn cur -
knock, and knock, I stand at the door, at the door and

MI A GODAF, AC A ÂF AT FY NHAD.

p *rall.*

- o; We - le! r'wyf yn sef - yll ac yn cur - o.
 knock; Be - hold! I stand at the door and knock.

rall.

No. 3.

MI A GODAF, AC A ÂF AT FY NHAD.

I will Arise, and go to my Father.

Moderato. 1st time p, 2d time f.

Mi a god - af, Mi a god - af, ac a âf at fy
 I will a - rise, I will a - rise, and go to my

nhad, ac a ddy-wed - af, ac a ddy-wed - af, ddy-wed - af wrth - o,
 Fa - ther, and will say, . . and will say, will say un - to Him,

p

Fy nhad, Fy nhad, pech-ais yn er - byn y nef,
 Fa-ther, Fa-ther, I have sinn'd a - gainst heaven,

I WILL ARISE. AND GO TO MY FATHER.

p

pech-ais yn er - byn y nef, ac o'th flaen dith - au,
I have sinn'd a - gainst heaven, and in thy sight,

f

p

pech-ais yn er - byn y nef, ac o'th flaen dith - au, Ac
I have sinn'd a - gainst heaven, and in thy sight, And

p *f*

mwy - ach nid wyf deil - wng, nid wyf deil - wng im gal - w'n
am no more wor - thy, no more wor - thy to be

dim. *p* *pp*

fab i ti im gal - w'n, fab i ti. Fy nhad, Fy
called thy son, to be called, to be called thy son. Fa-ther,

pp

f

nhad, pech - ais yn er - byn y nef, Fy
Fa - ther, I have sinn'd a - gainst heaven,

f

MOLIAN T I'R IESU.

nhad, Fy nhad, pech - ais, fy nhad, pech - ais.
 Fa - ther, My Fa - ther, I've sinn'd, - Fa - ther, I've sinn'd.

No. 4.

MOLIAN T I'R IESU.

Perfected in Jesus.

Moderato. f *Allegro. mf*

Cyd-gan-wn, cyd-gan-wn, cyd-gan-wn oll yn awr, Cyd-
 Let all the peo-ple, let all the peo-ple raise, Let

gan - wn oll yn awr, . . O gon-iant Ies - u mawr . . Er
 all the peo-ple raise . . To Je - sus song of praise . . From
 gan - wn oll yn awr, O gon - iant Ies - u mawr Er
 all the peo - ple raise To Je - sus song of praise From

byd o boen, Er byd o boen, Uwch, uwch del - yn - au'r
 earth be - low, From earth be - low, From harps of saints a-
 From harps of

PERFECTED IN JESUS.

nef, . . . Eich mol - iant idd - o ef, . . . Eich mol - iant idd - o
 bove, . . . Now per - fect - ed in love, . . . Now per - fect - ed in
 - yn - au'r nef, Eich mol - iant idd - o ef,
 saints a - bove, Now per - fect - ed in love,

ef, Mewn new - ydd hoen, Mewn new - ydd hoen new-
 love, More prais - es flow, More prais - es flow, prais-
 Mewn new - ydd, new - ydd hoen, new-ydd,
 More prais - es, prais - es flow, prais - es,

- - - ydd hoen;
 - - - es flow;
 new - ydd hoen;
 prais - es flow;
 A chwi ang - el - ion
 Love ev' - ry ho - ly
 A
 Love

glan, Gnewch chwydd - o fyth y gân, chwydd-o fyth y
 throng, Through all the heavens a - long. Through the heavens a -
 chwi ang - el - ion glan, Gnewch chwydd-o fyth y gân, y
 ev' - ry ho - ly throng, Through all the heavens a - long, a -

MOLIAN T P'R IESU.

gân, Yn llawn o nef - ol dân, Yn
long, Through all the heavens a - long, For-

gân, Yn llawn o nef - ol dân, Yn llawn o nef - ol
long, Through all the heavens a - long, For - ev - er swell the

llawn o nef - ol dân, I Dduw a'r Oen I Dduw a'r
ev - er swell the song, With heavenly glow, With heaven - ly

dân, nef - ol dân,
song, swell the song,

dim.

Oen . . . Cyd - gan - wn, cyd - gan -
glow . . . Let all the peo -

- wn, Cyd - gan - wn oll yn awr . . . O - gon - iant Ies - u
- ple, Let all the peo - ple raise . . . To Je - sus song of

- wn, Cyd - gan - wn oll yn awr O - gon - iant
- ple, Let all the peo - ple raise To Je - sus

PERFECTED IN JESUS.

Uwch,
From
f

mawr Er byd o boen, Er byd o boen; Uwch,
praise From earth be - low, From earth be - low; From
Ies - u mawr,
song of praise,

uwch . . . del - yn - au'r nef,
harps . . . of saints a - bove,

uwch del - yn - au'r nef, Eich croes - aw idd - o ef,
harps of saints a - bove, Now per - fect - ed in love,
Eich croes-aw idd - o ef, Mewn
Now per - fect - ed in love, More

new - ydd
prais - es

new - ydd, new - ydd hoen, new - ydd hoen, Mewn new - ydd, new - ydd
prais - es, prais - es flow, prais - es flow, More prais - es, prais - es

new - ydd hoen,
prais - es flow,

Andante.

hoen, new-ydd, new - ydd hoen, Mewn new - ydd hoen. I
flow, prais-es, prais - es flow, More prais - es flow. To

MOLIAN T'R IESU.

Moderato.

Dduw bo'r go-gon-iant trwy'r ddae-ar a'r neu, Pr Ies - u a'n pryn-odd trwy'r
 Je - sus be glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain, To Him be the hon-or, re-

waed ar y pren, Mewn an - them ddiddiw-edd, ho - san - nah, A - men, A-
 sound it a-gain, And crown Him for-ev - er, ho - san - nah, A - men, ho-
 ho-

men, A - men, A - men.
 men, A - men, A - men.
 san-nah, A - men, A - men. Mewn an - them ddi-
 san-nah, A - men, A - men. And crown Him for-

Mewn an - them ddi-ddiw-edd, ho-
 And crown Him for - ev - er, ho-

Mewn an - them ddi - ddiw-edd, ho - san - nah, A - men, Mewn
 And crown Him for - ev - er, ho - san - nah, A - men, And

- ddiw-edd, ho - san - nah, A - men. Mewn an - them ddi-ddiw edd, ho - san - nah, A -
 ev - er, ho - san - nah, A - men. And crown Him forev - er, ho - san - nah, A -
 - san - nah, A - men, A - men.
 - san - nah, A - men, A - men.

PERFECTED IN JESUS.

an - them ddi - ddiw-edd, ho - san - nah, A - men,
crown Him for - ev - er, ho - san - nah, A - men,

- men, ho - san - nah, A - men, A - men, ho - san - nah, A -
- men, ho - san - nah, A - men, A - men, ho - san - nah, A -

- men, ho-san-nah, A - men, A - men, A - men. I Dduw bo'r gogoniant trwy'r
- men, ho-san-nah, A - men, A - men, A - men. To Je - sus be glo-ry, the

ddae - ar a'r nen, I'r Ies - u a'n prynodd trwy'r waed ar y pren, Mewn
Lamb that was slain, To Him be the hon - or, re - sound it a - gain, And

Mewn an - them ddiddiweidd,
And crown Him for - ev - er,

an - them-ddiddiweidd, ho - san - nah, A-men, ho - san - nah, A - men,
crown Him for-ev - er, ho - san - nah, A-men, ho - san - nah, A - men,

A - - - men. A - men, A - men.
A - - - men. A - men, A - men.

TEILWNG YW'R OEN.

No. 5.

TEILWNG YW'R OEN.

Worthy is the Lamb.

BASS SOLO. KEY A.

Andante. mf

Mi glyw - ais uch - el I heard from heaven a lef voice, Gan The

dyr - fa yn y nef, Yn dy - wed - yd;
sound of loud re - joice, And say - ing;

p 1st SOPRANO.
p 2d SOPRANO.

"Al - e - liw - ia; Iachawd-wr - iaeth, a go - gon - iant, ac an - rhyd - edd, a
"Al - le - lu - ia; Might and hon - or, praise and bless - ing, and thanksgiv - ing, and
p 1st ALTO.

p 1st ALTO.

gall - u, i'r Ar - glydd ein Duw ni, ac i'r Oen."
glo - ry to our Lord and God, and to the Lamb."

WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

BASS SOLO.

f

Eil - waith, ac eil - waeth y llef - ent mewn hoen,
In voic - es of thun - der a - dor - ing his name,

p

CHORUS. *Allegro.* ♩ = 120.

f

p

mf

“Tei-lwng, tei-lwng, tei-lwng yw'r Oen! Yr Oen a fu far-w, Yr Oen a fu
“Wor-thy, wor-thy, wor-thy's the Lamb! The Saviour who suffered, The Saviour who

Yr Oen a
The Sa - viour

f

far - w Yr Oen a fu far - w, fu far - w, ar ben Cal - far -
suf-fered, The Sa-viour who suf-fered, who suf - fered, for sin to a -
Yr Oen a fu far - w,
The Sa - viour who suf-fered,

f

p

f

- i, ar ben Cal-far - i; Tei-lwng, tei-lwng, tei-lwng yw'r Oen!
- tone, for sin to a - tone; Wor-thy, wor-thy, wor-thy's the Lamb!

p

f

TEILWNG YW'R OEN.

tei-lwng yw'r Oen, tei-lwng yw'r Oen! Yr Oen a fu far-w, ar
 wor-thy's the Lamb, wor-thy's the Lamb! The Sa- viour who suffered for

tei-lwng yw'r Oen, tei-lwng yw'r Oen! Yr Oen a fu
 wor-thy's the Lamb, wor-thy's the Lamb! The Saviour who

tei-lwng yw'r Oen, yw'r Oen!
 wor-thy's the Lamb, the Lamb!

ben Cal-far - i, ar ben Cal-far - i, ar ben Cal-far - i,
 sin to a - tone, for sin to a - tone, for sin to a - tone, Yr
 far - w, ar ben Cal-far - i, Cal-far - i, And
 suf-fered for sin to a - tone, to a - tone, p

ar ben Cal-far-i,
 for sin to a - tone,

Yr les - u a bryn-odd, y nef-oedd i
 And sit - teth in glo - ry, now on his white

les - u a bryn - odd; : : : :
 sit - teth : : : : in glo - ry; : : : :

Yr les - u a bryn-odd, y nef-oedd i
 And sit - teth in glo - ry, now on his white

ni; Doed Saint ac angel-ion, doed daiar a nen, A myrdd o go - ron-au, A
 throne; Let thrones and dominions in ecsta-sy sing, All blessing and hon-or, All

ni;
 throne;

WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

myrdd o go - ron - au i'w rhoi ar ei ben, A myrdd o go - ron - au i'w
 bless-ing and hon - or to Je - sus the King, All bless-ing and hon - or to

rhoi ar ei ben, i'w rhoi ar ei ben, i'w rhoi ar ei ben;
 Je - sus the King, to Je - sus the King, to Je - sus the King;
 i'w rhoi ar ei ben;
 to Je - sus the King;

Teilwng, teilwng, teilwng yw'r Oen! Yr Oen a fu far-w, Yr Oen a fu
 Worthy, worthy, worthy's the Lamb! The Sa-viour who suffered, The Saviour who

Yr Oen a
 The Sa - viour
 far - w, Yr Oen a fu far - w, fu far - w, ar ben Cal - far -
 suf-ered, The Sa-viour who suf-ered, who suf-ered for sin to a -
 Yr Oen a fu far - w,
 The Sa-viour who suf-ered

TEILWNG YW'R OEN.

p *f*

- i, ar ben Cal-far - i; Tei-lwng, tei-lwng, tei-lwng yw'r Oen!
 - tone, for sin to a - tone; Wor-thy, wor-thy, worthy's the Lamb!

Tei - lwng, teilwng, tei - lwng, tei-lwng
 Wor - thy, wor-thy, wor - thy, wor-thy

a fu far - w; Tei - lwng, tei - lwng
 He who suf - fered, Wor - thy, wor - thy

Tei - lwng, tei - lwng
 Wor - thy, wor - thy

Tei - lwng, tei - lwng
 Wor - thy, wor - thy

v

yw yr Oen! Yr Oen a fu far - w, Yr Oen a fu far - w, ar
 is the Lamb! The Sa-viour who suffered, The Sa-viour who suffered for

p

ben Cal-far - i, ar ben Cal-far - i; Yr Oen a fu far - w, Yr
 sin to a - tone, for sin to a - tone; The Sa - viour who suf-fered, The

Yr Oen,
 The Sa - viour, . . .

WORTHY THE LAMB.

Oen a fu far - w, Ar ben Cal - far - i; Yr Oen a fu far - w, Yr
Sa - viour who suf - fered for sin to a - tone, The Sa - viour who suffered, The

Yr Oen,
The Sa - viour,

Oen a fu far-w, ar ben Cal-far - i; Tei-lwng yw'r Oen! Yr
Sa-viour who suffered for sin to a - tone; Wor-thy's the Lamb! The

Oen a fu far-w, Yr Oen a fu far-w, ar ben Cal-far-i, A -
 Sa-viour who suf-fered, The Saviour who suffered for sin to a - tone, A -
 A - men,
 A - men,
 A - men,

- men, A - men, A-men, A - men, A - men.
 - men, A - men, A-men, A - men, A - men.
 A - men, A - men,
 A - men, A - men,

- men, A - men, A-men, A - men.
 - men, A - men, A - men.

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